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A TRIBUTARY WATERFALL.

NVENTORY
1978

THE TYNE

AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

W. J. PALMER.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE basin of a noble river as seen from some elevated point would be a grand spectacle, especially were it possible to take in at a glance the fountain-head, the intricate ramification of tributaries, the broad main-stream, and final absorption by the ocean. In such a view the tree-like character of the river would be conspicuous. But in the nomenclature of a river and its tributaries the unity of this figure is necessarily broken.

"THE TYNE" stands only for the trunk of the river tree, the two main streams which unite to form it, and all the other branches have their own names; and thus nominally the water of Tyne is divided into many waters,—the rivers North and South Tyne, the Allen, Reed, Nent, Derwent, and Team, besides lesser streams, burns, and sykes, whose name is legion, though but parts of an indivisible whole. Its bubbling spring is as truly Tyne as its broadest reaches below bridge. "The child is father of the man."

Instead of regarding it as formed by the junction of the Rivers North and South Tyne, THE TYNE might be described as rising near Cross-fell in Cumberland, and receiving the North Tyne as an affluent.

In Cross-fell the great Penine range culminates; the high lands from which it rises on the east side boast in Alston the highest market-town, in Coalcleugh the highest village, and in Ashgillside the highest inhabited house in England.

It is in this elevated district that we find near each other the sources of the three great industrial rivers of the North—the Tees, the Wear, and the Tyne. The Tyne flows northwards as far as Lambley, where it

takes to the depression caused by the great fault in the coal-field known as the Ninety-fathom Dyke; after which it flows in an easterly direction, until it reaches the sea; it serves with its tributary the Derwent, as the boundary between Northumberland and Durham. The Tees divides Durham and Yorkshire, whilst the Wear takes a middle course through the county of Durham. The three neighbouring rivers have much in common —the same industries thrive on their banks; if one of them is flooded, with something resembling human sympathy the others are flooded also; and from the same birthplace they flow all to the eastern sea.

Our smaller map shows by a dotted line the water parting of the north of England, where the rivers and burns divide as they flow to the eastern or western seas; the dividing line is perhaps narrowest where the Tipalt a tributary of the Tyne, and the Irthing a tributary of the Eden, approach each other; but, doubtless, in this land of "many waters," the smaller streams, in the accident of flood, get mixed in playing round the base of the hills, and change their direction for a time towards the sea opposite to that which usually receives them.

We know how great rivers alter their course, and we may cite here an interesting instance in connection with the past history of the Tyne. Mr. David Burn, of the Geological Survey, has discovered that the Irthing, though first of all flowing westward as it does now, must during a long intervening period have flowed eastward and joined the Tyne at Haltwhistle, and so made for the sea at Tynemouth, instead of mixing its waters with the Eden, and flowing past "merrie Carlisle" to the Solway Firth.

The water parting in the north has frequently formed the boundary between estates, and is then known as the Heaven-water boundary. Dandy Dinmont claimed such a boundary for his farm in Liddesdale, not far from the source of North Tyne, which he describes in his own way when laying his case before Mr. Pleydell the lawyer:—"Now I say the march rins at the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears."

"The Tyne waters two dales, both having their hills so boggy with standing water on the top that no horsemen are able to ride over them." So runs an account of the upper Tyne districts given in the early part of the seventeenth century. Side by side with the above statement may

be placed the modern report of no less an authority than John Grey of Dilston :—" The valleys of North and South Tyne, with others branching from them, contain land of excellent quality, and afford many specimens of superior husbandry." Cultivation advances surely if slowly, making its way generation after generation upwards towards the fell-tops; the farmers now point to higher " bits of splendid land which must presently come under the plough, though not perhaps in their time."

Nevertheless the country through which this part of the Tyne flows, and through which it is proposed to take the reader, has still primitive features which have an interest for the stranger,—it is yet a land of natural wood and ancient mosses.

The district has geological and archæological features of unusual interest—relics of earlier inhabitants, British camps, barrows, and tumuli. Roman remains abound, many of which, hidden for centuries under the soil, have been brought to light again in our time by the enthusiastic enterprise of such men as Dr. Bruce and Mr. John Clayton; the latter has acquired the proprietorship and directed the excavation of no less than four complete Roman stations in the district, whilst Dr. Bruce is well known as the accomplished author of " The Roman Wall."

Traces, too, there are of other invaders who successively visited Britain; traces of the Danes and of our Saxon fore-elders, in place-names and local phrases; memorials also of the early introduction of Christianity into Northumberland; and finally, of the long period of Border warfare: the remains of the latter are such as best illustrate the character of the times, being those of great strongholds with immensely thick walls and strong positions which enabled them to outlast the stormy times in which they were reared. Specimens abound of fortified buildings, military, ecclesiastical, and domestic, in castles, peels, and fortified farm-houses.

Of ordinary dwellings, remains are not plentiful in the district, and what has been said of Elsdon parish applies to many parts lying near the Border :—" In Elsdon parish, which extends twenty miles, and contains 74,935 acres, there is not a single house 100 years old, except a peel."[1] The same writer says :—" There are in this county of Northumberland

[1] See Turner's " Domestic Architecture."

few if any houses, as distinguished from places of defence, earlier than James I."

Thus ancient castles, keeps, and a few church towers make up almost all that is left to bridge over the gap made by the devastating fire and sword during the centuries which followed the departure of the Romans; there are remains of British camps and of Roman stations, but scarcely anything to illustrate the mode of living—apart from fighting—of the Borderers until after the Union.

The muse of History must have found the times too hot, and handed over the subject to Caliope, who, in inspiring the minstrels, has given for history—ballads; and if concerning many a frowning fortress washed by the Tyne we can find no word of history, we must rest content with such shadowy glimpses of the men and the times as the ballads and legendary lore of the country afford.

The preceding remarks more directly apply to the two vales of the two great branches of the river; the interest changes after the confluence is passed, but does not abate; ancient keeps and churches still beautify the banks of Tyne, though after passing the "Metropolis of the North" the river assumes for the remainder of its course an entirely industrial aspect, amid all the smoke of which there is nevertheless a weird picturesqueness; and in the absence of castles and ancient buildings fancy sees looming through the mist "towers and battlements," though they be only chimneys of chemical works, which, in the style and character of their structure, have indeed a considerable resemblance to castles when seen thus. Night, too, has its lurid shows of blast furnaces and coke-ovens, and past all these the river flows to the sea, interesting to the last.

The three divisions of the river are about equal in length—from the sea to the confluence thirty-two miles, from the latter to the source of the North Tyne thirty-four miles, and to that of the South Tyne thirty-five miles.

This makes the town of Hexham very central.

The railway keeps company with the river throughout; the North Eastern line from the sea to Haltwhistle, from whence a branch follows the South Tyne to Alston; while the North British accompanies the North Tyne, and passes its source.

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" " W. H. Overend " drawing subjects marked on the above list with an asterisk.

ERRATA.

Page xi. "List of Illustrations," line nineteen, *for* SPEERING *read* SPEARING.

Page xiv. Line six from below, *for* CRAGHOUGH *read* CRAG LOUGH.

Passim, *for* Lynn *read* Linn.

„ „ Swallwell *read* Swalwell.

RIVER GOD OF NORTH TYNE.

"Here
* * * * thou mayst perceive
The local deity with oozy hair
And mineral crown beside his jagged urn
Recumbent. Him thou mayst behold, who hides
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the docile waters how to turn;
Or, if need be, impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt sea tides."

WORDSWORTH.

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CHAPTER I.

NORTH TYNE HEAD.

SIR T. DICK LAUDER'S "Rivers of Scotland," which contains a chapter on "The Tyne," was, by a well-meaning friend, suggested to the writer when he began to arrange notes to accompany his sketches. Lauder's Tyne, however, is that which enters the sea near Tantallan Castle, on the coast of Haddingtonshire. The misleading reference raises a smile when we imagine the resentment of an old-fashioned English Borderer on hearing "Canny Tyne" classed amongst Scotch rivers. Nevertheless, our English Tyne has, so to speak, Scotch water in its veins, as its most northerly springs are in Roxburghshire, over the Border. Over the Border! there is still an exhilarating ring in the words. The last remains of the last of the castles and forts which marked the boundary line are crumbling away, and nearly three centuries of Union have elapsed, yet our interest in the Northern Marches remains unabated.

Before starting in quest of the source of North Tyne, one glance at the map will suffice to show the Tweed, the Cheviots, and the Liddel as chiefly forming the boundary. And one line of history will serve to remind, that the Tweed first became the boundary between

Northumberland and Scotland after the battle of Carham, in 1018, when the English sustained a defeat; and that Cumberland was not finally annexed to England, and the present boundary fixed, until 1237, after a defeat of the Scotch. The most westerly spur of the Cheviot range is Peel Fell, "at the foot of which," says Hodgson, "North Tyne has its source, and runs in a most sluggish manner along a level plain, from which circumstance it is called the Deadwater, until it joins Bell Burn." The natives, however, contest the statement, and the Ordnance Survey bears them out, in placing the source a little farther north than the Deadwater, which they thus make its first tributary. Well-informed inhabitants of the district point out a spot as that of the true rise, within the enclosure of the North British Railway Company between the stations of Saughtree in Scotland, and Kielder in England. It is about two miles north of the latter, near some old stone-cutting sheds connected with a quarry seen on the Fell side, and some yards beyond a sulphur well which here marks the Border, and from which, it being in Scotland, one may help one's self to a draught without leaving England; so say the "Dalesmen" here. In passing, Chalmers' observation on this spring may be quoted, that "it is much frequented by persons suffering from scrofulous complaints, and only wants proper accommodation to make it a place of greater resort." Old inhabitants speak to having seen many years since round the spot, a cluster of wooden houses for bathing, &c., but these have disappeared long since. Leaving the well behind, the explorer may be sure of his mark when he sees two streams close together—one flowing northwards, which is called the Liddel, the other being the Tyne. Here, then, the same marsh gives birth to two border rivers, brother streams cradled together, but divided henceforth, as were the men of their respective dales for so many centuries; Liddesdale men against Tynedale men, in many a bloody fray—rivalry, which happily is now only represented in the occasional and harmless contests of athletic sports. The rise of North Tyne can scarcely be called romantic in its immediate surroundings, unless the railway itself may be said to acquire poetry, from the fact that it follows the route formerly taken by the Liddesdale men in their raids upon the Fenwicks of Tyne. For some little distance the river is insignificant in size. A silver thread in a

NORTH TYNE HEAD.

channel of peat as black as night, one might describe it, whilst another would see only a boggy ditch. But sluggish as the Border Tyne is in its early flow, it does credit to the wild features of its birthplace, receiving soon after its start the tribute of burns superior in size and volume; these come racing down from the Fells on either side of the valley to join the river, after a career by hill and dale, and craggy precipice, with endless tumblings among mossy stones and boulders. Each of these tributaries is worth a lingering visit, and many of them are made interesting by history and tradition. The scenery of North Tyne, its far-stretching moors, with drooping skies, drear morass, solitary trees, and lonely houses, has still so much of the primitive, as to make it easy to recall the days of Border story. But beyond every other feature in the landscape, the rivers and burns seem resonant with the romance of the hills that give them birth, and incline one to the bard's invitation,

> "* * * * let us match
> This water's pleasant tune
> With some old Border song."—WORDSWORTH.

They seem to move to the wild measure of the old minstrels' airs, and with the very rhythm of the ballads themselves, as bounding from moorland spring they come with gallop and swirl till some big rocks give sudden check, when follows the strife of waters, and all its mingled sounds, with eddyings and murmurings, until by-and-bye there is subsidence into the death-like stillness of deep pools, ere they finally lose themselves in the river.

After seeing a few of those burns, the visitor will not be surprised at the affectionate interest with which the people regard their native streams, cherishing still in their memories the history or legends attached to them.

Near the source of North Tyne some remains may still be seen of the Cat-rail, an ancient work composed of a ditch with a rampart on either side, extending from Galashiels to Peel Fell. There seems some uncertainty as to its having been raised by Britons, Picts, or Saxons; but as Professor Veitch says,[1] "It is more likely to have been raised by the

[1] "Poetry of the Scotch Border," p. 98.

Britons dwelling in the plain against the Picts, dwellers on the hills, than *vice versâ.*" Dawstane Rigg, on the line of the Cat-rail, and near Peel Fell, was the scene of an important battle, where Aidan, King of Scots, was, with the Britons of Strathclyde, defeated by the Saxons. Peel Fell belongs to the seldom-visited Cheviot range, the general knowledge of which does not extend much beyond that obtained at school, with perhaps a faint remembrance of its outline as hazily seen in the far distance of some favourite view in the northern counties, but no nearer view than that which the Danish sailors had, to whom, as Gray's "Chirographia" informs us, the Cheviots afforded the first sight of land when they visited our shores. From the summit of Peel Fell an extensive prospect includes the line of the Roman Wall to its end at Bowness, and part of it in its eastern direction over Wall Fell; it shows, too, the course of our river, with Cross Fell in the distance, whence South Tyne comes to meet and join the stream whose small beginnings we have seen at Peel Fell's base.

Peel Fell is the highest hill on North Tyne, being 1975 feet above the sea, and is said to be more craggy than most of the Cheviot range, but affords good pasturage, especially suited to the Cheviot breed of sheep peculiar to the district. This sketch would be incomplete without some reference to these prominent natives, which are to be seen dotted over the hills, giving life and brightness to the sombre moorland. The Cheviot breed is the principal one pastured on the farms of Upper North Tynedale. This distinct race of sheep dates from time immemorial. They are without horns, their faces and legs are white; their wool is short, and, though not of the finest, is used for some kinds of cloth; they are of quiet habits, and, it is said, "possess all the independence of the mountain race, without the indocility which distinguishes some other races." They feed more on the grass, less on the shoots of heath, than the black-faced breed, and hence they are adapted to the country of North Tyne, where there is a large range of varied pasturage. There is much to interest in the Cheviot sheep: they are not so soon scared as others, even the young ones will calmly contemplate a stranger on the moors and let him come quite close to them without moving; they have a sharp look that seems common to all ranks of creatures in these regions.

A noticeable habit of the sheep in this dale, is that of moving upwards to the Fell tops towards sunset, where they remain for the night. Is it the sun's rays that they covet, and so move upwards to secure the last and the earliest? Or is the heather couch of the summit a luxury wanting in the valley, which has, however, sweeter grass? Or does instinct warn them that hill tops are safest in storms and freest from damp? This habit of the sheep may be common to all districts, but we have not noticed it elsewhere, and think it peculiar to this. The precarious life of sheep during the period of Border raids, suggests the possibility that the present race may have inherited the practice from their ancestors, who may have been regularly driven up the hills at night for protection; and it will be remembered that we are now in one of those vales over which the eye of the Scotch riever ranged with keen desire, as the following snatch from an old song tells us:—

> "There's walth o' kye i' bonny Braidlees,
> There's walth o' youses i' Tine;
> There's walth o' gear i' Gowanburn,
> And they shall a' be thine."

Any one visiting this district will be sure to hear of the terrible winter storms to which it is subject, and will make some acquaintance with the shepherds, and gain some knowledge of their hard lives. "Storms," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "constitute the various eras of the pastoral life; they are the red lines in the shepherd's manual; the reminders of years and ages past; the tablets of memory, by which the ages of his children, the times of his ancestors, and the rise and downfall of his families are invariably ascertained." An extreme instance of the storms which visit these districts, given by the same author, is known as the thirteen drifty days, in 1620, when on the Eskdale Moor out of upwards of 20,000 sheep, only about forty young wedders were left, and five old ewes; and the farm of Phaup was without stock or tenant for twenty years. It was after a similar storm, as an old story gives it, that John Scott, a Border farmer, known as "Gouffin Jock," exclaimed "Ochon! Ochon! and is that the gate o't? a black beginning makes a black end." Then, taking down a rusty sword, he addressed it thus: "Come thou

awa, my auld frien, thou and I mun e'en stock Bourhope-law ance mair." The Border clans, however, needed no such visitation to induce a raid on a neighbour's flocks. A North Tyne tradition tells how the Robsons —of whom we shall find more in the next chapter—once made a foray into Liddesdale, to harry the Grahams, and drove off a flock of their sheep down into North Tyne. Unfortunately, the sheep proved to be scabbed, and communicated the disease to the other sheep of the Robsons. Upon this, the latter made a second raid into Liddesdale, and took seven of the most substantial of the Grahams they could lay hands upon, and hanged them forthwith, with the warning, that the "neist tyme gentlemen cam to tak their schepe, they war no to be scabbit."

Good types of the shepherd are met with here; simple, earnest, serious, and strong, as is consistent with the nature of their employment, which brings them face to face with the sublime in nature. Hereditary shepherds, for the most part, they have in their families strange traditions of harder times in contrast with the more peaceful era in which they themselves live.

Hutchinson's unfavourable remarks about the shepherds of the district have been objected to, but as when he wrote (1776) the Border was still in an unsettled state—the moss-troopers and cattle-lifters having scarcely disappeared from the scene—and since, as John Grey, of Dilston, once said, it was not until after the accession of George III., in 1760, that the king's writ could be said to run through this part of the country, it is not surprising if Hutchinson did not find the hereditary shepherds of these wilds such as we find them a century later. When Macaulay's History appeared, much indignation was raised in North Tynedale by his description of the natives, so coloured, as it evidently is, by his imagination. On this subject we give the following remarks by Dr. Charlton:—

"Macaulay's reference for the truth of his assertion is to the journal of Sir Walter Scott's visit to Alnwick in 1827, when he was received by the then Duke of Northumberland, in which is the reference to a conversation with His Grace. 'He tells me his people in Kielder were all quite wild the first time his father went up to shoot there. The women had no other dress than a bed-gown and petticoat. The men were savage, and could hardly be brought to rise from the heath, either

through sullenness or fear. They sang a wild tune, the burden of which was "orcina, orcina, orcina." The females sang, the men danced round, and at a certain part of the tune they drew their dirks, which they always wore.' It is well known Sir Walter Scott loved to improve any story which gave an air of additional romance to his wild Border descriptions. The old gipsy king of Yetholm declared he did not recognize his own stories when they came back to him from Abbotsford, and we strongly suspect the late worthy owner of Kielder would not have discovered his own plain tale of his particular first visit to that place, under the cloak of romance thrown over it by the great novelist.

"Sir J. Swinburne writes, in 1856:—'I have been landed proprietor at the head of North Tyne for seventy years and more; my acquaintance commenced some twelve years before. I remember old people who inhabited that country before the rising under Lord Derwentwater (1715); but I never witnessed myself, nor ever heard a word from any person, of such customs as Macaulay alludes to. The Borders were as quiet in my earliest youth as they are at the present day."

North Tyne shepherds, if they be "silly shepherds" in the Miltonic sense, are not generally so in any other; they maintain a shrewd reticence as to their masters' affairs. A recent fact was communicated about one of them at Hareshaw Head who had been rather persistently questioned by a visitor in the shooting season about the number of sheep that there were on his master's farm. "How many scores?" persisted the sportsman. "Well, sir," was the reply, "there be more half scores than scores." It is said that no one knows but the shepherd how many sheep are owned by his master.

Kielder Castle is not one of the ancient Border strongholds, but simply a castellated shooting-box belonging to the Dukes of Northumberland, by one of whom it was built about a century ago. The moors surrounding it abound with grouse, both black and grey, and for the angler there is good sport in the Kielder Burn. On alighting at Kielder Station a glimpse is caught of the tower above some trees, and no other guide is needed. Leaving the wilds, a little vale is entered, delicious with the scent of the pines and meadow-sweet, vocal with the plash of the stony-bedded river, and presently passing on without encountering

any disappointing prohibition, one is made aware of the house, which stands on a green knoll near the confluence of two streams, Kielder Burn mingling its larger stream with that of the Tyne, which is still small, three miles from its source. The change of scene is very noticeable here, and the contrast complete, as many trees of various kinds surround the castle, which is sheltered, and suggestive of comfort, shut off from the wilderness of moor and bog, its foreground made bright by the sunny haugh and the sparkling burn. Some birds common to semi-Alpine

KIELDER CASTLE.

districts are found by the North Tyne, and the late Dr. Charlton noted many habitats of species becoming every year rarer in England. The eagle at long intervals has been observed at different points as far as twenty miles down the river. The osprey has been seen in late years fishing in the upper part of the river, but there seems no instance known of the osprey building in the district, though many specimens of the bird have been shot. The same authority mentions the peregrine, which will soon, however, be extinct, owing to the unceasing war waged against it by keepers. The kestrel is more fortunate, owing to its preying chiefly

on mice. Both the long and short-eared owl breed here. Many sea-birds are frequently found on the moors; and the lesser black-backed gull, which breeds on a muddy flat at Haly-pikes, with the familiar lapwing, make the valleys resonant with melancholy notes, which harmonize perfectly with the landscape, when the sky is low and the sun is down. The pretty water-ouzel has its habitat in many places on North Tyne. On speaking of the bird in the neighbourhood it was found to be better known as the "water craw," by which name it was known to a native ornithologist of the county, who described it in 1544.

A tradition of this district gave Leyden subject for his ballad of "The Cout of Kielder," in the "Border Minstrelsy." The epithet "Cout" or "Colt," according to Leyden, had reference to his strength, stature, and activity. The scene of the encounter described in the ballad was the banks of the Hermitage; the time, the reign of King Bruce; the chief personages, the Cout of Kielder and his foe, Lord Soulis of Liddesdale. Tradition represents the latter as combining prodigious strength with cruelty, avarice, and treachery. In the poem, young Kielder, being near the castle of his adversary on a hunting excursion, was decoyed with his train into the festive hall to partake of refreshment. The treacherous Lord Soulis in time unmasks himself, and in the fray which follows, Kielder, who wears charmed armour, takes no hurt, but stumbling in his retreat across the river, his enemies held him down below the water, and the charm not being waterproof he perished. The scene of his death is still pointed out as "The Cout of Kielder's pool."

The Ettrick Shepherd lays the scene of his pathetic poem, "Sir David Graeme," on North Tyne, some verses of which we quote. The lady awaits in vain the coming of Sir David to take her from her father's tower.

"The dow flew east, the dow flew west,
  The dow flew far ayont the fell;
An' sair at e'en she seemed distrest,
  But what perplex'd her could not tell.

"But aye she coo'd, wi' mournfu' croon,
  An ruffled a' her feathers fair;
An lookit sad as she war boun'
  To leave the land for evermair.

"The lady wept, an' some did blame,—
She didna blame the bonnie dow,
But sair she blamed Sir David Graeme,
Because the knight had broke his vow.

"For he had sworn by the starus sae bright
An by their bed on the dewy green,
To meet her there on St. Lambert's night,
Whatever dangers lay between.

* * * *

"The day arrived, the evening came,
The lady looked wi' wistful ee;
But O, alas! her noble Graeme,
From e'en to morn she didna see.

"An' she has sat her down an' grat,
The warld to her like a desert seemed,
An' she wyted this, an' she wyted that,
But o' the real cause never dreamed.

"The sun had drunk frae Kieldar fell
His beverage o' the morning dew;
The deer had crouched her in the dell,
The heather oped its bells o' blue:

* * * *

"The lady to her window hied,
An' it open'd o'er the banks o' Tyne;
'An' O, alak!' she said an' sighed,
'Sure ilka breast is blythe but mine!

"'Where hae ye been, my bonnie dow,
That I hae fed wi' the bread an' wine?
As roving a' the country through,
O, saw ye this fause knight o' mine?'

"The dow sat down on the window tree,
And she carried a lock o' yellow hair;
Then she perched upon that lady's knee,
An' carefully she placed it there.

"'What can this mean? This looks the same
That aince was mine, Whate'er betide

This lock I gave to Sir David Graeme,
The flower of a' the Border side.'

* * * *

"The dow flew east, the dow flew west,
The dow she flew ayont the fell,
An' back she came wi' panting breast
Ere the ringing o' the castle bell.

"She lighted ahiche on the holly-tap,
An' she cried, 'cur-dow,' an' fluttered her wing
Then flew into that lady's lap,
An' there she placed a diamond ring.

"'What can this mean? This ring is the same
That aince was mine. Whate'er betide,
This ring I gave to Sir David Graeme,
The flower of a' the Border side.'

* * * *

"An' she has sat her down an' grat," &c.

"When lo! Sir David's trusty hound,
Wi' humpling back, an' a waefu' eye,
Came cringing in an' lookit around,
But his look was hopeless as could be.

"He laid his head on that lady's knee,
An' he lookit as somebody he would name;
An' there was a language in his howe e'e
That was stronger than a tongue could frame.

* * * * *

"She followed the hound owre muirs an' rocks,
Through mony a dell an' dowie glen,
Till frae her brow an' bonnie goud locks,
The dewe dreepit down like the drops o' rain.

* * * * *

"An' aye she eyed the gray sloth hound,
As he windit owre Deadwater fell,
Till he came to the den wi' the moss inbound,
An' O, but it kythed a lonesome dell!

"An' he waggit his tail, an' he fawned about,
Then he cowied him down sae wearilye,
'Ah! yon's my love, I hae found him out,
He's lying waiting in the dell for me.'

* * * *

"Sae softly she treads the wee green swaird,
Wi' the lichens an' the ling a' fringed around,
'My een are darkened wi' some west-weird,
What ails my love, he sleeps sae sound?'

"She gae ae look, she needit but ane,
For it left nae sweet uncertainty;
She saw a wound through his shoulder bane,
An' in his brave breast two or three.

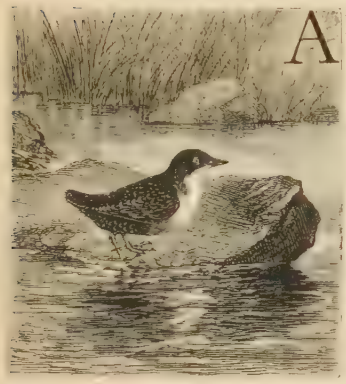
* * * *

"There's a cloud that fa's darker than the night,
An' darkly on that lady it came;
There's a sleep as deep as the sleep outright,
'Tis without a feeling or a name."

DRIVING SHEEP INTO A STELL. SNOWSTORM.

CHAPTER II.

HOPES, BURNS, AND HAUGHS.—FALSTONE AND THE MOORS.



AMONGST Border terms, those at the head of this chapter are familiar, and as our way lies amidst scenery which abounds in hopes, burns, and haughs, we may refer to the derivation of the words before examining the features in the landscape for which they stand.

Hope and haugh, with fell and force, are old Norse; indeed Worsaae tells us that exactly similar words are in use in Norway to-day. When the Norwegians visited Britain they generally settled in those parts of the country that were hilly like their own, and they called our hills, fells; our waterfalls, fors or fosses; and the flat pastures among the hills and by the river, haughs.

"The word *hope*, among Norsemen," says Mr. Carr, "was generally applied to the mouths of rivers, and to havens into which rivers discharge themselves. On Tyneside, hopes are side-vales, having generally an outlet in the larger valley of the river. Most of the hopes are watered by burns, which have much to do with their conformation." Mr. Carr points out that "hopes" give their names to the burns, and so differ from the larger valleys, which have theirs from the rivers which flow through them; thus we have Thornhope-burn, and Harthope-burn, not Thornburn-

hope, &c. The names of some of them are interesting, such as Hind-hope, Hart-hope, Row-hope, and Hare-hope, which point to their having been the secluded haunts of these animals.

Burn—pure Saxon—the Border word for a brook, is applied to nearly all the tributaries of the Tyne; the term brook, by which we designate small flat country streams, would seem misapplied in reference to these of mountain birth.

As Thames and Tyne differ, so do their tributaries. Thames head is about 170 miles from London Bridge; the river is at the latter place about 370 feet lower than at its source. Tyne—South Tyne Head—is from thirty-five to forty miles from Hexham, and the difference of elevation between the two points is from 1,700 to 1,800 feet, the Tyne having a fall more than four times greater over a distance four times less. The Thames and its brooks flow over tolerably even beds, whilst the Upper Tyne and its burns, meet with many rocks and impediments in their course.

Julia, in a passage expressing the force of her passion for Sir Proteus, describes the burn and the brook side by side.

> "The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;
> The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
> But, when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
> And so by many winding nooks he strays,
> With willing sport, to the wild ocean."[1]

And Robert Burns tells a secret when he sings—

> "The muse, nae poet ever fand her
> Till by himsel he learned to wander
> Adown some trotting burns meander
> And na' think lang."

There is seldom anything about the spot where they enter the river, suggestive to a stranger of the nature of these beautiful streams, which

[1] "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act ii. scene 7.

JUNCTION OF LEWIS-BURN AND NORTH TYNE.

only exhibit their charms to those who will take the trouble to follow them into their deep sequestered vales.

As the stranger travels over high ground through North Tynedale, he observes in the dips between the fells, and filling in the lines of the ravines, sometimes a plantation of dark pines, more often woods of primitive oak, ash, and alder; these tell us that a burn flows there, and if it be within ear-shot, something of the music of the burn may be caught on the breeze; and when, thus invited, a stranger allows himself to be enticed, beauty unthought of, meets his eye in these fairy glens. The fairies have ceased to visit them, but they are still the habitats of rare birds and plants. Geologists find fossils in their rocky banks, the sportsman the otter, whilst the fortunate fisher fills his creel.

The border word *haugh*, Mr. Brockett traces from the Icelandic hagi, flat ground by a river, but this description falls short of the value these meadows have in the landscape. The haughs are the bright spots in these grey northern vales, where they are found fenced off from the fell land, full of freshness derived from neighbouring burn or river, and for the most part alluvium.

Resuming now our Tyneside course, leaving Kielder behind, and crossing the river by the bridge, Bewshaugh farm is passed, and on the opposite side of the river is the farm musically named, after the stream which flows by it, the Gowan-burn of the old song quoted in the last chapter.

Lewis-burn bridge is about two miles below Kielder; the stream has a greater breadth, force, and volume than has yet been attained by North Tyne itself. The confluence is shown in the sketch as it appeared from a point one mile further down; both streams are shallow where they meet in the flats of a wild valley, the burn working a sort of delta in the haugh in joining the river. Shallow as it is at this point, a short way up it runs broad and deep, with its still water darkened the more by an overshadowing pine wood; a few yards further, and it makes a passage like that shown in the sketch. Going on we find the fells stony and barren, closing in upon the stream with high precipitous cliffs at one side, and the further the stream is followed, the wilder it becomes.

Lishope-burn, one of its feeders, flows through a district famous as

having been a great stronghold of Border thieves in the sixteenth century, "a marvellous strong place of woods and waters." This Lewis-burn is a favourite one with anglers, and the otter haunts its banks.

From Lewis-burn mouth across the wide valley looking south-east, Plashetts is seen; to reach it the river is crossed by an unusual kind of suspension-bridge, the suspenders passing under the footway instead of above it. The vale is very pleasing here, and the river-side walking delightful. Plashetts-burn is worth exploring, with its lynn at Wanehope. Wanehope, with Kielder, Tarset, and Emithope belonged in the

LEWIS-BURN.

time of Edward I. to the estate of John Comyns, the competitor for the crown of Scotland, who was assassinated by Robert Bruce in the cloister of Grey Friars, Dumfries, in 1360. And about here can be traced, it is said, the limits of Kennel Park, an ancient hunting ground of the earlier feudal barons, "and there is," says Dr. Charlton, "a tradition still current that the ruined east wall of the park was the last spot that harboured a wild red deer in this district."

The colliery at Plashetts has no detractive effect on the scenery; it lies hidden away among the hills, and is approached by a railway incline

connected with the "North British." The pit village attached is like no other that the writer has ever seen. Its position is most secluded among the hills that feed the Belling burn; the rows of houses are not so formal as usual, and the effect of the nice long gardens attached to many of them, most of which were well stocked and tended, was very striking amid sterile surroundings. Conversing with one of the inhabitants at work in his garden, the writer had confirmed, a statement which had been made to him at Falstone, that prior to the construction of the railway, coals were carried from Plashetts across the Border by ponies, one man having charge of a score of them, more or less, the

FALSTONE.

coals being carried in "pokes;" they made their way over the tops of the fells, passing the night on the moor, and foraging as they went, on the land where they happened to be. "Cheerful Ned" was a well-remembered character in Falstone, who had been driver of such a team. It must have been a picturesque sight from the top of Black Belling to watch them trailing over the fell.

Mr. Lebour says of Plashetts: "Here one of the oldest (geologically) seams of coal in the carboniferous rocks is being worked; this coal is the thickest known in the limestone series."

The road which was diverged from to see Plashetts leaves the river for a space, and passes through a noble pine wood at the back of Mounces, a shooting-box of the Swinburnes. On the side of the wood exposed to

the westerly winds, the number of fine trees which lie as they fell, torn up by the roots, give a definite idea of the force of the gales to which they have succumbed. Mounces past, there is a very pretty bit of North Tynedale about Otterstone Lee. A little further south is Emmet-haugh. Looking now down stream to a spot where anglers are almost always to be found at work during the season, the confluence of Whick-hope burn with Tyne is seen.

The greater Whickhope burn flows through a tree-studded valley, resembling that of the Trossachs, with birch and ash, and tree-topped purple rocks, island-like, rising out of the long-grassed and ferny plain, where numerous cattle graze. By the side of the burn, the stratified face of a small abandoned slate quarry is curiously stained by the iron in the water which drains through it from the moors. All the burns are strongly impregnated, and the thirsty soul has to try other sources. There is a well-known spring near the entrance of the Whickhope Valley, of a most refreshing character. A solitary house—a shooting-box belonging to the Duke of Northumberland—is seen higher up the valley, and that passed, a farm comes into view, backed by high fells, from the summit of which may be seen the vale of the Annan, and large tracts of moorland, with some of the most extensive sheep-farms in the county. At the top of the fell, by the shooting-box, a good view is obtained of the Lynn, which is on the lesser Whickhope burn, a tributary of the greater. Between Whickhope and Falstone the road passes over hill and dale, and the most pleasing sort of moorland is seen from the high ground, looking across the Vale of Tyne, where lie the haughs, so characteristic of Northumberland. From the road, midway between Whickhope and Falstone, Emmet-haugh was seen by the writer, with an additional joy about it; it was

> " * * * Lammastide,
> When the muir men make their hay."

It was too far down in the valley to see clearly the haymakers or their implements, but not too far to mark progress, which was seen in the changing colour of the haugh under the scythes of the mowers, pale green taking the place of red, as the dock and field-flowers fell with the

grass; and in no place do the meadows show a more brilliant and varied display of wild flowers than are present in the haughs of North Tyne.

Head-quarters at Falstone must next be described. The place is a small rustic centre of few houses irregularly clustered about its two churches, English and Presbyterian—the Scotch church on the north side of the village, the English on the south, their towers facing each other, between them a road coming up from the river, which it crosses by a strong stone bridge of three arches. The sketch given was taken

WHICKHOPE-BURN.

from the right bank of the river. Falstone is a favoured village in a district where woods are scant, having about it many trees; and the farm-houses and cottages of the neighbourhood bear testimony to the spread of improvement—the old thatch has given place to the slate-roofed stone building, more convenient if less picturesque. On the other side of the river, just opposite to Falstone, is Stannersburn, *i.e.*, Stony burn, frequently almost dry, which gives name to this ancient hamlet; and the cottages here, and at Donkley-wood, further down the river on the Falstone side, exhibit the primitive style of North Tyne dwellings of the humbler sort.

Falstone has, besides its churches, a school-house and a post office. Worshippers, scholars, and letters being collected from widely scattered homes mid lonely moors, or in sequestered hopes. Education is appreciated in North Tynedale, as is attested in one way by the many miles of walking to and fro—a matter of course to many of the scholars. It adds a charm to an excursion when these are met in small troops amid the recesses of the hills, fording the burns, and making the sternest wilds jocund with merry shouts. Sunday morning presents a lively picture at Falstone, as worshippers come in by many a mountain track, riding, driving, or on foot—among the latter conspicuously the shepherds—and the stranger soon discovers that the Scotch church is the fold to which almost all are drawn. As for the English church, on one particular Sunday the time for service had arrived, but there was no bell, and on inquiring of a young man at the church gate, the writer was told that ringing the bell was not thought of until the parson was seen coming. While speaking, the clergyman came in sight, and informant hastened to "ring in" the flock, which, all told, numbered eleven. The service was dull, without singing, and there was an air of mildew about everything, including surplice and sermon.[1] The church is a plain building, with square tower, built more for strength than beauty. In the burial-ground are some old gravestones; a few of the most ancient have, roughly cut, the implements of the different trades pursued by the under-named. The oldest in the churchyard seems to be that of a blacksmith, probably one who had done many a bit of smith's work for the moss-troopers in their later days. Presbyterianism gained vantage ground here in Reformation times, and still holds it. The Presbyterian church at Falstone was one of the first established in England; it has lately been almost entirely rebuilt.

Falstone affords the best head-quarters when making excursions in Upper Tynedale.

The "Black Cock" is the sign of the comfortable inn close to the church. The sign is the same as that of the house, concerning which Stephen Oliver the younger wrote so genially some forty years ago. But few old-fashioned characteristics are to be found in the new "Black

[1] Since this description was written, the church has been restored, and all things set in order.

Cock," built on the site of the old one ten years since. Mistress Ridley, whose "cakes and good cheer" the above writer commended so highly, is succeeded by one who sufficiently understands the wants of wayside travellers. Fishers and shooters are her most considerable customers, the summer months otherwise bringing but occasional visitors to this little-known district.

Falstone is famous among antiquaries as the place where the fragment of a Runic cross was found, which is now in the Museum at Newcastle; it is said to be unique in England, in that it bears twice over the same inscription in one and the same dialect, but written in two different alphabets, Runic and Romanesque. Mr. Daniel Haigh some years ago deciphered it:

> "Eomer set that after Hroethbert
> A memorial after his Uncle
> Pray for his soul."

In Hroethbert, says Dr. Charlton, we have the equivalent to the Robert of our day, and the descendants of Robert would be Robertson or Robson, which now, as of old, is the chief surname about Falstone. We think we have evidence here of the Robsons some twelve hundred years ago, in the very district where, till lately, they held sway. Whether old Hroethbert was the ancestor of the Wight Riding Robsons of the old play, "Honest, save doing a little shifting for their living," we will not say.

Sir Robert Bowes, in his report of the state of the Border in 1550, describes the people of North Tynedale as standing mostly by four surnames, the Charltons, Robsons, Dodds, and Milburns; and in documents of both prior and subsequent dates referring to the district, all these surnames frequently recur. Even now, the surnames of the dale are chiefly limited to these, and not a little confusion is occasionally caused to the stranger when he finds that every one seems to be a Robson, a Ridley, or a Charlton.

All sorts of ingenious cognomens are invented by the natives to distinguish people of the same family name, in which difference in age, stature, temperament, complexion, and sometimes their trades, are made use of to identify them, the surname being frequently dropped altogether.

The dilemma in which a stranger may sometimes find himself, is well illustrated by a fact related to the writer by a friend. Shortly after a

new minister had arrived in Falstone, a basket of new-laid eggs was left at the manse with Mrs. Robson's compliments, and two of the younger members of the household were sent to thank the sender, but the finding the right Mrs. Robson was a long business indeed, and resulted also in such a succession of gifts of new-laid eggs as to increase the dilemma not a little. The new servant at the manse was a Robson, but went by the name of "Sally the Clogger." The surname of Ridley is common also here. Old Mrs. Ridley, of the "Black Cock," who was sister to the laird of Falstone, "got nothing but Moll," as the district phrase goes.

Nearly opposite to the inn, and also close to the church, is the laird's house, which has been altered and extended. Some portions of the older building, originally a fortified farm-house, remain but little changed, except in the use to which they are put. What was formerly the byre, into which the cattle were driven for protection, is now a sitting-room, the arched roof being retained. The walls, four feet thick, are without sunk foundations, the lowest layer of stones being of great size. The arched doorway, which apparently had led into the byre from the open, is now in the centre of the house; above it is the probable date of the building, "1610." The building is similar in many respects to that at Lonning Head described further on.

In the old days the fortified house was all that constituted Falstone, and it has been thought that the name originated in the Anglo-Saxon "faeston," a fastness. At Hawkhope, close to Falstone, and at Ridge Farm at the mouth of Smailes Burn, there are still to be seen considerable portions of like buildings, relics of the Border era. The late date over the archway at Falstone, being subsequent to that of the Union, illustrates the fact of the continuance of the old state of things long after the accession of James I. In all these buildings a large apartment for the protection of the cattle, under the same roof as that which covered the laird, was the important consideration.

On a spot a little to the north of Stannersburn, still marked on the Ordnance map by the word Peel, there stood in recent years extensive remains of a Border Keep; in the end, however, the utilitarian laird saw in it materials for a wall needed close by, and to that purpose its stones were put: it had been a picturesque ruin, and a fine ash tree, self-sown,

had entwined itself about it. In the autumn of 1877 the writer saw on the site the bleached remains of stem and roots of the tree, which in making its way down to its rightful soil had "gripped" so tenaciously the blocks of stone, that in the final overthrow they fell together, the relics of the old Peel Tower locked in the embracing arms of the tree. Many regrets there were in the village when the ruin fell.

For walking over the hills a compass should be counted among the indispensables; and this not only when the traveller is depending upon himself to make out the road, but also to enable him fully to avail himself of any directions he may be lucky enough to get through a chance meeting with a shepherd, for the natives use the points of the compass much more generally than do those of the South in giving directions, as witness at the railway station, "Any more for the 'west,' 'north,' or 'south?'" as the case may be, is sufficient to keep the passengers right, the confused volley of names so familiar elsewhere, being dispensed with. An odd instance of the practice was noted in a hayfield, where a pike was completed all but adjusting the rope to keep on the top in case of wind: a Cumberland man wishing a slight shifting of the rope, shouts to his mate on the other side of the pike, "A little more to the sooth, mon." Northmen appear to enjoy this peculiarity in common with the Chinese. As a writer tells us, "Although there are words in Chinese for right and left, they are very seldom used. . . . You will frequently hear of the 'north hand,' the 'south ear,' &c. The packages on a mule are 'too heavy on the south side; they must be shifted northward,' and so on. Even on a cloudy day, or in a labyrinth of streets, when no guides to orientation are visible, the Chinaman can always determine his north and south approximately."[1] The Scotchman who in church asks his neighbour to "sit a bit wast," would be in this way quite at home in China.

To return to the hills. There are the sheep paths not to be despised where all is not terra-firma, and for following them there is the good reason that one or other of them will lead into the shepherd's track; to walk or ride off the track, the initiated tell us, needs some experience of moor in man or horse, and some knowledge of the appearance of spreats and stool-bent, which indicate a firm footing.

[1] *See* review in "Academy," April 20, 1878.

There are many interesting walks around Falstone. A first ascent of the hill behind the village becomes a protracted performance, owing to attractions of scenery by the way. Through the spaces between the pines and the larches the river is seen where it makes a complete horse-shoe bend, and new ranges of moorland are always coming into view, until, when the summit is reached, this repetition of successive lines of hill-tops retiring under the sky in a far horizon, can only be likened to the "multitudinous sea."

Eastward, are tracks to Earl's-seat, Highfield, and the head of Tarset-burn; and northward, to Hawkhope and the Black Belling already referred to.

Each of these tracks may be followed pleasantly on foot in fair or simply showery weather (the latter shows the moors in perfection), but no one should be tempted to try one of those expeditions when it is, in the language of the country, "a bit softish," when truly everything is soft above, below, and not the least he who should persevere in pursuit of a prospect when and where nothing is visible outside the radius of a few yards. However, should he be overtaken by a sudden downfall, and can make his way to one of the few farm-houses thereabout, he is sure to find hospitality, and whilst drying by a cheery fire, is pretty certain to be regaled with some strange story of times past, connected with buildings whose ruins, or families whose descendants, are scattered here and there over these hills. The moorland of North Tynedale is a great feature with those who enjoy such. Others of a different temperament, may agree with Dr. Johnson's (as it seems to us) libellous description of such scenery: "That it affords little diversion to the traveller, who seldom finds himself either encountered or overtaken, and who has nothing to contemplate but grounds that have no visible boundaries, or are separated by walls of loose stones. The variety of sun and shade is here utterly unknown. There is no tree for either shelter or timber. . . . An eye accustomed to flowery pastures, and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by the wide expanse of hopeless sterility."

Dr. Johnson is here in unison with a large number of persons with whom that landscape is preferred, which has suggestions of a comfortable sort, and the signs of not being "far from the busy haunts of men." To

others it is given to find a keen delight in pathless wilds away from the "madding crowd."

In the "tragic use of landscape" the moors have ever a face of gloom, and the epithets generally applied to them are of that character. It is not necessary to say that they have other aspects; aspects so well depicted in the pages of the Brontés. From "Jane Eyre" you may cull such expressions as "the purple moors"—"the hollow vale, with pebbly bridle path"—"wildest little pasture fields, bordering a wilderness of heath"—"the fascination and consecration of its loneliness"—"the swell and sweep of the ground"—"the wild colouring communicated to ridge and dell by moss, by heath-bell"—"by flower-sprinkled turf, brilliant bracken, and mellow granite crag."

And of "Wuthering heights" Swinburne says: "All the heart of the league-long billows of rolling and breathing and brightening heather is blown with the breath of it in our faces as we read; all the wind, and all the sound, and all the fragrance and freedom and gloom and glory of the high north moorland."

Yes! these "nurselings of the moors," who knew them under all aspects, eloquently express just what the people of North Tynedale say of their native hills: "In winter nothing more dreary—in summer nothing more divine."

CHAPTER III.

FROM FALSTONE TO BELLINGHAM.

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

HIGHLY suggestive is the scenery between Falstone and Bellingham. Here follows a sketch which might have been prompted by it:—

"The contemplation of a herd of dark-coloured mountain cattle in the North of England, of small size, and yet with ragged, ill-filled-out contours, standing on a wintry day in a landscape filled with birch, oak, alder, heath, and bracken, has often struck me as giving a picture which I might take as being very probably not wholly unlike that which the eyes of the ancient British herdsman were familiar with."[1] Upper North Tynedale presents many such pictures, and very beautiful are the patches of natural wood, the last remnants of forests which formerly extended over the fells and down to the river's brink; many of these have been saved to us in the march of agricultural improvement by the impracticable nature of the ground which they cover. Opposite to Donkley Wood, for instance, a village about one mile below Falstone, are to be seen purple rock and natural wood mingled in delightful confusion, high crags, tree-topped,

[1] George Rolleston, M.D., F.R.S. *See* Appendix to "British Barrows," by Canon Greenwell.

here and there, rising above the general level, and mostly reflected in the river when it is quiet enough.

Such "bits" of primitive Britain are precious; representatives of the ancient flora, which have held their ground here through unbroken generations until now; but the men and women who once animated the scene, where are their descendants? Vanished, the last of them, out of this district centuries since, before the conquering foreigner. Something of the veritable background of an ancient picture we have before us, but for the figures, we must have recourse to imagination.

Wordsworth, it has been said, was the first to give poetic expression to the thought which associates with a modern landscape those who in a former age had been witnesses of the same scene. Many of his poems express it, but none more exquisitely than the well-known stanza commencing—

> "Hail, Twilight! sovereign of one peaceful hour
>
> * * * * *
>
> Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower
> To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
> Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
> On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
> Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
> The self-same vision which we now behold,
> At thy meek bidding, shadowy power brought forth;
> These mighty barriers and the gulf between;
> The floods,—the stars,—a spectacle as old
> As the beginnings of the heavens and earth!"

In another vein we are more impressed with the signs of change which lie on the surface of the earth and beneath it. The ancient Briton knew a forest-covered land of which there remain but scattered hints.

> "Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
> Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair
> Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,
> Thousands of years before the silent air
> Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen."

Our maps contain traditions of such, in retaining the word forest for large districts now perfectly treeless; and when the old peat-bogs among the fells are explored they are found to hold the relics of many such; wide-spread remains are there of birch, oak, and alder,—the trees named in Prof. Rolleston's sketch above,—also there are found the fossilled remains of fauna and flora now extinct in the district.

About a mile north-west of Falstone is an ancient peat-moss, visited by the writer, and probably that referred to by Hodgson. From accounts given to the latter by natives, it would appear that twenty years before his visit, the tree stems and stumps standing out of the bog must have been considerable, as the people were in the habit of resorting to it for wood to be used in various ways; the final use to which these venerable relics were applied is said to have been in the making of brimstone matches during the last days of the tinder-box.

Mr. Lebour referring to this subject and locality says: "The largest and thickest stems known to me are to be seen in great numbers in the thick moorland capping the fells immediately to the south of Shillingburn-haugh in the fork between Whickhope-burn and the North Tyne River."

In connection with the history of the peat-mosses, Dr. James Geike tells us of the great Ice Age, when the summit of the Cheviot range formed the parting of the glaciers flowing to the north and the south; he tells us of alternating periods when Britain was covered with ice, and of inhabitants in interglacial times, and of the landscape they beheld; he speaks of the age succeeding the last glacial epoch, when great forests covered the land, that in its turn being followed by one too humid for their continuance, which dying down, the close thick cover of peat-moss sprang up, which still covers so large a part of the beautiful county of Northumberland. Now he tells us another change is in progress. "The rate of increase of peat-moss is much exceeded by its decay, and there is good reason to believe that the eventual disappearance of the peat that clothes our hill tops and valley bottoms is only a question of time."[1]

The initial to this chapter gives a sketch of Smales-burn, near Falstone, to which tradition has linked a story of smuggling times.

[1] See articles on "The Cheviots" in "Good Words," for 1876.

A mile from its mouth the burn passes between precipitous rocks, sufficiently close for an exceptionally agile man to leap from one side to the other, but the risk of an ugly fall of thirty feet or so had hitherto deterred the prudent from the attempt. Love of dear life, or liberty, tradition says, nerved a man to take the leap in smuggling days, when hard pressed by the officers, and he thus earned his escape, as his pursuers lost time by a more circuitous route. The scene of this adventure is now called "Smales' Leap," or the "Smuggler's Leap." Apart from the story, it is a strangely wild bit. Smuggling, as is well known, was ripe on the Border for a long period, the habit arising out of the differential duty levied on whiskey. And many are the tales of the ingenuity displayed by those engaged, in evading the vigilance of the exciseman. A company of mourners following a rude country hearse would be purveying in the latter a cargo of spirit, instead of the more material part. The ponies employed in taking coals over the Border would return laden with kegs of whiskey, the latter freight bringing a larger profit than the former. The descendants of rievers would make hardy smugglers, and doubtless their method of gaining a livelihood, like that of their ancestors, was regarded with a lenient eye by themselves as well as some others, and when change of legislation took away their living, many would be as ready to press claims for compensation as the blacksmith parsons when the Gretna Green marriages were done away with a few years since.

Hitherto this chapter has treated only of the country around Falstone, or to the north of it. We now proceed down stream, and soon, Greystead Church comes in sight. It is sufficiently elevated to make it visible from many points in the road—church, river, and trees composing well in many a pretty view. The square-towered church resembles that of Falstone.

The parishes of Greystead and Falstone formed originally, part of Simon-burn parish, which, until it was subdivided was the largest parish in Northumberland. The livings remain in the gift of Greenwich Hospital, and have generally been bestowed on navy chaplains. One of the most interesting features of the village of Greystead is its school-house; it is come upon unexpectedly by the wayside. A babbling burn runs

by one end of it, across which a simple plank bridge conducts to a moorland track. So unassuming is the aspect of the low building that no thought of a school would cross the mind, if there were not heard, above the music of the burn, the unmistakable utterances of scholars in class. The road passes so close to the building that a passing glimpse shows how many are gathered within, and that the School Board insist on more space being provided here creates no surprise. It is a pleasure to hear only expressions of esteem for the accomplished Dominie who has devoted himself to the mental training of the boys and girls of this district.

The track spoken of above leads over the moor to Dally Castle Mill. The Ordnance map marks the spot as Dally Castle, but there is now much more mill than castle, for of the latter only a few stones remain, incorporated with the former. About a mile below Greystead there is a fine wide stretch of country, where three valleys and their streams are united. Tarset-burn on the left, and Chirdon-burn on the right, coming into the Tyne nearly opposite to each other; the burns are considerable, and their vales are wide. Tarset-burn flows under a railway bridge of three arches just before the confluence, near which formerly stood the castle, named after the burn. Dally Castle is similarly situated on the Chirdon-burn. When the writer visited the site of Tarset Castle he found it garrisoned by three ancient cows, peacefully chewing the cud in the midst of a severe storm. Grass covers the whole of the eminence, and even the few stones which have been allowed to remain; the lines of the walls may still be made out, and also the moat. When Mackenzie visited it he found the walls partly standing, "of about four feet thick, and of the finest ashler work," "being almost surrounded by a moat ten yards wide." A native of the district, whom the writer met, was exercised as to how the water had been conveyed to the moat, pointing out that though there were the remains of three dams which appear to have conducted water from the hills, only one would have flowed naturally into the moat. Possibly Tarset Hall may have had its fish-ponds. Very little is known of the history of this stronghold. In 1526 it appears to have been garrisoned by Sir Ralph Fenwick, who had gone thither, seeking to apprehend one William Ridley, an out-

law, as Dr. Charlton says, "probably one of the Ridleys of South Tyne, concerned in the murder of Nicholas Featherstonehaugh." The men of Tynedale, espousing the cause of Ridley, attacked Sir Ralph under Charlton of Bellingham, and it is believed that on this occasion Tarset Castle was burnt down. It was never rebuilt.

Of Dally Castle scarcely more remains than of Tarset. History may be silent about them, but around their ancient walls there grew up fanciful stories in which the two were associated; it was believed that a subterranean way connected them, passing under the bed of the river; their sites were long regarded as haunted spots, and old people used to say that chariots and horsemen had been seen driving through the air between one building and the other at the charmed hour of midnight. From high ground on Hareshaw Common a distant view takes in the sites of these two castles, and at Hareshaw Head there formerly stood Gibb's Cross, one of the numerous small stone crosses which were at one time common in these secluded districts. A popular legend connected the castles with the cross. The gaunt lords of Tarset and Dally loom giant-like through the mists of story. It would appear that whilst no love was lost between these neighbours themselves, a secret attachment was formed by Gilbert of Tarset for the sister of his rival of Dally; their clandestine intercourse was detected at last, and in the fight which ensued, Gilbert suffered defeat, crossed the Tyne, and made for the wilds of Hareshaw, where his enemy overtook him, and Gibb's Cross is said to mark the spot where Gilbert fell, mortally wounded.

About three miles up Tarset-burn, the Black-burn falls into it; the lynn of this burn is said to be one of the highest in the vicinity, falling over high precipitous crags. An excursion to the spot should include a visit to the two Border Peels, which are there close at hand, and may be reached by following up the burn from the railway station, or from Falstone over the moors past Highfield.

There is a story still current in North Tynedale with which the Tarset peels are closely connected; it belongs to the latter end of the seventeenth century, when one of the Milburn clan known as "Barty of the Comb" occupied the peel at the Coomb in Tarset. Barty was a skilful swordsman, and possessed of great strength, and needed it in holding his own

against the not infrequent visits of Scotch rievers; and Corbit Jack, whose peel stood a little higher up the burn, was his faithful ally in many a return raid across the neighbouring Border. Here is the story as the late Dr. Charlton used to tell it:—

"One morning, when Barty arose, his sheep were all missing; they had been driven off by Scottish thieves during the night. He immediately summoned Corbit Jack, and arming themselves, they followed the track of the sheep over the hill, down the Blakehope-burn into Reedwater, and thence across the border north of the Carter, into Scotland; here they lost the trace, and they seem to have been unprovided with a 'sleuth-hound' to track the thieves. Barty, however, insisted that they should not return empty-handed, and, after a short council, they decided that the Leatham wethers were the best, and accordingly they drove off a goodly selection of these and commenced their retreat. The loss was soon perceived by the Scottish men, who immediately despatched two of their best swordsmen to recover the booty. They overtook Barty and Corbit Jack at Chattlehope Spout, and insisted that the wethers should be given up. Barty was willing to return half the flock, but he would not go back 'toom-handed' to the Comb. The two Scots being picked men would not hear of a compromise, and the fight began directly, in the long heather above the waterfall. Barty called out, 'Let the better man turn to me!' and the Scot, after a few passes, ran his broadsword into Barty's thigh. He of the Comb jumped round, and wrenched the sword, so that it broke, and at the same moment he was attacked from behind by the other Scot, who had already slain his comrade, Corbit Jack; Barty made one tremendous back-handed blow, caught the second Scot in the neck, and, as he expressed it, 'garred his heid spang alang the heather like an inion.' His first assailant tried to make off, but was cut down ere he had run many yards. Barty took both the swords, lifted his dead companion on to his back, and, in spite of his own wound, drove the sheep safely over the height down to the Comb, and deposited Corbit Jack's body at his own door."

Muckle Jock of Bellingham, who claimed to be a descendant of Barty of the Comb, is still remembered by some of the oldest inhabitants; he used to boast of more than once having cleared Bellingham

Fair with the Tarset and Tarret-burn men at his back, to the old Border cry of

> "Tarset and Tarret-burn,
> Hard—and heather bred,
> Yet—yet—yet."

Mr. M. A. Denham, in his "Slogans of the North of England" gives a variorum reading of the above :—

> "Up wi' Tarset and Tarret-burn,
> And down wi' the Reed and the Tyne ;"

a cry which down to recent times has been often the occasion of broken heads, as the lads of the insulted Tyne and Reed cannot possibly hear their native streams and dales depreciated by those who dwell on the borders of such insignificant streams as the Tarset and Tarret.[1]

Chirdon-burn boasts a rare sight in the savage gorge of the Seven Lynns, where the nest of the kestrel, it is said, may still be found.

Hareshaw Lynn is the most beautiful of any waterfall connected with the Tyne, and if Hareshaw Head be reached by way of the vale of Tarset, the burn may then be traced over one of the choicest bits of Nature's undisturbed domain,—Hareshaw Common,—long famed for the grouse which abound upon it. The Lynn, however, is the "lion" of Bellingham, and is best approached from that town, which has a station on the railway next to Tarset. The road to Bellingham on the other side of the Tyne is a good one, and about two miles from Tarset passes through the beautiful park of Hesleyside and by the ancient home of the Charltons, one of the oldest families of North Tynedale. The old tower of Hesleyside, which was pulled down at the end of the last century, was that reported by Sir R. Bowes as in 1542 the only one in the country of Tynedale, a district which did not extend lower than the junction of the Tyne with the Reed just below Bellingham. The modern house stands but slightly above the level of the river, but is conspicuous for a long distance down stream, backed as it is by dense towering woods which extend over many acres. We have here the first sight of thickly-

[1] Tarret burn is a tributary of the Reed, as Tarset is of the Tyne.

timbered land, and signs of cultivation are more abundant at every turn of the stream.

Tramping one day from Greystead to Bellingham, the writer overtook a weary trio of women, the oldest one leading a horse and cart. Just then an ugly turn in the river came into view, swollen and wild after a day's rain, and the road had there the appearance of leading down to the river. The old woman turned to inquire if they were right for Bellingham, and on being reassured, expressed a reasonable satisfaction on finding that they would not have to go through "that water." There is

BELLINGHAM, FROM THE BRIDGE.

something simple and pretty in this Border use of the word "water" for a stream; in Cumberland, lakes are so called; on the Border, rivers. The expression recalls many an old song; and in this way, on the above occasion,—the wayfarers left behind, there came to mind a verse from "The Water o' Tyne:"—

"I cannot get to my love, if I would dee,
The water of Tyne runs between him and me,
And here I must stand with the tear in my e'e,
Both sighing and sickly, my sweetheart to see.

"O, where is the boatman my bonny honey?
O where is the boatman? O bring him to me,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
And I will remember the boatman and thee."

The three wayfarers were doubtless of the tribe of Tinkers or "Potters;" the latter, vendors, not makers, wandering descendants of

the former inhabitants of the North Tyne, Coquet, and Reed valleys, many of whom had squatted down about Bellingham, in times past giving some trouble to the authorities. Two miles below Hesleyside is the small market-town of Bellingham; its general aspect is only moderately busy, but since the middle of the sixteenth century it has been known as providing a market for the people of North Tynedale. It has now seven

HARESHAW LYNN.

annual fairs, the most important being for lambs and wool, the Bellingham wool fair being the largest in the county. There is a miniature Town Hall. A castle once occupied a site which is now grass-covered, near the railway station; it was held by the family of the Bellinghams, one of whom, Sir Allan, was deputy warden of the Marches in the reign of Henry VIII.

The stone bridge is a feature here; there were great rejoicings at its opening in 1835. Many lives had been lost through the want of such a convenience at this part of the river, and a bridge, with most people a favourite object in the landscape, has certainly added a pictorial element here of which the natives are justly proud.

Hareshaw Burn enters North Tyne opposite Bellingham: the Lynn is reached by following the course of the burn to where it emerges from a thickly-wooded dene, in the bottom of which it runs. By a wicket-gate the wood is entered, and paths cross and re-cross the burn over rustic bridges. There are about two miles of sylvan track, the stream showing at each turn more activity, small falls being succeeded by larger, until the waterfall is reached. When seen against the sky, as it comes rushing through the passage it has worn for itself, closed in by vertical rocks on either side, the trees meeting overhead, the Lynn has the effect of a torrent streaming though a vast open window. Before it shoots the rock, its streams intercross in a manner which distinctly characterizes it. The Sandstone Rock, picturesquely broken and iron impregnated, makes a glowing setting for the burn as it falls white to the shelving rock below, from which it presently makes the lower fall. Mr. Le Boer says: "There is no better instance of the power of erosion (possessed by even such a little stream) or of the immensity of time required for the effects of that power to become appreciable, than this deep cleft of Hareshaw Lynn, which the rushing of the water is continually though imperceptibly deepening."

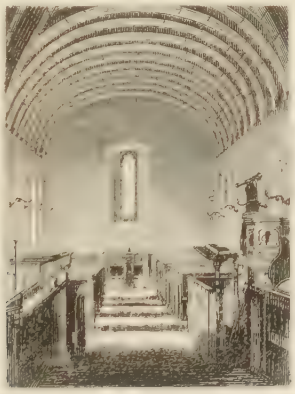
About fourteen years since a fire occurred which destroyed a large part of the village of Bellingham; the thatched roofs which had prevailed gave place to slate, giving a modern appearance to the old place. Some ancient stone buildings are still standing, the most interesting being the church. In the churchyard here, the celebrated physician, Sir John Fife, lies buried, and looking over his tranquil resting-place there is seen a pleasant view, taking in a pretty turn in the river, with its wooded banks on the opposite side. The curious little church is thus described by Dr. Charlton:—

"Bellingham Church is an ancient structure consisting of a chancel and nave, with a chantry on the south side. The nave is covered by a

remarkable stone roof, of which very few examples exist in England. It is semicircular, and traversed from side to side by hexagonal ribs of stone, about 2 ft. 10 in. apart. These ribs are covered by heavy grey

BELLINGHAM CHURCH.

stone slabs, and the whole is so ponderous a structure that numerous buttresses are required outside to support the roof. The chancel has had a wooden roof, and is without buttresses. The tradition of the country is that the chancel was twice burnt down by the Scots during the Border



INTERIOR OF BELLINGHAM CHURCH.

wars, but we find no record of it in the State-papers of that period. The chancel was, however, unroofed and ruinous in 1609. The extremely narrow windows of the nave (they were formerly even narrower than at present) would make the nave available for purposes of defence, as in

some of the Cumberland Border churches, where the steeple was apparently built with this intent. The doors, which were probably barred with iron, were secured internally by three massive bolts. The chantry chapel on the south side (it is probably the chapel of St. Catherine mentioned in old records) is likewise stone-roofed, and contains a piscina and a bracket for a statue. The altar of the chantry stood under the east window of the chapel. Within the last few years the floor of the church has been raised some few feet, to the utter destruction of its internal proportions, and a building—for we can give it no other name—has been erected at the west end. The earth round the church has been raised by repeated interments to a great height."

As devastators, the Danes have quite as bad a name as the Scots, in the annals of the Border counties, in which the entry "burnt by the Danes" occurs repeatedly. Villages, abbeys, and monasteries bear marks of their visitation; possibly, however, as Worsaae says, his countrymen were not more of firebrands than the Saxons (our forefathers), but coming later, their acts were more distinctly handed down; he would impress upon us that it was the resistance of the Danes that hindered William the Norman from conquering Northumberland and Cumberland, as he had other parts of this country. When Worsaae visited our northern counties in 1846 he met faces exactly resembling those at home, and says: "Had I met these persons in Norway or Denmark, it would never have entered my mind that they were foreigners."

The English language has not borrowed many words from the Danes; neither the place, names, nor the local phraseology of the Tyne districts include many words of Danish origin.

Surnames ending with *son* or *sen* are extremely common, however, and this termination, says Worsaae, never used by the Saxon, is quite peculiar to the Scandinavian races, "Johnson" being one of the commonest names in Iceland; notably over the shops and inn doors of Bellingham, and other villages in the north of England, are such names found.

The Danes settling in flat country, and often near the coast, have given us words having reference to the sea, shipping, &c., and here on the North Tyne river there has been a method pursued of salmon killing,

which, if not itself of Danish origin, yet used boats and implements with Scandinavian names. In the neighbourhood of Bellingham, and higher up the river where salmon cannot be taken with the net, spearing from a boat was formerly a common practice. The boat used was double, united only at stem and stern by a cross-piece. Stephen Oliver the younger, who saw them in use about 1835, writes thus :—

"In spearing salmon from these 'trows,' as the country people call them, there are usually two men employed, one to guide them by a pole called a 'bang,' and the other, armed with a 'leister,' stands with one

SALMON SPEARING FROM "TROWS."

leg on each 'trow' looking down into the water between them ready to strike when a salmon shows himself."

Mr. Worsaae tells us that "leister" is from the Danish lyster or Icelandic ljöster, a barbed iron fork on a long pole; and trow is a Jutland word for ferry-boat:—two small boats, originally trunks of trees, hollowed out and held together by a cross-pole. He who wishes to pass over, places a foot in each trough or boat, and rows himself forward with an oar or pole. (Was it a Jutland tailor who introduced the word trousers to this country?) It is said that Edmund Ironsides and Canute the Great rowed over to the Isle of Olney in the Severn in such boats

at the time when they concluded an agreement to divide the country between them.

The above method of taking salmon was a favourite one with poachers, of whom at one time Bellingham housed not a few, who could tell many a racy story of leistering adventure and frequent fray with the watchers; but coming down to our own times it is pleasant to recur to the honourable testimony to the people of Bellingham and neighbourhood contained in the Report of the Parliamentary Commission on the Employment of Women and Children, 1867. Among the printed answers to questions put by the Commissioners are the following: "The people value education very much, and many of the children come several miles to school."

"A few shepherds in the hills keep a schoolmaster among them; Virgil, Horace, and Cæsar are not strange to them."

"Children of agricultural labourers remain at school until fourteen or fifteen years of age." And Mr. Charlton, of Hesleyside, said: "There appears no necessity for enforcing any amount of education." Happy Bellingham!

HESLEYSIDE.

CHAPTER IV.

REEDSWATER.

OTTERBURN CROSS.

JUST below Bellingham, our river, whilst reflecting increasing signs of culture on its banks, is beginning to keep a steadier pace, when its waters are disturbed by the entrance of the turbulent Reed, the most important affluent of North Tyne, the springs of which are to be found as far back in the Cheviots as those of the Tyne itself. The Reed receives most of its tributary streams from land lying east of it, and thus as an auxiliary it raises levies for our river in districts more removed. First among these tributaries are Otterburn, and Elsdon burn, which are within the compass of a walk from Reedsmouth station.

The way to Otterburn lies through West Woodburn, and on by Watling Street, the ancient Roman Road, which, passing through Reedsdale, crosses the Cheviots into Scotland. This road will be seen again at Corbridge, near which it crosses the Roman Wall at right angles, and where it had a bridge over the Tyne, and then passed southwards, through Ebchester and Chester-le-Street. Keeping to Watling Street, about two miles from Woodburn, Troughend Hall is seen on high ground to the left, begirt with dark trees. It formerly belonged to the Reeds,

and is an ancient place, about which there hangs a tale referred to hereafter.

Leaving Watling Street by a field path to the east of Troughend, the river is crossed close to where the Otterburn empties itself into the Reed. This burn gives name to the quiet village on its banks, which is sheltered by fine trees, and is on the old Chevy Chase Road, from Newcastle to Edinburgh. It contains a substantial inn, called the Percy Arms. Otterburn is famous in Border history as the site of the great battle of August 19th, 1388. "Following the rivulet northwards, one comes to a stretch of benty upland that extends from the Fawdoun Hills for two miles westward, to a ridge that runs down to the present public road through the valley of the Reed. On that benty upland did the fight of Otterburn rage through that August night till morning. At first the Scots were driven back, suffering severely, but gradually they pressed their antagonists westward in a line along the valley of the Reed. Fully a mile and a half from where the battle began, the Douglas fell. The spot is marked by what is inappropriately called 'Percy's Cross,' now surrounded by a small plantation. But the real spot, and the one originally marked by the cross, was about seventy-three yards north-east of its present site. A recent discovery made at Elsdon Church, about three miles distant from the scene of conflict, may be regarded as throwing some light on the slaughter. There, skulls to the amount of a thousand have been disinterred, all lying together. They are of lads in their teens, and of middle-aged men; but there are no skulls of old men, or of women. Not improbably these are the dead of Otterburn."[1]

The story of the Battle of Otterburn comes down to us immortalized in the two well-known ballads, one of which, giving the Scotch version of the affair, is printed in the "Border Minstrelsy," that in "Percy's Relics" being the English version; the minstrels flattered their respective nationalities, ascribing the victory accordingly. "Chevy Chase," and the "Hunting of the Cheviot," although very similar to "The Battle of Otterburn" are ascribed to a later date, and it has been suggested, may refer to a subsequent fight also between a Percy and a

[1] "The History and Poetry of the Scottish Border," by J. Veitch, LL.D., p. 388.

Douglas, which occurred at Pepperden, near the Cheviots, in 1436, about fifty years after the Battle of Otterburn.

"Chevy Chase" was the ballad to which Sir Philip Sidney referred, when he exclaimed, in his "Defence of Poetry," "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." How much more must these stirring strains have moved the hearts of the hardy men who lived among the scenes of these heroic deeds, and whose own struggles from generation to generation were not forgotten in the songs of the minstrels who magnified the deeds of Douglas and Percy. No wonder that among the more degenerate Borderers of Post-Union times there lingered with the old traditions a glint of the ancient chivalry!

Elsdon burn is crossed on the return from Otterburn. Elsdon village, which is reached by a cross road, lies among hills which stretch away to the north, east, and south of it, all moorland of the wildest. Many objects of interest are found here; in addition to the church, which is ancient, there is the old tower, now the rectory house, but formerly the residence of the Lords Warden of Reedsdale. The arms of the Umfraville family, who for a long period held the lordship, are still pointed out on the face of the building; they are also to be seen on the front of Whitton Tower at Rothbury, on the Coquet. Both these towers are now rectory houses. "'Cedant arma togæ'" (writes Stephen Oliver the younger) "was the notice to quit, served upon the warlike tenants of Elsdon Tower, when Cheviot Hills ceased to be the boundary line between two hostile nations. The occupation of the Lord of Reedsdale was gone, for there were no longer wolves in the county, nor enemies of the king to encounter within the four seas; and the Border rider, clad in a rusty steel jack, and armed with a long sword, stalked out, and the rector, having on a new cassock and a clean band, walked in, and hung up his goodly beaver in the hall, where the former tenant used to hang up his helmet."[1]

In 1870 we saw that the byre of the Peel had been transformed into the drawing-room of the rectory house. The Castle is known to have been in existence at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Of greater

[1] "Rambles in Northumberland," by Stephen Oliver the younger, p. 109.

antiquity is the artificial mound, generally called the Mote Hill, a short distance from the tower, and supposed to be of British origin; but what purpose it served, whether for worship or defence, public meeting, or burial, nothing certain is known. Elsdon parish was, until recently, one of the largest in England; its length was twenty-one miles, and its breadth about five; on the north it reached to the Scottish Border, but its population was as sparse as the area was great.

Following Elsdon burn to the Reed, and past where Black-burn falls wildly over a confused heap of grey boulders, East Woodburn is approached. The river divides it from West Woodburn, the starting-point of this excursion. Between Woodburn and Reedsmouth is the spot that

> "* * * * gave Bertram name,
> The moated mound of Risingham."

So Sir Walter Scott in "Rokeby," in which also he does honour to "sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees." Risingham is the modern Habitancum, for here was a Roman station on Watling Street, the grass-covered site of which is still plainly marked. Camden mentions an altar which was removed from the Reed, bearing the name Habitancum. Dr. Bruce remarks that the name does not occur in the older writings, or in the "Notitia," an ancient document which contains an account of the principal dignitaries, civil and military, of the Roman Empire throughout the world; the learned, however, conclude that such was the Roman name of Risingham. The site of the station, about half a mile S.W. of Woodburn, can be clearly made out: it has now the distinction of being one of the sweetest bits of grass land in the vicinity. The stump which is all that remains of the curious figure of Robin of Risingham, mentioned by Horsley and others, was still to be seen *in situ* in 1877. It is in rudely-sculptured bas-relief, cut on the face of one of the sandstone rocks, on the side of a hill in a field near Woodburn railway station. The proprietor of the field, in a fit of anger, caused by the number of visitors to see the figure, broke off the upper part; it was during the lifetime of Sir Walter Scott, who, in a note to "Ivanhoe," referred to the churlish proceeding in terms of strong disgust. The engraving taken from Horsley shows

the whole figure; the mark across the lower part indicates the fracture, the part under the line being all that remains. Many conjectures have been hazarded as to the signification and origin of the figure. Sir Walter gleaned a local tradition of two brothers, giants, who lived, the one at Woodburn, the other being Rob of Risingham. From Horsley's figure it might well have been a rude "Diana," although Horsley himself thought it a figure of the Emperor Commodus as Hercules.

Geologist, artist, angler, and antiquary alike find their pleasure by the banks of the Reed. The Ridsdale ironstone beds which belong to Sir William Armstrong, abound with fossils, and Mr. Lebour gives a list of nearly one hundred different specimens collected there, and now placed in the Museum of the College of Physical Science at Newcastle. The North Tyne and Reed valleys are rich in traces of early inhabitants. Cairns, ancient camps, terraces, hut circles, and tumuli abound in the district, and these remains throw some small light on the nature of their pre-historic occupants, and scientific investigation finds in them partial answers to the Poet's questioning—

> "What aspect bore the man who roved or fled
> First of his tribe to this dark fell, who first
> In this pellucid current slaked his thirst?"
>
> *River Duddon*, stanza xvii.

According to Canon Greenwell, barrows long-shaped, and barrows round, contain burials, the skulls in which correspond in shape to the mounds under which they lie; the oldest are the long barrows, which contain remains of the earliest known race in Britain akin to the Basque or Iberian; while associated with the round barrows we have the broad or oval skull of the ancient Celt.

The only barrow opened by Canon Greenwell in this neighbourhood was one about a mile east of Chollerton, the upper part of which was entirely made of stones.

At Warks-haugh, near the village of Wark, a little lower down the Tyne than Reedsmouth, a low and flat barrow was found to contain burials both of burnt and unburnt bodies, one of the former being de-

posited in a cinerary urn, whilst there was associated with one of the latter a peculiarly marked food vessel. In the immediate vicinity of Swinburne, several cairns have produced cists, one of them containing a jet necklace and other articles. Canon Greenwell possesses "a very fine specimen of a drinking cup which was discovered at Smalesmouth in a cist with an unburnt body." In a cairn on Chesterhope Common, the unusual occurrence of gold was met with in the shape of a necklace of globular beads.

Very interesting are the traces of terraces on the fell sides, believed to have been planned and cultivated by pre-historic races. Such are to be seen near Plashetts station opposite Mounces, and at other places. A stone monolith at Swinburne is amongst the few monuments found on the Tyne of a class generally ascribed to the Druids. But our faith in Druid temples of stone, &c., is much shaken since reading Mr. Fergusson's interesting work on "Ancient Rude Monuments."

There are numerous camps of British as well as Roman construction in Reedsdale, and good examples on both sides of Watling Street; and at Blue Crag there is one described by Mr. MacLaughlan as a large and strong fortress with twelve hut circles distinctly traceable, and others there are nearer to Woodburn, as at Steele and Broomhope. At the last-named spot, the Camp hill is a wedge-like promontory defended on each side and towards the Reed by natural precipices, and approached by a spiral ascent like that of old Sarum Hill in miniature. Besides those mentioned above, there are others—indeed, the word camp is dotted over the district in all directions on the Ordnance Map.

The river scenery affords good subjects for the artist. A high eulogium is paid to it by Professor Veitch, when he says of the Reed that in all its features of hill and glen it is another Yarrow.

The following descriptive verses are selected from Roxby's "Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel:"—

"He'll sing Reedswater's muirlands wild,
Where whirring heath-cocks flee,
Where limpid wells and heather bells
Delight the sportsman's e'e.

"The dreary Darden's misty moor,
Rude rocks, and 'murky tarn,'
The cliffy cove, the craggy doure,
Nun-moss and lone Hare-cairn.

"He'll sing of Raylee's woody vale,
Where rippling streamlets flow,
Where eglantines and lilies pale,
And rathe primroses grow;

"Where waving birks and hazels brown
O'erhang the flowery brae,
Where throstles hail the blushing morn
Wi' many a tuneful lay."

ON THE REED.

The reader must fain linger a while longer in this valley, with its peaceful pictures, and its hospitable folk, for there is nothing here but the wild river itself to suggest the turbulence of former times, for was not Reedsdale worse even than North Tynedale itself for lawlessness and rapine? A chat with some of the old folks here is calculated to make rest more restful after climbing the hills, especially if fortune seat the weary traveller beside one of the legend-loving natives of the dale. Such an one, for the information of the writer, pointed to where over the hills "was Girsonsfield, the place the Ha's lived at;" and then came the

story of the death of Percy Reed, a tragedy, the minutest details of which are given.

The victim, Percy Reed, soldier and huntsman, was proprietor of Troughend Hall, opposite to Otterburn, an estate of high lands in the centre of Reedsdale, of which he was a warden or keeper, his betrayers being the brothers Hall of Girsonsfield, who, impatient at his honest vigilance towards the law-breakers, and knowing that they themselves were not among the most loyal, laid a plot for his life, and found willing tools in the Crosiers, a moss-trooping clan from Liddesdale across the Border. The "fause hearted Ha's" (so were they and their descendants called ever after) kept their resentment quiet until opportunity offered in the shape of a hunting expedition, in which they accompanied their victim. After the day's sport they retired to a solitary glen at Batehope, near the source of the Reed, and here the Crosiers came down on the party and slew their victim, helpless as he was, for tradition says his companions in the chase had watered the barrel of his long gun, and fixed his sword so firmly in the scabbard, that it could not easily be drawn. Such is the story which the Reedsdale narrator gives us in his own, or in the words of the old ballad, and goes on to speak of the haunted banks of the Reed, between Todlawhaugh and Pringlehaugh, where—

> "Oft by the Pringle's haunted side
> The shepherd sees Reed's spectre glide."
>
> *Rokeby.*

Some talk there might be of the "Raid of the Reedswire." The ballad recounts a skirmish, which took place in 1575 at one of the Border meetings. Sir John Carmichael was the Scottish warden, and Sir John Forster held the same office on the English Middle March. These meetings for redressing wrongs done on the Border frequently led to fighting, as on this occasion, when a true bill had been found against Farnstein, who was a notorious English freebooter. The statement that he had been allowed to fly from justice led to high words between the wardens; then quickly followed a discharge of arrows from Sir John Forster's men, who were a reckless band, chiefly from Reedsdale and

Tynedale, and the Fenwicks were there in great force, as a verse from the spirited Scotch ballad tells us :—

> "We saw come marching over the knowes
> Five hundred Fenwicks in a flock,
> With jack and speir and bowes all bent,
> And warlike weapons at their will."

In the contest that followed, the English at first had the best of it, but the Scots, relieved by the well-timed arrival of a company of Jedburghers, changed the aspect of affairs, and eventually gained the day, making prisoners the English warden, Sir Cuthbert Collingwood, Francis Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, some of the Fenwicks, and other well-known Border Chiefs.

Such work as this made up the every-day life on the Border, and to it gravitated the reckless and dissolute, to whom the steady cultivation of the soil was attended with so much difficulty, that they preferred the more congenial way of "making the Border feed them." In the course of time, Borderers became a distinct race, but it was only the worst of them who lost their sense of nationality and the ties of kindred, and were outlaws to both nations. The government of neither country was zealous in putting down offenders here, as they found it convenient when at war, to have on the spot men born and bred to strife to receive the first brunt of the attack. In those days there was a large population on the Border, but little notice was taken of the fact that there were more people than the land could maintain in honesty. In the reign of Edward VI., Sir Robert Bowes reported that it was possible to raise 1200 able men in Reedsdale and Tynedale; and in the previous reign the Duke of Northumberland, writing to the King, promised to "lette slippe them of Tyndaill and Riddisdail for the annoyance of Scotland." The Duke seems to have regarded "them" as so many sleuth-hounds. Surely as long as the authorities continued to press into their service notoriously lawless clans in their own scarcely more reputable raids on the hereditary foe, it was not surprising that these wild clans should consider themselves, in a manner, licensed to carry on their private feuds and plundering.

Perhaps the most corrupt times on the Borders were those just preceding the Union. After the Union, as might be expected, some gene-

rations passed away before the worst habits of the Border clans were eradicated: as late as the beginning of the present century a strong taste for wild living prevailed among them; and the Reedsdale farmer of the period has been described as careless, boisterous, unlettered, and half civilized, but happy, free, and hospitable, withal hard as the hills his sheep grazed on, ready at all times to shake hands, or break a head; he had a bite and a bottle for any one, and was wont to say "he would rather treat a beggar than lose good company." "Elishaw," says Roxby, "was a place of note in Reedsdale for merry makings and nights of revelry, and the rendezvous of vagrant trains of faas and tinkers. Lord Cranstoun of convivial memory had a place here, but alas! these days are gone and the grandeur of Elishaw is no more."

Let us hope, however, that the times will never change the people of these northern dales in respect of the hospitality, keen sense of humour, and enjoyment of life which characterize them; and as for their ancestors, we cherish their memory in association with words printed by Gray on the title-page of his "Chorographia:"

NORTHUMBERLAND THE BULWARK OF ENGLAND AGAINST THE INROADS OF THE SCOTS.

ROB OF RISINGHAM.

CHAPTER V.

NORTH TYNE CASTLES. CHIPCHASE AND HAUGHTON.

PORCH OF CHIPCHASE CASTLE.

FIVE miles below Reedsmouth is the quiet little village of Wark, not to be confounded with that other more famous hamlet, in the same county, whose castle, battered by the Scots in many a siege, still shows remains on the banks of the Tweed. Around our Wark, once the capital of North Tynedale, memories of a different kind are gathered of the days when it was the assize town of the district. The Record Office preserves two valuable documents which give account of law proceedings held at Wark six hundred years ago. The earliest of these documents refers to a session of the Scottish courts held here in 1279, under Alexander III., during the last period of Scottish occupation; the other, referring to the Courts of the Liberties of Tynedale, held at the Mote Hill, Wark, under Edward I., in 1293, Tynedale being then under English rule again.

These records afford a lively picture of the rude life of the period; in them the present representatives of old Tynedale families, high and low, may get a glimpse of their ancestors and their mode of living. Estates are frequently mentioned as being in the possession of families whose descendants own them at the present day; in them, also, we obtain some information of the notable families about whom, familiar as their names

are in Border lists, history has very little to tell us; but what these documents have to say concerning these families does not raise them in our estimation much above their fellows; they were the heads of society, whose chiefs, landed proprietors, country squires, and country parsons, too, were more or less tarred with the same brush as the rievers themselves; nevertheless, it would appear there was a better show of justice in Tynedale at this period than in the later times referred to in the last chapter.

To about the date of these records many of the old Border castles are ascribed, and some of these are the subject of this chapter.

How rich Northumberland is in castles, the remains of castles, and the sites of strongholds, is generally known. A list drawn up in the year 1460 contains the names of 115 castles and towers existing in the county at that time; and, says Mr. Sidney Gibson, of the thirty-seven castles, eleven have disappeared, eighteen are more or less in ruin, and only eight are maintained for use and habitation; and of the seventy-eight Border towers or peles, only a small number are maintained in habitable condition. As we follow the course of the Tyne to the sea, its banks will not be found wanting in fine specimens of feudal castles, as well as Border towers, and among the latter on North Tyne, Chipchase and Haughton are characteristic examples, the largest, most perfect, and interesting of their kind. Professor Veitch has the following in reference to the word pele: "The Border keep bears the same name peel, or pile, as the Cymri gave to their hill dwellings (pill, moated or fossed fort)." Many of their circular and oval forts, popularly called camps and rings, can be traced on the hills on both sides of the Border, and in them the Cymri defended themselves against the Picts, Scots, and Saxons. And (we quote the same author) "the people who had displaced these old Cymri settled on the hills, almost in the very spots where they had lived, and borrowed from them the names of their dwellings."

Chipchase Castle is on the left side of the North Tyne, about one mile from Wark. It represents in the ancient and modern part of its structure the reigns of Edward I. and James I., and each part characteristic of the time in which it was erected. In this combination the Jacobite architect contrived for us a memorial structure commemorative

CHIPCHASE CASTLE.

of the close of the Border wars. The old fortress with all its warlike appliances was wanted no more, but so long as the last of its grey walls resist decay, there will be a reminder of the times left behind; of the fighting lords of Chipchase; of Peter de Insula,[1] who probably built it, of the Umfravilles, and of the Herons, a branch of the powerful family of Ford Castle associated with the field of Flodden. Of the Chipchase branch was the Sir George Heron, who was slain in the raid of the Redeswire before referred to. One of the family was sheriff eleven years in succession, and to one, Cuthbert Heron, we owe the modern structure, for whom it was built in 1621. It has been said of this building that "it would be attractive amid the best specimens of the Jacobean style." In how much better taste does the old pile appear than in some ancient buildings with modern attachments, where the new is out of harmony with the old; or we find the ancient and modern so jumbled together as to spoil all. The following description of the ancient part of Chipchase is by Mr. Hartshorne:[2]—

"The pele, properly so called, is a massive and lofty building, as large as some Norman keeps. It has an enriched appearance given to it by its double-notched corbelling round the summit, which further serves the purpose of machicolation. The round bartisans at the angles add to its beauty, and are set in with considerable skill. The stone roof and the provisions for carrying off the water deserve careful examination. Over the low winding entrance-door on the basement are the remains of the original portcullis, the like of which the most experienced archæologist will in vain seek for elsewhere. The grooves are also visible, and the chamber where the machinery was fixed for raising it is to be met with, even, as at Goodrich, where the holes in which the axle worked, and the oil-way that served to ease its revolutions, may be seen; but at Chipchase there is the little cross-grated portcullis itself, which was simply lifted by the leverage of a wooden bar above the entrance, and let down in the same manner."

A few years since in exploring the keep, there was discovered a little

[1] Godwin's "English Archæologist's Guide" says it was built by P. de Insula about 1250.

[2] Quoted by Rev. G. R. Hall, in his "Memoir of Chipchase Castle."

chapel in the thickness of the walls, opening on the principal chamber. The old keep has its ghostly visitant, one Sir Reginald Fitzurse, who haunts the scene of his imprisonment and starvation. During hundreds of years (they say) at intervals the clank of the unfortunate knight's armour was wont to be heard as he walked here at the eerie hour of midnight, and some aver that it may still be heard. Leaving musty dungeons and the misty legends which they generate, and gaining the fresh air, the stranger is charmed by the beautiful situation of the castle as seen from different parts of the park.

A PEEP FROM CHIPCHASE PARK.

The river, too, presents itself in sweet passages of alternating quiet and unrest, and on its other shore we see between the trees glimpses of Nunwick Park and Simonburn. Amongst other things in the interior of the modern building which attract attention is the very fine black oak chimneypiece, the carving of which is in bold relief, and represents the march of time.

A claim is put in for Chipchase as the scene of Hogg's story of "The Long Pack," so popular on Tyneside. The story is well known, and too long for insertion; and as to the superiority of claim between Chipchase,

HAUGHTON CASTLE.

Swinburne, or Lee Hall near Bellingham, we must leave that with the remark that it would not be difficult to find other lonely places on the Tyne besides these which would almost equally well answer the requirements of the story.

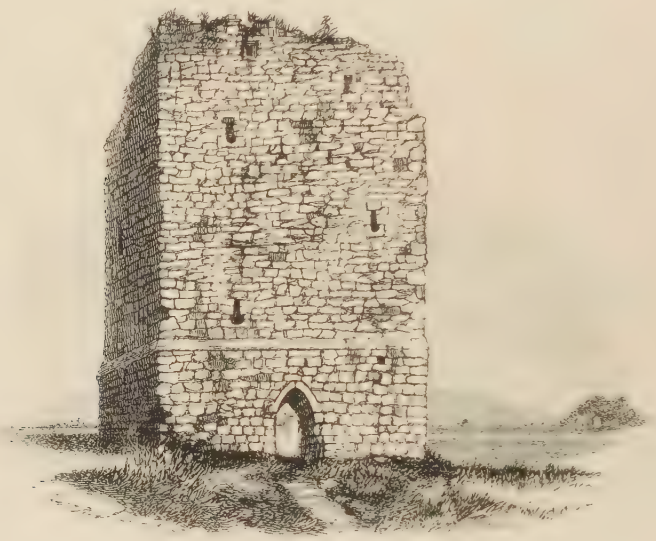
Haughton Castle is lower down the river than Chipchase, and on the opposite side. Barrasford railway station is convenient for it, from the platform of which is one of the best views of the castle, only wanting the water. A near view is obtained from the path along the left bank of the

HAUGHTON CASTLE.

river, which is easily found, leading to the primitive ferry boat, which is worked by an overhead rope and pulley. The castle, stands fronting the river, partly hidden in a grove of trees amongst which pines, and particularly the graceful larch, preponderate. North Tyne, now grown big and strong, rushes past it, chafing and foaming through intricate straits among grey rocks grooved and worn by the action of untold winters of angry flood.

This stronghold, ancient, grey, and ivy-mantled, has externally the true aspect of a Border castle. "The figure is of a double square with

two parallel vaults of a simple construction running on the basement from end to end. The south front has been the most ornamental, although at present the north side with its projecting garderobes and corbelling is the most picturesque." Internally it has been fitted to the requirements of modern life; it always seems to have been inhabited, and once had its Baron's Hall. It is thought probable that William de Swinburne built it, of whom we find frequent mention in the records above referred to, and from their account we may infer with Dr. Charlton



COCKLAW TOWER AS IT IS.

that "he was evidently a powerful chieftain, and greatly involved in disputes with his weaker neighbours, whose lands he seems to have been disposed to lay claim to at all seasons."

The tail-piece to this chapter notes a pretty fall on a tributary of Crook-burn, which latter joins the Tyne nearly opposite Chipchase Castle. The writer, however, did not approach the Lynn by following up Crook-burn. It rests on his memory as a very pleasant finish to a drive from Hexham through the country to the west of Haughton Castle. Swinburne and its castle were sighted on the way, and the beautifully

wooded park of Nunwick. Then there was pleasant travelling on foot among rocks, stones, and trees, along the then rather dry bed of Teckitt-burn before the Lynn came in sight, where it falls among boulders, bright with varied moss and lichen, standing heaped upon each other, and strewn about in wild confusion. A keen enjoyment is found in clambering over these rough blocks, thus gaining a sufficiently high standing-point to see along the gleaming surface of the burn as it glides to its fall over flat rocky ledges, upon one or other of which is pretty sure

COCKLAW TOWER AS IT WAS.

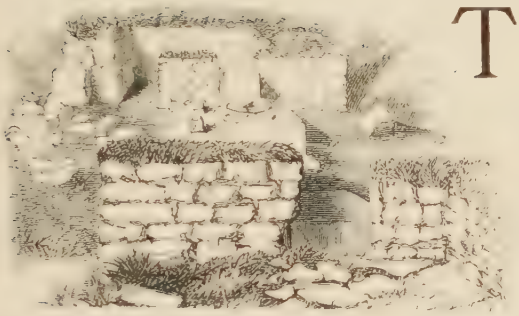
to be seen, bobbing in its characteristic manner the water-ouzel, where a cautious observer may have a capital opportunity of watching it in its true habitat. Teckitt Lynn has been known as the haunt of a small family of these birds for many seasons. It has been very satisfactory to find a recent writer vindicating the fame of this bonnie bird from a calumny which should have been exploded before; for it has been shown that, instead of eating the roe of fish, &c., it devours many water-beetles which are known to feed upon fish spawn, so that the water-ouzel is actually one of the best guardians of a fishery.

Cocklaw Tower, near Chollerton, is considered to be a good example in ruins of a class of border keep, less imposing than Haughton or Chipchase, but larger than many of its kind. It is so much fallen into decay as not to admit of exploration above the byre. The farmer on whose land the tower stands, puts the byre to its old use, only the cattle now go in and out without haste.

TECKITT LYNN.

CHAPTER VI.

CHOLLERFORD.



THIS will be mainly a chapter on Roman antiquities; they cluster here, making it classic ground. The comfortable inn near the bridge has no doubt often afforded refreshment to the itinerant bent on a survey of the Roman Wall. The stations of Vindolana and Borcovicus are in the neighbourhood, but these are more generally approached from Haydon Bridge, or Bardon Mill on South Tyne, and come under notice in the chapter on the Northumberland lakes.

At Carraesburgh, about three and a half miles from Chollerford, are to be seen the remains of Procolitia; its grass-covered ramparts are well defined, and here so recently as the autumn of 1876 an important discovery of Roman coins and other antiquities was made. The very spot had been visited and described by Horsley in 1732, but the treasure was effectually hidden under a mass of rubbish. Fortunately, the station had been acquired by Mr. Clayton, the well-known antiquary, whose workmen, on removing the rubbish from what appears to have been a Roman bath, came upon the treasure. It is conjectured that before the departure of the legion holding the station, whether in retreating before an

enemy or otherwise, the treasure had been hidden with the hope of some day returning for it, which hope was never fulfilled, whereby Mr. Clayton's collection is greatly enriched. In this great "find" there were 20,000 coins, a few rings, and twenty altars, the latter all dedicated to a goddess with the hitherto unknown name of Coventina. Many suggestions have been made by antiquaries as to the derivation of the name. The following is from a paper by Dr. Hoppell, read before the Cambrian Archæological Association:—

"One has suggested 'Gover,' the head of a stream; another, Convenæ, a tribe of Gaul. But it seems more probable that Coventina, if a British goddess, was the Keltic Mnemosyne, and that her name indicates that she was the goddess of remembrance from 'cof,' memory, 'cofen,' memorial. In tracing derivations, the natural action of the human mind must be taken into account. To call a goddess 'Springhead,' or by the name of a tribe of men, seems unreasonable; to call her Mnemosyne, or by a name of similar signification, seems natural; and if her temple were erected on a spot famous in contemporary story, it would be appropriate and just."

Mr. Clayton's seat, "The Chesters," is situated on the west side of the river, close to Chollerford. This is the modern Cilurnum; it was one of the most important stations on the line of the wall, and commanded the valley of North Tyne. Under the direction of the present proprietor nearly the whole of the station has been excavated. Cilurnum is supposed to have been the work of Agricola about 81 A.D. The earliest inscribed stone found here is of Antoninus Pius. Tacitus, in his life of Agricola, mentions that after the first campaign he tried to civilize the Britons by introducing comforts and luxuries, houses, baths, and forums. The camp existed before the wall, which runs to the centre of it, and leaves it from the centre. In camps formed at the same time as the wall, it forms the northern rampart of them, as at Procolitia. The total area of the camp at Cilurnum is about six acres. Amongst the most interesting parts yet opened out are the remains of the Forum, and of the bridge over North Tyne. The sketch of the former was made by Mr. C. J. Durham, who was on the spot soon after the excavations were made in 1876.

THE FORUM AT CILURNUM LOOKING EAST; THE PRÆTORIUM AND HYPERCAUST (G) IN THE DISTANCE.

Dimensions inside wall from N. to S., 122 ft. 2 in.; from W. to E., 84 ft.

A. Open space, 54 ft. square. B. ÆRARIUM, or bank, 20 ft. × 18 ft. C. VAULT. DD. CURIÆ.

EE. Carriage entrance, 8 ft. across, showing wheel ruts. F. Pillars of Colonnade.

The floors of B and D have been raised about two feet at a period subsequent to the original erection, the space between the two floors being filled in with earth and rubble. On the Curiæ, DD, a hearth was found with coal.

Amongst the interesting statuary in Mr. Clayton's collection is one figure which has a special interest for us in our river ramble. We refer to that engraved on the title-page, believed to be a representation of the river-god of North Tyne. It was found near the east gateway of the station which led to the bridge.

There is nothing more interesting along the whole course of the wall than the remains of this bridge; the foundations of the pier may be seen any day when the water is clear. The western abutment is submerged, but a considerable part of the eastern abutment is to be seen high and dry some distance from the present river banks. To see this we must cross by the modern bridge on Wade's military road, now the highway from Newcastle to Carlisle, most of which was made upon the Roman wall itself, from which it diverges, however, near Chollerford, and crosses the river about half a mile above the site of the ancient bridge; the latter is reached by a foot path through the plantation by the river side. The following is from the pen of Mr. Clayton:—

"The first specific mention of the existing remains of this bridge is made by Gordon, the Scottish antiquary, who gave his observations to the world under the title of 'Itinerarium Septentrionale' in the year 1726." "Descending," says Mr. Gordon, "from the high ground, and passing through a place called Brunton-on-the-Wall, we came to the bank of the river called the North Tyne, where are the vestiges of a Roman bridge to be seen, the foundation of which consists of large square stones, linked together with iron cramps; but this bridge, however, is only seen when the water is low." In the summer of 1783, Brand, the historian of Newcastle, waded in the stream, and found innumerable square stones with holes in them, wherein iron rivets had been fixed, lying embedded on the spot. Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, examined more minutely than his predecessors had done the remains of the bridge, and he found "that many of the stones of the piers remaining in the water were regularly pierced with an oblong hole, wider

at the bottom than at the top, plainly for a louis by which they had been let down to their present beds," showing that the Romans perfectly understood an invention in modern times ascribed to a French engineer in the reign of Louis Quatorze, who gave to his invention the name of his sovereign.

In Dr. Bruce's admirable work on the Roman Wall, is a most accurate plan of the remains of this bridge visible in the bed of the stream, consisting of the foundation stones of the western abutment, and of two piers at equal distances from each other. Dr. Bruce shadows forth a conjectural line for the eastern land abutment, and of two piers at equal distances from each other, on the assumption that it would be found buried in the bed of the stream opposite to the western abutment. It was reserved for the sagacity of Mr. W. Coulson, of Corbridge, to discover, in the spring of the year 1860, the remains of the eastern land abutment of the bridge of Cilurnum, which have been since fully developed by the spade. In shape and position this abutment corresponds with that shadowed forth by Dr. Bruce, excepting that it is removed considerably to the landward of the stream.

Those who have seen the magnificent remains of the Pont du Gard lighted by the glorious sun of Languedoc, may think lightly of these meagre relics of the bridge of Cilurnum, under the darker skies of Northumberland; but it may be safely affirmed that the bridge over the river Gardon does not span a lovelier stream than the North Tyne, and that so much as remains of the masonry of the bridge of Cilurnum leads to the conclusion that this bridge, as originally constructed, was not inferior in solidity of material and excellence of workmanship to the mighty structure reared by Roman hands in Gaul.[1]

During the seventeen centuries which have elapsed since the bridge stood perfect, the river has shifted its course westward; and sitting upon the remains of the eastern abutment of the old bridge one can scarcely see the river for the trees which occupy the ground it has relinquished; but if unseen, still audible is North Tyne in the roar of the flooded weir, and as he triumphs over the ruins of the past, singing

[1] "Archæologia Æliana," N.S., vol. vi. p. 80.

the old song of the river-gods, the refrain of which has been interpreted for us—

"I go on for ever."

St. Oswald's Church, near the Roman wall, a quarter of a mile east from Chollerford railway station, is interesting as the site of a battle, fought A.D. 635, between the army of the Saxon Oswald, Christian king of Northumbria, and the united forces of the British king Cadwalla and the Pagan king of Mercia. The field opposite St. Oswald's Church was in Bede's day known as Hefen-field, or heavenly field, and here it was that King Oswald—his army being hemmed in—"Set up the cross, and invoking the name of God, by faith overcame his enemies." Whilst Bede enlarges on the holiness and miracles of St. Oswald, Hlwarch Heu chants a lament for Cadwalla, the last but one of the ancient British kings, the hero of fourteen battles and sixty skirmishes, all prosperous for the Britons—

"As the water flows from the fountain
So will our sorrow flow this livelong day for Cadwallawn."

So ends the bard's lament.

Chollerford Weir is worth seeing when the river is in flood; its lines are almost lost under the vast volume of water, but the salmon pass is still visible where it divides the weir, as in our illustration. The flood and the locality bring to mind the ballad of "Jock o' the Side," transferring thought from Roman times to a later period. If the subject of the ballad had any foundation in fact, the occurrence must have taken place at the close of the sixteenth century. It is said that Jock assisted the Earl of Westmoreland in his escape after his unfortunate insurrection in 1570, when Westmoreland exchanged his coat of plate and sword with Jock, thus taking the disguise of a Scottish borderer.

"Jock o' the Side" commences thus:—

"Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
  But I wat they had better hae staid at hame;
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
  And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en."[1]

[1] "Richardson's Legends," vol. i. p. 37.

The sympathies of Jock's uncle, Lord Mangerton, are enlisted, who is found willing to part with all he has "Ere Johnnie shall die." He sends three men harnessed with steel to Newcastle town to set Jock free; they go on their horses "the wrang way shod."

"At the Cholerford they a' light down,
And there, wi' the help of the light o' the moon,
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the wa' of Newcastle toun."

This reached in due course,

"They fand their stick baith short and sma'."

"Then up and spak the Laird's ain Jock;
'There's naething for't; the gates we maun force.'
But when they cam the gate until,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse."

With ballad facility the jail is reached, the porter slain, Jock set free, and the party set off to return.

"The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,
But hied them on fu' merrilie,
Until they cam to Cholerford brae,
Where the water ran like mountains hie.

"But when they cam to Cholerford,
There they met with an auld man;
Says,—'Honest man, will the water ride?
Tell us in haste, if that ye can.'

"'I wat weel no,' quo' the gude auld man;
'I hae lived here thretty years and three,
And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,
Nor running anes sae like a sea.'"

After some discussion they take the water, and scarcely reach the other side when the sound of pursuers is heard; these are too faint-hearted to follow, and Jock and his deliverers "hie them away to Liddesdale."

The otter is still hunted on North Tyne,—Lewisburn, Chollerford, and

CHOLLERFORD WEIR. NORTH TYNE IN FLOOD.

Chipchase Castle dams being amongst its favourite localities. "Where the river runs deep and still (says 'Plunger,' a contributor to 'The Field') the otter makes its couch, high up in dry sandy banks; the entrance to it is under the surface of the water. The couch, formed of dry grass and moss, has always a communication with the surface by means of a small hole, for a due supply of air; the orifice is so small, and concealed among bushes and long grass, as to be only found by the scent of the hounds. It is difficult to conceive how a large animal like the otter can possibly contrive to dig such a minute gallery unless we suppose that he merely appropriates that of a water-rat or mole to his own use, which supposition is most likely correct, as otherwise it would seem a task of no small difficulty for the animal to excavate in the solid bank a burrow whose orifice being below the water would not admit of respiration being carried on during its formation. The otter never leaves his couch by day unless disturbed, but as soon as the shades of evening set in, he issues forth in quest of his food. In his fishing excursions up stream, instead of down, his manner of proceeding is as follows. On leaving his couch, he usually swims until a bend of the river occurs, when he leaves the water and cuts across the land to the next bend; this variation may be repeated many times until he reaches the termination of his beat, where he enters a previously prepared hold, or returns in a similar manner to the one he had left. It is usual for an otter to travel in this way from ten to fifteen miles along the course of a river in a single night, and seldom less than eight or nine." With these travelling propensities it is not surprising to find that otters migrate from one river to another, especially in a district like that under consideration, where in the network of streams the tributaries of different rivers often almost touch. It is said that otters from the North Tyne visit the South Tyne, the Derwent, and the Wear, but only on their way to the Tees, as the first-named rivers are too much subject to the influx of lead to be eligible habitats for a creature whose food is fish.

At Warden, the north and south branches of our river unite their streams to form The Tyne: the prospect from the top of Warden Hill acquires a peculiar interest in connection with the confluence, showing as it does the course of the two streams by which we have been wandering,

making for the same point as they come from widely separated sources, from Cross-Fell, bounding the western, and from the Cheviots the northern horizon. On the summit of the hill are the remains of a circular camp; in olden times it was probably a beacon-hill. In 1138, according to Prior John of Hexham, the greater part of King David's army rested here, on their way to Newcastle, after having raised the siege of Wark on Tweed. The North Tyne at Warden is at its best for close views among the rocks, and to the last it sustains its character for wild beauty. An old mill-dam here attracts attention, a most primitive structure, the river banks and bed have supplied the materials, unsquared stones and logs, put together in "rough and ready fashion," but sufficiently strong to bank up the water for the service of the mill, although through cracks and crannies, in spirts and little cascades, the water will find its way, giving some picturesqueness to this old-fashioned mill-dam. Will the reader compare the sketch of it with that of one given in the Derwent chapter? The water makes its way to the Warden mill apparently by a natural passage in the rock, through a fissure it may be seen faintly gleaming, as it flows in the darkness. A little further down, the Warden rocks, which stand high out of the water, dark and rich in colour, and tree-topped, are very striking, and the geologist will have us observe the marked inclination of the rocks on account of a great fault which crosses the river here.

ROMAN BRIDGE. EASTERN ABUTMENT.

SOUTH TYNE.

HEAD OF SOUTH TYNE.

"I seek the birth-place of a native stream."

WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER VII.

SOUTH TYNE HEAD.

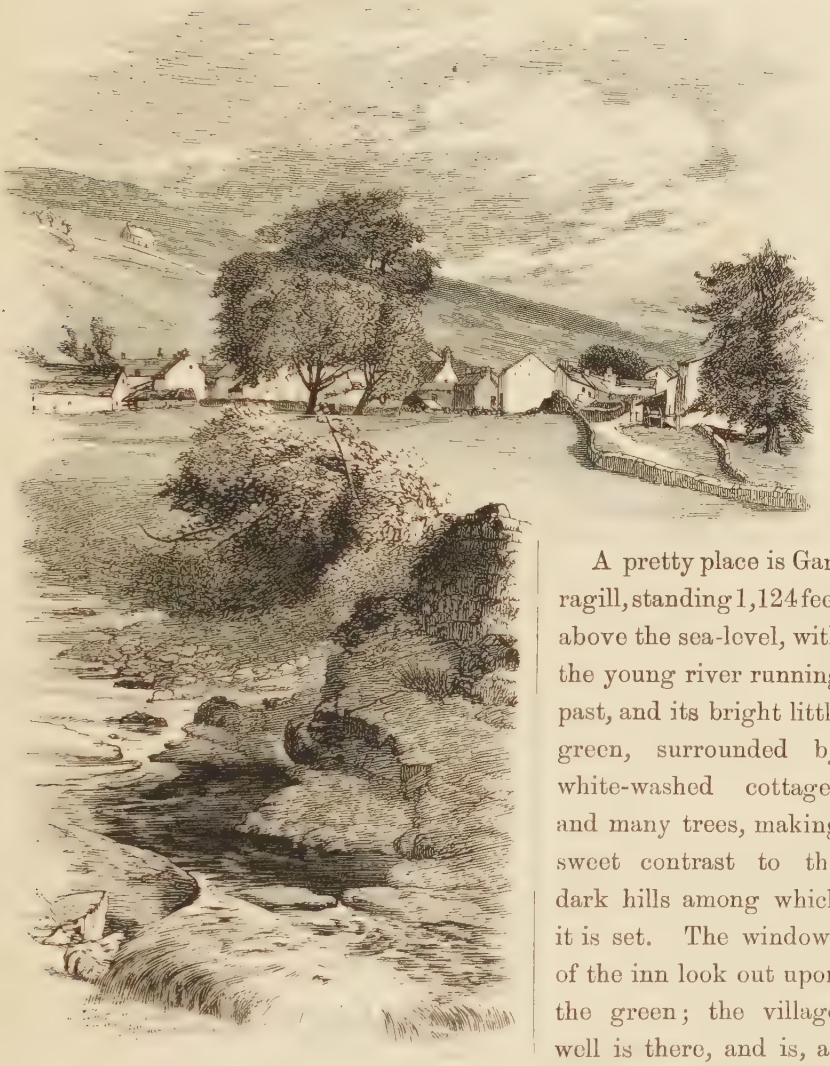
LONNING HEAD.

FROM Warden, whither we have been conducted along the banks of the North Tyne, let us in fancy travel as the crow flies, in a south-westerly direction, and alighting, find on the flanks of Cross Fell, in Cumberland, the rise of South Tyne; thence follow the course of that river back again to Warden, where North and South Tyne end, and Tyne proper begins. The writer approached Cross Fell in 1875, from Stanhope in Weardale, by stage to Cowshill, and from the inn at the latter halting-place by "trap" over the Fells to Garragill. The drive will not quickly be forgotten; the road was fairly good, rising the greater part of the way, but finally making rather a rapid descent upon the village. The country passed through on the way was rugged and wild, though fine in its way, but beyond certain striking views of Cross Fell—among the best to be had from the south-east—it had no high degree of beauty. Nature has been more fruitfully busy beneath the soil; famous lead mines are worked here, and although many of them are pretty well worked out, there have been recent openings which have produced great winnings. Cross Fell forms the last of the ridges which comes successively into sight at every great rise in the road, and this variation of the sky line is

almost the only change of scene to be observed. Nothing else tempted the eye from this rising series of ridges running parallel with the road, alike sombre in tone; no trees were to be seen for miles, nor any relief of colour on this occasion, not even where the sun in a cloudless steely sky went to his setting behind the gloom of the sullen hills. That highest hill had for its original name "Fiend's Fell," before St. Augustine, as tradition says, erected the cross upon its summit, and thus scattered the fiends which inhabited it, christening it Cross-fell. A weird region it is now, but a solitary traveller whose way lay through it in those days must have had an eerie time of it indeed, as he saw ridge rising on ridge, until the dreaded fell itself rose before him. The zeal of the saint and his forty monks we may well believe went far to clear the district of its foul tenants, and if any elfish sprites or "ill things" having braved Augustine's cross had lingered about the fell in later times, to the days of the passing of the Reform Bill, surely every ghost of them will have been laid by that concert of fifty brass bands on the summit, which took place during the great popular rejoicings in the north on that occasion; however, Cross Fell is sweet and fresh with moss-covered top, and innumerable springs and streams play about its base.

The last bit of this wild drive to Garragill was by a cross-road from a point near Nent-Head, one of the roughest tracks ever dignified by the name of road; it afforded, however, a pleasant change in the landscape, as the way lay up and down across the ridges instead of parallel with them; the lines of the fells were broken more picturesquely, the intervening valleys had a more cheery air, and this land of rugged fell and solitary moorland, was felt to possess its charm.

The driver on reaching Garragill pulled up at the door of the best of the two inns which the little village contained; the exterior did not promise more in the way of comfort than had been looked for, nor at first sight did the hostess, who received her visitors with a shy glance, seeking to know where they had come from, with a scrutiny more appropriate to the old Border days. To satisfy her, however, was the work of a moment, and once in the house, all was changed; there was plenty of comfort, and all sorts of consideration from the prudent Cumbrian mistress of the "George and Dragon."



GARRAGILL.

A pretty place is Garragill, standing 1,124 feet above the sea-level, with the young river running past, and its bright little green, surrounded by white-washed cottages and many trees, making sweet contrast to the dark hills among which it is set. The windows of the inn look out upon the green; the village well is there, and is, as everywhere, the chatting-place for old and young: the forge, and the shops of the little community are taken in at a glance. Conspicuous by their absence, however, are any signs of doctor or butcher, the nearest place for either being Nent-Head or Alston, each four miles distant, and no conveyance can be obtained nearer.

Amongst the many unfamiliar names over the doors in this Cumberland village is that of Vipond, which is supposed to be a contraction that has befallen the surname of the Norman family of Vittrepont, anciently lords of the manor, and reference to whom is found as far back as 1315.

The pleasing aspect of the place, its accommodating inn, and the genial simplicity of its folk, were such as to invite a short stay, and an excursion to Tyne Head was made. In pursuit of this object the road on the west side of the river is taken, which, rising gradually, commands

FIRST BRIDGE ON SOUTH TYNE.

good views of the course of the river, and of the burns which come in on its eastern shore, of Ash Gill Side, and the graceful lines of the wood which hides its burn, but this and Clargill receive special attention in the next chapter.

The view of Clargill-burn mouth is picturesque as seen across the valley, nearly opposite to which, by the ruins of old mine buildings, our road turns westward. No houses are to be seen now, excepting here and there a miner's "shop." The road, which is pretty good, is used principally for mineral traffic; it passes Tyne Head, and leads to mines beyond. Road-making in these wilds is not a hopeful business, as was

illustrated a short time since, when a new one was simply erased by the first winter storms. Visitors are rarely seen in these regions, unless they are connected with the mines, or the time is the shooting season. At different points in the road a shepherd was interviewed, also a miner on his way to his work; and higher up, Colonel Byng's watcher, who proffered rest in his "shop," for so he called the shooting-box: and the appearance of such *raræ aves* on their solitary beats was the cause of some speculation and query among the kindly and intelligent natives of these fells, with whom it was always a pleasure to chat, thus easily earning a description which afterwards came to the ears of the writer, "he seems fond of a bit o' crack," the speaker using an expression (common in the north of England) which Shakespeare uses in the same sense in "Love's Labour's Lost," where the king says:—

"And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack."

There are wayside attractions which invite attention; amongst botanical specialities, the charming little flower, Grass of Parnassus, is seen in profusion, and a grateful surprise it is to meet with it in such a "setting," especially when seen, as it was on this occasion, for the first time. Some rare mosses are to be found, and the mineral riches of the country suggest themselves here and there by exposed veins of ore; and quartz and crystals of varied hue crop out on the road itself.

South Tyne receiving now but few and trifling tributaries, narrows rapidly as the source is approached, but is full of life and motion: still further into the recesses of the fells it draws us on, until it is difficult to trace it in the marsh; a little further, and the spot is reached which is sketched at the head of this chapter, and which is pointed out as the true rise of our river, the infant South Tyne,

"Cradled nursling of the mountain."

The ground is marshy all about, and we were told that while much of the water about disappears in a dry season, the fountain stream shown in the sketch is always running. The sky line of Cross-fell is not in view just where the river starts—a little further along the road a good view is obtained; but here the stream in the foreground is that of the river Tees

in its earliest stage. Cross-fell is a disappointment at first to the stranger who notes on the ordnance map 2,892 feet as its height above the level of the sea, which is about the same as that of Goat-fell in Arran; but the latter rises from the plain nearly level with the sea, while the base of Cross-fell rests on an elevated tract itself raised about midway between the summit of the hill and the sea; but when from a point sufficiently distant either on the Barnard Castle or Stanhope road, the whole mass of hills comes into view, Cross-fell topping all, appears of respectable height.

On re-visiting the district in 1877 the writer approached it on the western side, where the view obtained from the "Settle and Carlisle" railway is more imposing.

Colonel Byng's gamekeeper was proud of the elevation of his "shop," which the sappers and miners had told him was the highest inhabited dwelling but one in England.

Nomenclature takes a fanciful turn on the Border, where everything has its name, each tiny brook, the marked stones of the stream, the hopes or little valleys, and individual fields. There were pointed out from near Tyne Head three houses respectively named: "Seldom seen," "Late and soon," and "Ayont the Cleugh." Curiously enough, "Seldom seen" also was heard of as a name given to a house at North Tyne Head, but the one was hidden in a deep cut valley, and the other in the clouds.

Returning by the same road, the shepherd was again met with, coming across the first bridge on our river, a rustic structure of wood, not common in this stony region.

The Tyne at Garragill, after receiving several tributaries, is not very wide, but there are evidences of its having been a larger stream in the remains of the old wall still to be seen, which was constructed to keep the river from flooding the meadows. It now, however, confines itself to a narrow but rocky channel, grooved and fretted in a curious way by the impetuous stream, which at low water forms an interesting study.

The gorge of Garragill-burn is geologically interesting, as there may here be seen exposed all the strata of the district in one spot. The village has in its neighbourhood a most characteristic curiosity in one

of the few existing specimens of the fortified farmhouse. "Lonning Head" means Lane head, by which latter name it is now becoming generally known. It stands at the top or head of a steep lane leading up from the south-east corner of the village—not such a lane as we may see in Surrey or Kent, shaded by thick hedges of hazel and sweet briar;—instead, there are here stone walls, and the roadway is like nothing so much as the stony bed of a torrent, and, indeed, such it was when the writer was on it in a heavy shower of rain, which phrase but weakly conveys the idea of such a downfall as is common among these Cumberland hills.

LONNING HEAD. FORTIFIED FARMHOUSE.

The initial to this chapter gives a slight sketch of the exterior of the building, which is perhaps the best example of the kind, being but slightly altered from its original state. The owners and their cattle were housed under the same roof, a practice for which there was good reason at the date of its construction, as proved in the chronicles of the Border, and the Border practically extended much further south than Garragill, as the annals of Lancashire give proof. In the old days the cattle and humanity used the same entrance, the cattle turning to the right and humanity to the left, and although the reason for such an arrangement has long passed away, it is still kept up at Lonning Head, much to the discomfort of the dame who has to keep the place clean and sweet. The good health of the occupants is fair proof that this work is well done, the present mistress

having lived all her life in it without having had a day's illness, and she is now more than eighty years old. The interior is given as showing best the thickness of the walls, quite three feet, and the windows are contrived, as usual in such structures, so as to present the narrowest front externally. The primitive method of constructing these strongholds without sunk foundations is illustrated here. At the back of the house are seen exposed, the huge undressed stones which, simply placed on the ground, support the upper structure. The initial to Chapter XXII. shows the same thing in the sketch of Ebchester Church.

Further references to Garragill will occur in succeeding chapters.

CROSS-FELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

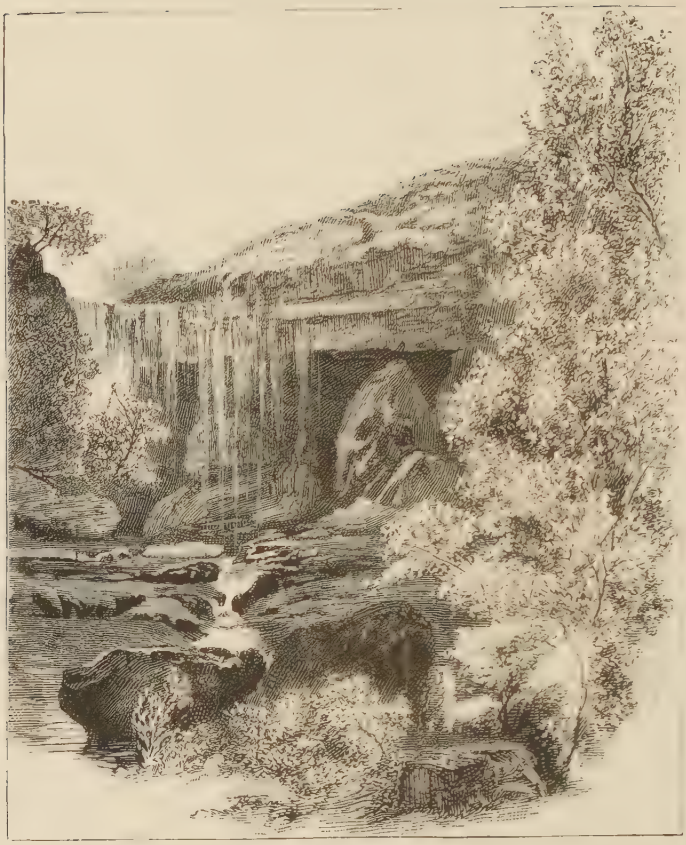
WATERFALLS.

CLARGILL FORCE.

FORCE,[1] the Cumberland word for waterfall, has been familiarized by Wordsworth in his poetry of the lake district. There are no forces or falls on the South Tyne itself, although it has a gradual fall of 1,500 feet before it joins the North Tyne; but the tributaries in making their way from the fells to the river, in many instances take a fall of some considerable depth just before entering the valley. It is so with Clargill, Ashgill, and Nent; in the descending flood they give their last and chief display, and in the melody of falling waters their last and sweetest music, just before losing themselves in the "brimming river."

Clargill Force is the first in order down stream; the burn at its confluence is seen from the Garragill road, near the Tyne Head mines. By crossing a small bridge over the river at this point, and proceeding about two hundred yards by the burn side, Clargill Force is reached. It is essentially pretty, for only when in great flood would there be a sufficient

[1] Norse settlers introduced the word Force to this and other districts—to Wensleydale, for instance—where it takes the form of fosse, where the falls are associated with the same geological features as those in South Tynedale.



CLARGILL FORCE.

volume of water to make it grand: the air of desolation which hangs about the valley is banished from this favoured nook, where savage nature seems subdued by her own music; the veil of waters falls with softening lines over the scarred face of the rock, like classic drapery, half hiding, half revealing, and wooes life into the furrows of its hard visage; trees, so sparse in the valley, and ferns of many kinds, cluster here, adding fresh contrasts of brightness to the rude elements of the spot, and assisting gracefully at the ceremonial of Clargill paying tribute to Tyne.

Of the force itself, the curious can have a private view, and be introduced behind the scenes under the overhanging rock, and behind what

they may consider, if they like, as a permanent but semi-transparent drop-scene, and foot-lights they may see in the reflection of the myriad drops as they strike the floor of the rocky stage, glimpses of moving sky, rustling trees, and tumbling water between the spurts of the showery cascade.

ASHGILL FORCE.

The whereabouts of Ashgill Force may be guessed at also from the Garragill road on the west side of Tyne Valley. The burn flings its waters over a precipitous rock into a wooded glen, and flows on hiding for the rest of its way. It is within two miles from Garragill, from whence it is approached by the Barnard Castle road, which has a bridge over the burn just above the fall. A little way past the bridge the game-

keeper's house is seen, and the entrance to the wood, with a path to the fall close by. This fall is the highest in the neighbourhood; it has a characteristic, common to others of this district, in the absence of interruptions in the descent of the water; from below, nothing is seen of the burn before it passes the edge of the rock and falls without break till it reaches the boulders and stones which trouble its waters for the rest of its course. Here is the same passage behind the waterfall as at Clargill, and, on examination of the rock, it is seen that underneath the limestone of which the chief part of the entire mass is composed, is a bed of loose soft shale, ten or twelve feet thick, the wearing away of which has formed a recessed passage under the more durable rock above. The effect of these brook cascades is very charming, though wanting the grandeur and sense of power belonging to some of the falls of Cumberland, where the seething waters are thrown foaming from one ledge to another. The Ashgill stream, though it falls fifty feet sheer, in dry seasons comes down in narrow streams light and sensitive to the breeze, which seems to play upon them, spiralizing them for a little, then letting them fall dissipated into separate drops. Along the edge of the rock there is the sparkling movement of the water as it falls from ever-varying drip-points, as if under the touch of deft fingers wandering over the keys of an instrument.

> "The waters fall with difference discreet,
> Now soft, now loud, unto the wind they call
> The gentle warbling wind low answering."
>
> SPENSER.

The name Ash-gill may have reference to the abundance of ash-trees in the glen (as Hodgson suggests), *gill* signifying glen or dene. To follow the burn through the wood to the river is a choice pleasure here; abundance of wild flowers and ferns adorn the banks, making the glen a delightful retreat in a district so stern.

The Ashgill-side estate is the property of the London Lead-Mining Company; adjoining is Presdale and Little Gill, spoken of as well worth a visit.

The Nent ranks as a river, although its course is shorter, and its

stream narrower than many of the burns in its vicinity, but its channel seems uniformly deeper. Near its source is the village of Nenthead; here are not only mines but smelting works, where may be seen the various processes connected with lead. The ore is taken there from the mines, and there the refining is done, and the silver associated with lead in the ore is separated from it. Many visitors go to Nenthead to see these things, and also to inspect the wise arrangements to meet the needs of a mining population by which the London lead-mining Company have made it a model lead-mining village.

Hodgson writes of an age preceding the age of lead, when "the little valley of Nent was a fairy land, and had its flowery meadows, and wild shaws, and bosky braes, with Nentsbury for its capital." Nentsbury, from its name, was no doubt an early English or Danish settlement. We forbear to give Hodgson's contrasting picture of Nent in after times, preferring to note, that still many "bits" remain to be enjoyed, though not with unmixed pleasure, and to refer visitors to a great engineering work of Smeaton's, whereby a vast amount of water from the mines, to the great relief of the Nent, is conveyed direct to the Tyne.

Nent Force is one of the sights of the town of Alston, which town occupies the angle formed by the Tyne and Nent at the confluence: the Force is seen at the end of a short turning in the main street of Alston. There is a higher and a lower force; the latter being the most considerable is the one sketched for this work. The outlet to the Nent Force level above referred to is seen on the left hand when facing the cascade; besides the purpose already referred to, the projectors had that of exploring the manor from Alston to Nenthead. The stupendous work of excavating this tunnel was commenced just one hundred years ago. When the writer sketched the force in 1876 there was the shattered wreck of an old punt-like boat at the entrance of the level, and so it would seem to be long since an excursion had been made up this underground passage, such as some writers have described. A boat, it is said, can be pushed up as far as Nentsbury Shaft, four miles distant, and the effect under the light of the torch is not difficult to imagine. The Nent appears to receive this objectionable tributary after making the fall, but

passing presently under its last bridge, precipitates all as a bad business into the Tyne.

There are other waterfalls some distance further down the river, reference to which will fall in better when their respective localities come to be treated.

NENT FORCE.

CHAPTER IX.

MINES AND MINERS.

OLD MINE PUMP.

ALSTON is the first town on South Tyne, and is four miles from Garragill, the first village. A marked increase is now noted in the breadth of the river, it having received many tributaries between these two places from the high lands lying under Cross Fell, such as Black-burn, Shield-water, and several smaller streams. The altitude is still great, and Alston standing 960 feet above the sea level, is stated to be the highest market-town in England. It stands on a hill, and has gardens sloping down to the Tyne, and many striking views are to be obtained of it from different points in the neighbourhood. There are two main streets, one parallel with the Tyne, the other with the Nent; the latter is an excessively steep street, leading to the market-place; there are some good shops, and the houses, built principally of stone, look bright and clean.

Alston market cross was erected by the Right Hon. Sir W. Stephenson, a native of the district, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1764; his brother, also a civic dignitary, resided at Knaresdale Hall on South Tyne. The name of the latter is kept fresh in the memory of the widows of Alston and Garragill, as under his will sixteen of them annually

receive a crown-piece. Alston is the metropolis of the mining population. The church, built recently, is a large and handsome edifice, erected on the site of an older one, and is under the patronage of St. Augustine, from whom, and his missionary monks, Cumberland received early, if not first lessons in Christianity. Alston parish is the only one in Cumberland belonging to the diocese of Durham.

In the engraving of Alston it is the Town Hall which is seen to have a spire; the other prominent building is the Church, which was without a spire when the sketch was taken, but it will probably be added before long, as well as a peal of bells. The church bell formerly in use here is said to have once been the dinner bell at Dilston Castle, a story which reminds us that Alston Moor and its lead mines yielded the principal part of the revenue of the Greenwich Hospital estates, being part of the confiscated property of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. Accounts say, that William the Lion King of Scotland gave the manor of Alston to William de Vetripont. The Hiltons of Hilton Castle, Durham, held it from about the middle of the fifteenth century until 1618, when it was sold to Sir Francis Radcliffe, of Dilston, from whom were descended the Earls of Derwentwater. There are good inns at Alston, which make it a convenient place for head-quarters when visiting the district, and a horse and conveyance are easily obtained. Four main roads meet at Alston; from Penrith, from Barnard Castle through Teesdale, from Stanhope through Weardale, and from Hexham across Allendale. Fine and characteristic views are to be had on these roads, generally having Cross Fell for crown and centre. It is well worth while, for instance, to climb the fell to the east of the town, turning off a little from the Hexham road. On a summer evening, when the mists are rising, Tyne Valley, looking west by south, presents a charming picture; below, white Alston seems floating above the level lines of mist, which hover, dream-like, over the faces of the meadows, the unseen river haunted by the mists which indicate its course, and on either rising shore, the whitened cottages and farmsteads—always such bright spots on the sides of Alston Moor—are seen gleaming still through the evening vapours far away up the valley; and, as we stand looking, a solitary cloud, fleecy and white, floats before the opposite fell, then rests for some moments on a pro-

ALSTON.

jecting crag, and presently disappears. The highest point in the background is of course where Cross Fell rears his crest above Rotherhope, Ousley, and Skirlwith Fells. The entire highland mass is now seen tenderly dovetailed by the gentle vapour that rests in the hopes and valleys, and between the ridges, and there is a special halo above Green Castle Tarn, where it lies calm among the hills. Another delightful walk is that along the Penrith road, say to the sixth milestone; Blackburn, one of the wildest of South Tyne burns, is seen on the left hand, where it tumbles itself over a precipitous bit of crag; accounts say thirty feet in height (this is the height credited to all the falls on Tyneside, except Ashgill, and ordnance maps give not the measurement). The confluence of the burn and the river takes place in a spot having about it all the elements of the sublime. Along the road the stranger sees about the people he meets and their scattered dwellings, much to interest him. The occupations of farm-life have a stern aspect in this wild country, and especially if thoughts of winter cross the mind.

Further along, as it climbs the mountain side, is clearly seen the old Roman road, called the Maiden Way, which extended from Caervoran on the wall to Kirby Thore. Another track may be seen leading up to Cross Fell from the west; this is the road from Eden Hall, the seat of the Musgrave family, to their shooting-box, which may be discerned high up, white against the black fell, seeming almost in the sky. Above the point where the two roads meet, the ancient Maiden Way has been turned to the use of the shooting parties in making their way to the house on the fell. Passing on, a turn in the Penrith road brings in sight the last of the stipulated milestones, and from near this point may be seen on a clear day the Firth of Solway. From the summit of Cross Fell under the same favourable circumstances both the western and eastern seas are visible.

The Penrith road passes over Hartside; it is on this side of Cross Fell that the phenomenon known as the helm wind is best witnessed, and most severely felt, and the writer conversed with natives of Garragill who had been out in, and subject to its fury. The following is a good description of it:—

"All mountain districts are subject to sudden and violent gusts of

wind, from the interruptions which the ridges of high land create to the general currents of the air; but that which is called the Helm-wind at Cross Fell is one of the most remarkable of these phenomena. It occurs at uncertain times between the end of September and the month of May, and occasionally, though rarely, in summer. It is stated that, when not a breath of wind is stirring, and scarcely a cloud is to be seen, there is suddenly formed a line of clouds called the 'Helm,' extending nearly north and south along the top ridge of the mountain; and nearly parallel to this another line of clouds, called the 'Bar,' forms itself. The first of these lines of clouds is well defined at its western, and the other at its eastern edge; and the lines unite at their northern and southern extremities, so as to contain between them an elliptical space, whose length, in the north and south direction, varies from eight to thirty miles, and its breadth, in an easterly and westerly direction, from half a mile to four or five miles, the highest point of the ridge of mountains being about the middle of the first line of clouds. In a few minutes after the formation of the Helm, a violent wind begins, within the space between the clouds, to blow from some eastern point of the compass, but generally from due east to due west: its force is such as to break trees, disperse the grain in stacks, and overturn a cart with its horse; it continues frequently for nine successive days, and its noise is said to resemble that of the sea in a violent storm, but it is seldom accompanied by rain. No satisfactory hypothesis has yet been offered to account for the phenomenon; but that which seems most probable is, that the air from the coast of Northumberland, being cooled as it rises to the summit of the mountain, and there condensed, descends from thence with great force, by its gravity, into the district at the foot of the western escarpment."

South Tyne is so much associated with lead-mines, and the face of the country through which the river flows is so much influenced by them, as to make this chapter necessary, and however much the landscape may occasionally suffer from their presence, there is a great deal of interest attached to the mines and miners themselves. That the surface of the country is much spoiled, is not to be denied, and our river in being utilized does not altogether escape abuse at the same time. From their sources the South Tyne and its affluents, the East and West Allen, the

Nent, and the Derwent, are pressed into the service of the mines as a direct motive power, for steam is but little—if at all—used at Allenheads and vicinity; and in return for such good offices the streams are made to receive the scourings of the mines, by which the fish are poisoned or scared away, and to the lover of the picturesque it is not a little annoying to find the approach to one of the prettiest of waterfalls encumbered by all the litter of lead-washing apparatus. The angular and rugged forms of the hills indicate to the initiated the presence of lead ore, and distinguish the country from other parts of Tyneside, where the coal-producing country is seen to be smooth and undulating. The lead is worked on Alston Moor in levels bored into the sides of the hills, and the appearance of these adits or levels will have become familiar enough to a visitor after spending a short time in exploring the shores of South Tyne. The writer visited an old mine at Tyne Head, and found travelling in the levels on foot not very delectable, on account of the amount of water always found in them, which makes its way through cracks and crannies, having this advantage however, that it brings in a certain amount of fresh air with it, and thus assists in ventilating the mine. Visitors are generally content to seat themselves in one of the tubs, or waggons, for collecting the ore, a train of which is drawn on metals by a single Galloway, with a mounted boy for driver. The passages vary from three to four feet in width, and six feet in height, but very uneven as to the latter, caution being constantly necessary to keep head on shoulders; each person carries a tallow candle, and by the glimmering light thus afforded, the veins of lead ore are seen, accompanied by others of sulphur, occasionally copper, and sometimes, but rarely, iron. The stranger exploring Tyne Head mines, will doubtless have pointed out to him what was once called in a lease the backbone of the earth, described as a cross vein of sulphur running from south-east to north-west, containing pyrites of sulphur, and here and there yellow copper ore; it is said to be in one part three hundred feet in width. Some of the levels extend long distances, and have passages leading off to other levels higher and lower. The Blackett level at Allanheads is seven miles in length. Alston and Nent are said to afford excellent opportunity for working mines, as the lead "bassets" out on each side of

their vales, and levels can be driven in cheaply, and are generally worked by private adventurers and small companies of miners. Deep workings with shafts are seldom seen on Alston Moor, but near Langley there is a very deep lead mine which is worked by means of a shaft. The level system is said to have been first used in the Forest of Dean, and introduced here by Sir William Blackett. The "old man" is the local phrase by which ancient mining excavations are described, and a very ancient mining centre is Alston Moor. In the year 1333, when the manor of Alston was in the possession of Robert de Vetrepont, there was a mint as well as lead mines here. Records mention lead got in Henry IV.'s reign, and there seems every reason to believe that the Romans worked lead here as elsewhere, as in making their roads, and in the course of their excavations they must have sometimes worked across the veins of lead ore, and in the Roman station of Whitley, near Alston, the presence of lead in some quantity, in a spot not disturbed since their occupation, points the same way.

We turn to the Miner.

When the writer walked from Garragill to the source of South Tyne, it was on a Monday morning, and he had before him on the road miners on their way to work, singly or in groups, and occasionally a party of them in a cart. Seen at various points in the winding ascent, they had a picturesque appearance, each man with a bag of spotless white over his shoulder; in most cases he was wearing a smock equally clean. The bag contained provisions for the working week, which alternately is of four or five days, working longer hours in the short week, but making forty hours per week. Thus, leaving his home on the Monday, he would return on the Thursday or Friday, as the case might be. On the occasion referred to above, a miner's "shop" was reached; this is not a workshop, but simply the lodging of a company of miners during their absence from home. On entering the not very capacious dwelling, around the fire were seen six or eight stalwart men and boys preparing for the week's work, civil and intelligent, and ready with local information. The fire is kept going all the year round in these somewhat cold regions, the necessity for which will be readily allowed when the altitude is remembered.

The miners form a distinct race, generally intermarrying, and for centuries have handed down from father to son habits simple and primitive. Their wages average about one pound per week; the practice of advancing "lent" or "subsist" money is pursued, and the settling day is sometimes postponed indefinitely, but they are, notwithstanding, a saving class; it must be mentioned, however, that many of the miners have a small farmstead on the fell side which they till with more or less success, a cow or two sometimes forming part of their small stock, and thus the lot of the Alston Moor miner, by dint of thrift and industry, may be a fairly prosperous one.

Since the railways have begun to open up the country many primitive customs are said to be disappearing, but, judging from personal observation, these are the sort of people to avail themselves wisely of the advantages which proceed from wider intercourse, whilst they are not likely soon to lose the characteristics noticed by the Commissioners on Education, presented to Parliament in 1861, "a steady, provident, orderly, and industrious people; a high-minded people, disdaining pauperism as the deepest degradation." The large proprietors have erected schools which are duly appreciated.

In 1875, being in Garragill, the writer wished to see a daily paper, and went to the only shop likely to afford one, and found that no such thing was ever to be bought in the place, but was obligingly offered the key of the reading-room, as the only place where one could be seen; it was a room the size of which was in proportion to that of the village, being small, but having a capital supply of magazines and reviews of the highest order, as well as newspapers, a display which spoke volumes for the people.

The Rev. — Monkhouse, of Garragill, mentioned the eagerness of the young men for advanced instruction, and instanced the son of a miner who had passed creditably in his college, and was then an officiating clergyman in the Church of England.

The miners' farmsteads are prominent features in the landscape of this part of South Tynedale, their whitened walls relieved by the dark foliage of a few sheltering trees which are generally found about them, the interiors of the oldest of them being very much on the same plan as

Lonning Head, of which a sketch has been given. The initial to this chapter gives a sketch of an ancient pump for clearing the mines of water, a conspicuous object by the wayside on entering Garragill from Alston. Not far from this is still pointed out the Garragill poachers' level; the story of the Garragill poachers is still referred to with some pride by the miners, and the writer hearing of the existence of a little book which contained the story, inquired for it of an old lady said to be related to the author. It was not forthcoming however, having been lost, notwithstanding the precaution of the owner, who said that she had had it bound up with the Church Catechism, apparently with the idea that the latter would act as a preserving charm; a second application in another quarter was more successful. The chief points of the story have been extracted from the little book, which is written in the dialect of the district.

The Poachers of Garragill: a story of 1819.

Some of the miners had caused a reproach to fall upon the good name of the district by poaching on the adjacent moors; by working in gangs they were able to set all local authority at defiance, and finally brought upon the neighbourhood a military invasion. A party of the 18th Hussars stationed at Newcastle, and not long returned from Waterloo, were sent at the instance of Colonel Beaumont and Mr. Brandling to bring the offenders to justice. The excitement amongst the natives of this quiet valley on the appearance of soldiers amongst them can easily be imagined, and, as the story goes, no less startling to the men of war was their new field of operations in a mining district; briefly, the poachers led the soldiers a "wild-goose chase" among the fells, strange to them, and in the recesses of the mines, whither they durst not carry pursuit very far. After a stay of some time they had not effected a single capture, and their exasperation was increased not a little by the taunts of the natives, who acknowledged them good enough to fight the French, but no match for Garragill men.

The affair was brought to a termination by the mediation of some

gentlemen who called a parley, and drew up a petition, and upon the young men promising to give up their guns and dogs, and to trespass no more, the soldiers were withdrawn.

THE MARKET-PLACE, ALSTON.

CHAPTER X.

FROM ALSTON TO LAMBLEY.

KIRKHAUGH CHURCH.

WITH Alston still for head quarters, excursions down stream are convenient by rail, though most enjoyable on foot. The railway follows very much the same course as the river, but the scenery is of that nature which asks a lingering pace. Cumberland and lead-mining are left behind with the Alston district, which district, so sterile and bare at the end of the last century, that it was stated not to have more than "twelve acres of tillage," now presents a more cultivated appearance. Presently a pastoral Northumberland valley is entered, the river winds and widens between broad level haughs, giving fertility to the lower slopes of the fells; pretty woods and glens are seen which mark the course of numerous burns, the latter inviting frequent diversions. Ale-burn and Gilderdale-burn join South Tyne at a short distance from each other, and they here form the boundary line between Northumberland and Cumberland. Ale-burn is the first met with; it joins the river on the east side. The course of the burn is well seen from the road which passes over the fell tops towards Allendale town. From this high ground may be seen a fine stretch of moorland, and extensive views in many directions. Randalholme, an ancient manor-house, is situated close to the confluence of the Ale-burn

and the South Tyne; it now forms part of a farmhouse, much of which is new; the oldest part is that depicted here, sketched from the garden. On the front of the building there is a stone with the inscription, "Virtute acquiritur honor," and the initials and date, G. R. R. 1746. Hodgson "apprehended that this was the Raynerholme of which Robert de Veteripont died seized in 1370," and that this was the capital messuage which

RANDALHOLME.

Nicholas de Vetripont had at Alston at the time of his death in 1315, Randalholme being within the precincts of Alston, and the only piece of ancient masonry in the district.

Gilderdale-burn enters the river on the other side a little further down; it comes from a boggy district called Gilderdale Forest, where, however, no forest is, but only the peaty remains of one. There are

large tracts in various parts of the north marked as forests on the map, which are now treeless. In Gilderdale there is a chalybeate spring, the waters of which are collected into a sort of tarn covered with a thick scum, supposed by Hodgson to be a deposit of yellow oxide of iron, which, by exposure to great heat, becomes red; this pigment is much used by the inhabitants of the district for painting and colouring their hearths, tiled floors, &c.

The burn has attractive features, and is said to be well worth exploring.

Whitley Castle is the name given to a place between the banks of the Gilderdale-burn and South Tyne. The remains of a Roman station are to be seen here. Dr. Bruce describes it as a supporting station, and points out the peculiarity of its form, which is that of a trapezoid (generally the stations are quadrangular), and in addition to ordinary walls, it is defended on the western side, which is the most exposed, by seven earthen ramparts, and on the north by four. The Maiden Way passes by the east side of the station. The hamlet of Whitley has the honour of being the birthplace of John Wallis, the first historian of Northumberland. His "Natural History of Northumberland," written when he was curate of Simonburn, North Tyne, occupied him for twenty years, and was completed in 1769.

Continuing along the banks of South Tyne, the austere features which characterized its earlier course give place to those more familiar in river scenery. Cereal crops are seen in favoured spots, and always there are the sheep grazing on the hills; cattle stand in the shallow pools, while the angler is fishing in the deeper ones. The humanity of the district makes no sign in particular, scattered cottages sufficing for the inhabitants.

Kirkhaugh Church, the first to be seen after changing counties, beautifully placed in the middle of the valley, is a small modern edifice in an ancient churchyard.

Ancient village churches are not abundant on the Tyneside of either border county, a fact partly accounted for in the chronicles of Scottish raids; and the English Reformed Church seems to have made little way here in its early time, perhaps through positive neglect of the district, as

some aver, though strangely enough it may be noticed in passing, that to the banks of South Tyne we are directed for the birthplace of Ridley, himself a chief star of the Reformation in England. Scotch Reformers seem to have been more busy on the English Border, as we find Presbyterianism the favourite form of worship in many parts of it, although Methodism is the rule where a mining population preponderates. Such old village churches as there are have little to recommend them except beauty of situation, and are disappointing to anyone familiar with the picturesque country churches of the south. Generally they are small and damp, and distinguished principally by the cluster of gravestones

SLAGGYFORD.

around them, and by the privileged bell which swings ostentatiously in an open belfry of the simplest form, and although these rude structures are fast disappearing, the new ones in sparsely populated places are built very much in the same fashion.

The next village by the river is Slaggyford, which is an ancient place, and was once, tradition says, a market-town, and had its fair; it still keeps up its annual "feast." Signs of former pre-eminence are now wanting at Slaggyford; its importance began to decline when Alston came to the front. A voluminous modern gazetteer mentions Slaggyford only as a railway station, but it is still, as old writers describe it, the principal village on South Tyne between Alston and Haltwhistle, which

says but little for the extent of population in South Tyne hamlets, and none of these villages will detain the stranger long. In these thinly-inhabited districts the churches are isolated, and the cottages have to be looked for, but of pleasing river scenery there is abundance.

The traveller from Slaggyford to Lambley has choice of ways,—an upper road—the turnpike, which leaves the low road soon after quitting the village, the low road keeping near the river, which it crosses by Eals Bridge, and afterwards re-crosses by a wooden bridge, and there is the railway. The four ways, the river and the roads, keep close company for some part of the way. Both the roads show different aspects of very interesting country; the low road passes through Knaresdale. But to see a river well it is needful to find the angler's path, which is by copse and scrub, losing itself now and then on pebbly banks, and through shallow pools and fords, and no one knows the river as your fisherman does, who has "fished every inch of it," as he will tell you, and, being a lover of nature, as are most toilers of these north country dales, he will soon prove to you that he has an eye for the picturesque as well as for the fish in the river. All about Slaggyford are to be seen choice views of the stream, pleasant corners, and quiet reaches reflecting old world backgrounds of moor, and remnants of ancient woodlands. In pursuing this path, little ground is covered before encountering the incoming of some burn, which needs to be followed up a little in search of a way across, by unpremeditated stepping stones, or rustic bridge, and possibly asking a diversion of greater length, to the temporary neglect of the river itself; such a burn is the Knar, one of the wildest of South Tyne tributaries, from which Knaresdale has its name; it enters the river through its western bank, as do the principal burns hereabouts. The fells are higher on this side, the most conspicuous varying from 1,500 to 2,000 feet in height; and from the recesses of these hills, the streams—mountain torrents they may be called—come racing down, with a seeming consciousness that to stay would be to waste their sweetness on the sterile uplands from which they spring, and so they hasten, nothing loth to lose themselves in the larger river.

To the Knar, however, acknowledgments are due for good work done on its own account, and near its confluence with Tyne it may be studied

as a good example of the way in which burns model the land into knolls and hollows, especially in winter floods, which Nature during countless springs and summers has been busy in beautifying with graceful trees and verdure. Knaresdale Forest is a thing of the past, and, as at Kirkhaugh and many other parts, its place is now occupied by the succeeding mosses. Wallis mentions the existence of red deer on the forest land in his time, about a century ago. Knaresdale Hall, a seventeenth century house, still stands, with many proofs of having been a stronghold in its day, but it appears now a farmhouse, and is the property of Mr. Wallace, of Featherstone. Around it are signs of what some think was a moat, whilst others see the remains of ancient fish-ponds: the situation is fine, the front commanding views of some of the most beautiful parts of South Tynedale.

Mr. Peter Burn, who in his book of "English Ballads" has caught much of the "ancient ring," has put into verse a floating legend of Knaresdale Hall, for which the reader is referred to his book, the ballad being too lengthy for insertion here.

Knaresdale Church, the subject of the tail-piece to this chapter, is a very plain structure, but also a characteristic specimen of the church architecture of the district, and was built in 1838 on the site of the old one. Local papers of the period record a curious christening which reveals an odd picture of life in South Tynedale so late as the year 1838.

"On Sunday, June 16th, Mr. J. Dickinson, of Eals, in the parish of Knaresdale, Northumberland, collected together thirty-two of his friends and neighbours to become sponsors for his eight children. After breakfast the party set out for the church, Dickinson, who is a musician, playing several of his favourite airs on the violin at the head of the merry group, the mother bringing up the rear with the youngest child in her arms. They were met at the church by the Rev. Thomas Bewsher, the Rector, who christened the eight children, observing that in all his ministry he never before had had such a presentation."[1]

Sketching in South Tynedale in the latter days of August is to be within sight and sound of the sportsman. The writer heard of splendid

[1] "Richardson's Hist.," &c., vol. v. 22.

sport on Williamston Fell, which rises sheer from the river opposite Knaresdale; it is a beautiful moor, but the wonder seemed to be how anything could be done on ground raking at such an angle. This is the time of year when the villages assert themselves more than at any other, and there is unwonted life and activity abroad. The neighbourhood of Knaresdale, Williamston, and Softley, deserves the eulogies of Hodgson, and few rivers show such a pleasing union of wild and sweet scenery, where the lower fells are broken up into wildly angular forms, beautified by trees which adapt themselves gracefully to every declivity—trees not grouped, but thinly scattered, with slight stems and foliage of light sprays, which let you see the background through; trees quite cha-

WILLIAMSTON.

racteristic of Upper Tyne, self-sown, and growing because they like to grow there. Some of the fords across the burns where they are widest, form delightful pictures, approached up and down steep banks, with the simplest footbridge by the side. The river is crossed by a stone bridge at Eals, and here its increased size is noticeable; and the writer found the satisfaction of contrast in still water seen for the first time since leaving the source of the river; in the repose of twilight South Tyne reflected perfectly the high, precipitous, and tree-covered banks, which shut out the sky to the north and west; but on a subsequent occasion from the same point of view—the bridge—there was seen only troubled water without reflections. The writer would here remark that

LAMBLEY VIADUCT.

his notes and sketches purport to give the topographical facts under the same phases and effects as he himself saw them. The waterfalls, for instance, shown in a previous chapter, are as they appeared in a moderately dry season. Few have not at one time or another felt disappointment in following the track of a describer, who has indulged either in glowing accounts, or in the reverse strain of detraction, and without being necessarily open to the charge of unfaithfulness,—the fact being, that enjoyment of Nature depends so much on the varied moods of Nature herself, as well as on that of the observer, time as well as place must be taken into consideration. For instance, the accident of mist gives a grandeur to a hill or other view which without it would be nothing remarkable. Again, a traveller comes into the place late in the evening, after a fatiguing march; the sentiment of repose rests on his mind, and the surroundings at sunset seem to harmonize with the feelings of the moment; but under the morning light, with the mind awake and lively, the bare topographical features of the place give no pleasure. Or again, he comes to a place unvisited before, in a mountainous region; the clouds are low, and from the window of his lodging a dreary wall of mist is all that is visible; but in the morning with what delight he sees

> "Mountains, on whose barren breast
> The labouring clouds do often rest."

Then, as Emerson says, "Nature is not always tricked in holiday attire; the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume, and glittered as if for the frolic of the nymphs, is overspread with melancholy to-day."

Many more such changes and surprises will occur to the reader touching the vicissitudes of travel; to go up a river, valley, or road instead of coming down, will sometimes make all the difference in the aspect and excellence of the scenery; a few yards to the right or left, all the difference in a particular view. Extend the observation, and include difference of temperament in the individual, and the effect of *that* in different descriptions of the same scenery. Certainly writers on Tyneside differ to an amusing extent; to wit, compare Hodgson with Hutchinson, making due allowance for the half century between the dates of their writing; it has been said of the latter that "he seems to have

gone up and down the country with peas in his shoes," suggesting a sufficiently uncomfortable habit of mind for the pursuit of the pleasures of travel. Of course the moral to which this diversion tends is; see the country for yourself, and not too hastily.

Crossing the bridge of two arches, the small and well-sheltered village of Eals is come upon, of which there is not much to say.

The valley here has high hanging hills on either side of the river, and the base of the eastern side bears signs of having been shaped by the river when it ran in its old course. There is a wooden bridge by which the river is re-crossed, and shortly after Glen Dhu burn, with one of the finest falls in the district, is reached. The burn is narrow, closed in with trees, and thickly studded with mossy boulders; persevering climbing and jumping is amply repaid by the sight of the fall secluded in a deep glen of varied trees. A singular view of it from above may be obtained from near the turnpike road, which crosses the burn a field's length from where it falls. This road gives of course a variation of scenery, and is throughout a very pleasant way between Slaggyford and Lambley. The latter place is less than a mile distant from the fall.

Lambley viaduct is within a few feet of the height of the high level bridge at Newcastle, and is a fine object from many points. Near the viaduct, a place is pointed out on the river banks where part of the great fault in the coal-field, known as the ninety-fathom dyke, is exposed.

KNARESDALE CHURCH.

CHAPTER XI.

SOUTH TYNE CASTLES.

UNTHANK HALL.

THERE is a wooden bridge across the Tyne attached to the side of Lambley viaduct, at a lower level than the railway, crossing which, and keeping to the right bank of the stream, a delightful walk leads through a fine park, and by the front of Featherstone Castle. When Hutchinson wrote a century ago, "the castle was little more than a square tower, calculated for defence against those tribes of robbers, the moss-troopers." Since then considerable alterations and additions have been made to it, the new parts being more or less in keeping with the old, the whole forming a handsome castellated mansion. Part of the modern work is a gallery sixty feet long. The front of the building, which is wide, is pleasantly varied by its projections, recently added turrets, and dissimilar windows, and ivy adds to the picturesqueness of the embattled walls. The existing structure is mainly due to the present proprietor, Hope Wallace, Esq., who, upon attaining his majority, set about reconstructing it. It is a charming seat, and there is no scenery more grand and beautiful on the whole of the river than that which surrounds the castle. Here and there from distant points on high ground glimpses of the castle may be had, when it is seen to rest with an air of dignity and comfort in a surrounding of

wooded heights, backed by the sterile fell tops; the river revealed by the sheen on its surface, now and again, through openings in the deepest recesses of the woods. Old writers say, the tower of the ancient family who held the place through many generations, stood on higher ground, where there were two stones called Featherstones; the old place falling into decay, a castle was built on the haugh below, hence the name of Featherstone-haugh. The estate is known to have been in possession of the Featherstones for ages. The first of the family, tradition says, was a Saxon chief, who, coming to this country, settled in Northumberland in the eighth century. The name occurs many times in records of different periods, and representatives are now found widely scattered in several English counties, in Ireland, and the colonies. The last of the family who possessed the Northumberland castle and estate was Sir Matthew Featherstone; from him it passed by sale to the Wallace family, in which it remains. One of the most famous of the Featherstonhaughs was Sir Albany, high sheriff of the county in 1530, who was killed in a Border feud, an event commemorated in Surtee's famous ballad, beginning—

> "How the fierce Thirlwalls, and Ridleys all,
> Stout Willimondswick,
> And Hardriding Dick,
> And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
> Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
> And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."

The lines are well known from the fact of Sir Walter Scott having worked them into his poem, "Marmion," under the impression that he was quoting an ancient ballad, thus falling into a trap laid by the author, who, intending it as a pleasantry, sent to him his own composition with a plausible account of the manner in which "the supposed old ballad had fallen into his hands." In the verse are named localities which are in the neighbourhood of the park, and the lines well illustrate what to this day remains a peculiarity of the district, viz., the frequent recurrence of the same family name, and the practice arising out of it in early times of dropping surnames for general purposes, and using in their place other distinguishing names. "Hardriding Dick," "Willimonds-

FEATHERSTONE CASTLE.

wyke," and "Will of the wa'," were all Ridleys, but not of the same family, Hardriding, Willimondswyke, and the Wa' (Roman Wall), being localities with which these worthies were connected by birth or otherwise.

At the lodge by which the park is left, a distant but very impressive mountainous view is obtained up the Hartley-burn vale. There is a colliery near, but not visible from this point. As the writer was not able to get a nearer view of this interesting burn he cannot do better than quote from a paper read before "The Tyneside Naturalist Field Club:"—"The Hartley-burn has two branches; the left is called Blackburn, which abounds in basaltic precipices; the water after running through a deep and narrow channel is thrown over a columnar brae in a succession of falls. The basaltic columns below rise to a great height, and further down where the stream crosses the dyke the strata are broken and dip at every angle, and are also intersected by veins of basalt. The diluvium is a bed of reddish clayey gravel, in which are embedded nodules of new red sandstone, masses of granite, and other products of countries to the west and northwards."

The next castle in order is Bellister, which is quickly reached from the lodge, previously mentioned, and is taken on the way to Haltwhistle; of the latter place a good comprehensive view is had from this high road above Bellister Castle, the two places being half a mile distant from each other. The castle stands well relieved by dark woods, through which our road has led from Featherstone, and is close to South Tyne opposite to its confluence with the Tipalt river or burn, which comes from moorlands sending tributaries not only to North and South Tyne, but also to the Irthing. Not much remains of this stronghold; it belonged to the Blenkinsops, a family which figured conspicuously in the Border wars in this district, and of whom more hereafter. Now it is a ruin left to decay. From a near point the most characteristic bit for a sketch seemed that engraved here, the stand-point being among the ruins. The rock on which it was built is sufficiently bare in places to show that Mackenzie was mistaken in describing it as upon an artificial mound. There was a moat round it, and it must have been a strong tower, though not of the first grade: there is a modern castellated farmhouse attached

to the ruin. The place passed out of the hands of the Blenkinsop family early in the present century.

The spirit of the grey man of Bellister haunted the castle for centuries (according to tradition), and down to the year of grace 1800 stories of recent visitations were credited in the neighbourhood. "The Grey Man of Bellister" when in flesh was a wandering minstrel, who came to the

RUINS OF BELLISTER CASTLE.

castle seeking protection and the night's rest, which the chivalrous and generous feeling of the day readily accorded; but the boon had not long been conceded ere dark suspicions began to rankle in the breast of the lord of Bellister; that the minstrel was a spy sent by a neighbouring baron was a conclusion quickly arrived at, distrust therefore sat upon his countenance, which the minstrel failed not to notice; and when the

signal was given for withdrawal, the minstrel, auguring treachery, disappeared from the castle. The bloodhounds ordered out were soon upon his track, and came up with the poor old minstrel hard by the willow trees near the banks of the Tyne, and before any of the party could reach them they had finished their dreadful work. Remorse for the outrage seized the baron, and he slept with his fathers; but the injured spirit still frequented its ancient limits unsatisfied and unappeased. At some

BLENKINSOP CASTLE.

periods it was more than usually outrageous, which was ever the prelude of some impending misfortunes to the house of Bellister and its dependants.

The grey man no longer appears at Bellister, or traverses the broken pathway, near which the clump of willows still responds in sad murmurs to the wizard blast of evening; but the rustic passes it with a beating heart, and the rider gives the spur to his horse and hurries past.

Instead of crossing the Tyne to Haltwhistle at once, the reader is invited to follow the course of the Tipalt, which is the same as that of

the high road, and rail to Carlisle. Unfortunately, we have the railway between the road and the burn, and not much of the latter is seen until Blenkinsop is reached. The picturesque ruins of the castle, grey lichened and ivy-mantled, are seen from the road, pleasantly situated on a grassy knoll, and commanding a view of the vale of Tipalt, down to South Tyne and Bellister. This seat of the Blenkinsops for many generations shows now only crumbling walls of the square tower, three sides of which still stand in decay. In 1833 the castellated building on the south side was added, as a residence for the agent of the adjacent colliery. The proprietors had so much veneration for the old place as to permit a chimney or shaft from the pit to make its appearance in the

BLENKINSOP HALL.

midst of the ruin (it has been left out in the sketch). The castle itself was built in 1339, when Thomas de Blenkinsop had a license to fortify his mansion on the borders of Scotland. Hodgson says, "The old family residence stood on the right bank of the hope or valley of Glenwhelt; prior to the conquest it had probably belonged to one Blencan, from whom the place and township derived its name, for in the oldest writings it is called Blenkan or Blenkens-hope." It was an important place in troublous times. In 1416 and 1488 we find it on the list of Border castles, still in the hands of the same family, but garrisoned by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, then warden of the West and Middle Marches. Half a century later it is mentioned as being out of repair, John Blenkinsope as owner. It has been in the possession of the Coulsons since

1727, one of that family having married a Blenkinsop, heiress to the estates.

Blenkinsop Hall, of which a sketch from the east is given, stands finely on the crest of the hill which slopes down to the Tipalt. It is on the opposite side of the valley to the castle, and between it and Bellister. It was built by Colonel Blenkinsop of the castle. The castle has its legend—"The White Lady of Blenkinsop."

Bryan de Blenkinsop was gallant and brave, and his praises were sung by the minstrels, but he had an inordinate love of wealth, and declared he would never marry until he met a lady possessed of a chest of gold heavier than ten of his strongest men could carry into his castle. After the lapse of some years he brought home a wife and the box of gold, but the lady caused the gold to be secreted, and would not give it up, and at length the young lord suddenly left the castle, and went no one knew whither. His lady was inconsolable, and at last with her attendants went forth in search. Their fate is enveloped in mystery; they returned not to Blenkinsop, but tradition tells us that the lady, filled with remorse, cannot rest in her grave, but must needs wander back to the old castle, and mourn over the chest of wealth, the cause of all their woe. Here she must continue to wander until some one shall follow her to the vault, and, by removing the treasure, lay her spirit to rest.

The neighbourhood in which the ruins of Thirlwall Castle are situated is a very interesting one on many accounts. It stands due north of Blenkinsop on the banks of the Tipalt; this is a slow stream, and more like a south country brook than a Northumberland burn. In its present plight, one of advanced decay, the castle has a strangely picturesque aspect, with two or three scrubby pines before it, a cottage or two, a stunted willow, and the burn, with stepping stones, flowing below. What remains of the shell of the ancient stronghold stands on a rocky boss, about thirty feet above the stream; "it was in a measurable good reparation" in 1550. The manor of Thirlwall had a bad character for proneness to thieving. It is supposed that the proprietors ceased to make it their residence after the rebellion of 1646. In 1831 the south wall fell into the Tipalt. Thirlwall could never have made a very eligible

domestic residence according to modern ideas of comfort, but no doubt it was adapted to the times in which it was erected, the windows being small and narrow. In 1759, when rubbish was being removed from the interior, the flooring of a room was discovered, consisting of three courses of flags one above another, with a stratum of sand lying between each. The walls in some places are as much as eight and nine feet in thickness, and the place seemed solely calculated for purposes of defence, and like

THIRLWALL CASTLE.

most of the castles in the north was vaulted at the bottom for cattle and for prisoners. To Hutchinson, "the whole had the appearance of a horrid gloomy dungeon, where its ancient tyrants dealt in deeds of darkness."

Thirlwall Castle affords a good example of the vicissitudes through which building materials pass in the course of centuries. The castle was built entirely of stones taken from the Roman Wall, and from the castle

were taken materials to build adjacent cottages; some of these in their turn have been removed, and of their stones, doubtless, some have found their way into the modern cottages near the spot. The ancient family of De Thirlwall took their name from that of the manor and castle. In 1369, John de Thirlwall died, supposed to be the Thirlwall mentioned in records of the Tower of London, who died at the age of 145 years, the oldest squire in the north of England, and was said to "have been in arms sixty-nine years." In remote times the proprietors of the manor of Thirlwall were called barons, and there is a legendary story communicated by William Pattison to Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book" somewhat as follows:—A baron of Thirlwall returned from the wars with great spoils, amongst which was a table of solid gold, the report of which spread far and wide. In course of time the castle was attacked and taken by the Scots, the baron and his retainers slain, and then came a search for the treasure. This had been known to be night and day under the guard of a mysterious dwarf; dungeon and vault were searched in vain; and no wonder, as tradition says, the dwarf during the heat of the fray, threw the treasure into a deep well, and then jumped in himself, and, by diabolic power, drew the top down over himself and his charge, and it used to be said it was still under a spell which could only be removed by the son of a widow. Strange to say, the enchanted well has never been found.

Close to Thirlwall are great Roman remains; there is the station of Carvoran on the Roman Wall. The north fosse between Carvoran and Thirlwall is particularly well developed. Burdoswald, the largest station on the Wall, is about three miles from Carvoran, and between these two there are five other stations. In the vicinity are also Gilsland, Lanercost Priory, and Naworth, but these places are on the Irthing; at Thirlwall we are close to the "water-parting" of the north of England. Near the castle, the Tipalt and the Irthing approach each other, the former belonging to the eastern watershed, and flowing to the German Ocean, and the latter belonging to the western, and flowing to the Solway Firth.

Haltwhistle can now be conveniently reached by rail from Greenhead, a station less than half a mile from the ruins just visited. Hautwyesill

is the old spelling, and is thought by a modern writer to mean the holy hill of the high water. Hodgson adopts a Norman derivation: *haut*, high, *wes*, watch, the high watch hill or beacon. It is certainly difficult to discover any such signification under the modern spelling, but, as with the place-names in many parts—the original meaning being forgotten—the name became easily corrupted into a meaningless compound which, while it dropped the sense, retained something of the original sound. The conspicuous mound which appears to have had to do with the origin of the name of the town, is seen on arriving before the place; it has the appearance of a British camp, and belongs to a very remote period. The church, which is ancient, has recently been restored; its burial-ground is interesting, containing some curious old tombstones, the more modern ones striking the stranger as being unusually large. Many of them are six feet high, and broad in proportion, a peculiarity said to be common in the west, and about Carlisle. Mr. Jenkinson, in his excellent "Guide to Carlisle and its Neighbourhood," which has appeared since this work was commenced, gives some notes from the tombstones here, which go far to prove the healthiness of the district. "Very few of the gravestones are without the record of some one who lived to the age of sixty years; he noted 341 above that age, 150 of which were above seventy-five, two being above 100." Can there be any possible connection between the fact of the longevity of its inhabitants and the number of its licensed public-houses, which was, in 1877, ten, the population of the town being only 1500? The town has a market and some good shops. There is an ancient building which may have been a peel at one time—now it is a temperance hotel. The only building, however, which justifies special reference, is that sketched here. The natives dignify it with the name of Haltwhistle Castle; in its present condition it has nothing externally to distinguish it from the other poor houses which adjoin it at the east end of the town, except that which makes it precious to the antiquary, the machicolation of a loop-holed turret. There seems little doubt but that this is all that remains of the Tower of Hautwisel mentioned in the list of Border towers referred to in Ch. V., and probably it was the official residence of the bailiff, acting under the warden of the Marches, for Haltwhistle did not escape in troublous times. The

"Fray of Hautwyssell," the subject of an ancient ballad, took place when Carey, Earl of Monmouth, was Warden. Hodgson quotes from Carey: "The first thing the Liddesdale men did was the taking of Haltwesell, and carrying off prisoners and their goods; seeking justice at the hands of the Scotch king, Carey obtained permission to take his own revenge, so long as honest Scotch subjects should be unhurt. Carey found the outlaws in strongholds of Tarras, and not to be got at. Sim of the Cathill, an Armstrong with more temerity than the rest, came out after them, and was speared by Ridley of Haltwhistle; they vowed revenge on the spot, and coming subsequently to Haltwhistle, they burnt many houses, securing to themselves the goods; and, as they were running up and

HALTWHISTLE CASTLE.

down the streets with lights in hand to do more mischief, 'there was one other Ridley that was in a strong stone house' (possibly the one sketched above) that made a shot out at them, and it was his good hap to kill an Armstrong, one of the sons of the chiefest outlaw," and further revenge was threatened by the Liddesdale men. This took place in 1598.

A great natural feature of the place is its burn, Haltwhistle burn, which flows out of Green Lee Lough, one of a group of solitary tarns, high up on the moors, known as the Northumberland lakes, which form the subject of another chapter. The junction of Haltwhistle burn with the Tyne takes place just below the peel; near is a flag quarry, which has been extensively worked; this is passed in following the burn. A very

pretty passage in the course of the stream is that where it is seen racing down the face of a dam, where, if the burn is not too full, it takes the fall in a fantastically intricate way by channels it has worn for itself, and which defy the eye to follow them. There is a sudden turn in the stream here, following which, and taking the ascending path, which rises continually, the immensity of the gorge through which the little burn has cut its way arrests the attention. Far up the rocky sides of the ravine, other quarry workings are found, and a short distance from this the road ends: to pass the limits of the quarry is to enter upon high farm lands on that side of the burn to which we have kept; whilst on the opposite side the fell rises perpendicularly, and to a much greater height, clothed with various kinds of pine and fir, the face of the rock jutting out in quaint forms here and there. The view from this midway station overlooking the burn is grand, and perhaps from no point of view is the scenery so impressive as it is from this, where the eye ranges from precipitous heights down to the gorge beneath and away.

Willimontswyke and Unthank are on the opposite side of the South Tyne, the latter between one and two miles south-east from Haltwhistle. Willimontswyke (the spelling is after the ordnance map) is about two miles further east; both places are interesting through their connection with the name of Bishop Ridley, and, although of the two Willimontswyke is generally regarded as the birthplace of the martyr, there are conflicting opinions on the subject. Mr. Peter Burns puts the case thus: "His biographer states that he was born at Willimoteswick, while Hodgson, the learned historian of Northumberland, writes in respect to Unthank: 'It was the birthplace of Ridley the martyr, some time about the year 1500.' Bishop Ridley, just before his death, 16th October, 1555, wrote: 'Farewell, my beloved syster of Unthank;' and to his cousin, 'Farewell, my well-beloved and worshipful cousin, Master Nicholas Ridley of Willimoteswick.' The fact of his sister being resident at Unthank, and his cousin at Willimoteswick, strengthens the belief that Unthank was his paternal home. The Rev. Dixon Brown most obligingly writes: 'I believe there is little doubt but that Unthank belonged to the Ridley family, as his farewell letter is addressed to 'my beloved sister of Unthank.' When I first came to Unthank there was

WILLIMONTSWYKE.

a room traditionally called the Bishop's Room, certainly in the oldest part of the house. But I question much whether in the time of Bishop Ridley, Unthank Hall was anything more than a peel tower with about two rooms."

A sketch is given of the tower of Unthank Hall overlooking a beautiful turn in the river; a little further, on the same side of the river, we come to the junction of the Allen with the Tyne; this affluent is described in another chapter. Just before crossing the Allen, Beltingham Church is passed; its burial-ground possesses a rarity in Northumberland in the shape of a fine old yew tree. The Beltingham yew is a venerable one, and is still vigorous, though having lived through the years of a Norman chapel which preceded the modern one.

BELTINGHAM CHURCH.

Langley Castle, with which this series concludes, is three or four miles still further east on the same side of the river, but it is more easily approached from Haydon Bridge, distant a mile and a half. It is described in Turner's "Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages" as a fine example of a tower-built house of the latter half of the fourteenth century. Its ashler stonework appears as sharp and good as though it had only just been put up, but neglect and abandonment have deprived its upper parts, windows and openings, of some of the masonry, the interior with its fittings having been destroyed by fire at some remote period. On approaching it for the first time we seem to see the old stronghold very much as it must have appeared when it was the habitable seat of the barony of Tynedale. It has a strong tower or turret at each of the four corners, and immensely thick walls; its position is not much raised above the plain, and there has been no moat round it, or external

LANGLEY CASTLE.

defence, the founders having relied on the strength of its walls and the garrison behind them. The barony of Tynedale was held by the Lucys or Lacys. Anthony de Lacy procured a charter for a market and fair for Haydon Bridge. It is remarkable as having remained with a long line of successive heiresses. In 1388 an important marriage took place between Maud, heiress of Lord Lucy and widow of Gilbert de Umfraville, with Harry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who rebuilt the castle, thus uniting the two most renowned, powerful, and wealthy families in the north. Subsequently, the barony was in the possession of the Earls of Derwentwater, and now forms part of the estates of Greenwich Hospital. The entrance is by one door only, and from the wide circular stone staircase—the only one—there are passages which led to rooms in every part of the building: the position of the banqueting room can be made out, and several chambers can be explored, but communication with many of the rooms has been cut off. One of the towers is open from the base to the sky; the outside walls remain almost perfect to the top with the doorways, fireplaces, and windows alone indicating the chambers it formerly contained.

A fine view is obtained from the top of one of the towers; some of the country there seen appears in the background of the larger sketch taken from high ground to the east of the castle. Keeping company with the road from the castle to Haydon Bridge is a bright burn with a pretty waterfall. Is this the burn that Hodgson speaks of as the cruel Syke, traditionally the scene of some desperate fray which gave name to the burn? Here is an old couplet referring to the same:—

> "Till the Cruel Syke wi' Scottish blode rins rede
> Thoo maun na sowe corn by Tyneside."

Reference here to East Land Ends must not be omitted; it was the birthplace of one of England's most popular painters in modern times, John Martin. The house in which he was born has been pulled down, and it is doubtful whether any part of the building now standing was contemporary with the painter. The place is distant about half a mile from Langley Castle, and is a suburb of the town of Haydon Bridge. The river and surrounding country above and below this little town,

LANGLEY CASTLE.

which has part on either side of the river, are very pleasing. There are many good residences in the neighbourhood. The river about Allerwash is particularly charming, with banks of rock and wood.

Haydon Bridge had its hero in one swift of foot, the famous Ned Coulson, of whom the natives have many stories of pedestrian feats, practical jokes, and eccentricity of character. On the other side of the river at Four-stones is the celebrated Prudham stone quarry. The stone is a very beautiful and durable sandstone for building purposes, very pure, and not so liable to weather stains as are most sandstones. In the modern Town Hall of Hexham, built of well-selected stone from this quarry, it is seen to advantage. It is said that at one time this stone was thought of for the building of the present Houses of Parliament.

HAYDON CHURCH TOWER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND LAKES.

"Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bank
That Roman monarch built a brazen Wall,
Which might the feebled Briton strongly flank
Against the Picts that swarmëd over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they do call!"

Faerie Queen, Book IV. Can. xi.

CHESTERHOLM BRIDGE.

INASMUCH as they contribute to "the Water of Tyne," as well as on account of the Roman remains which are found in the immediate neighbourhood, these lonely sheets of water, locally called "loughs," claim our notice here. The high lands in which they are set, varying from 600 to 800 feet above the sea level, are conspicuous in the northward prospect from the banks of the Allen described in the last chapter. Two of these lakes, Green-lee-lough and Crag-lough, are feeders of South Tyne by the burns which flow out of them. Haly-pikes, separated somewhat from the rest of the group, sends water by Crook-burn to the North Tyne.

Green-lee-lough may be reached by a road which follows the course of the Haltwhistle-burn from the Tyne to Caufields, where is to be seen the

CRAG-LOUGH.

best preserved example of the Roman Mile-Castles, so called from the fact of their being placed at the distance of about one Roman mile from each other along the whole length of the wall. It was excavated in 1848 by Mr. Clayton; the walls were found to have seven or eight courses of stone standing. Haltwhistle-burn at this point changes its name, and from the wall to its source (Green-lee-lough) is known as Caw-burn. From this lake the others may be easily reached by following the line of the wall.

Crag-lough may be reached from Bardon Mill Station by a road which follows much the same course as the Chinely-burn. On the way, the picturesque bridge shown in the initial is crossed at Chesterholm. A fact noted by Dr. Bruce may be mentioned here as forming a thread in the history of our river. In Chinely-burn, not far from the bridge, water is seen bubbling up in the middle of the stream; this is caused by the surplus water of Grindon-lough, which, having flowed for two and a half miles underground, insinuates itself into the channel of Chinely-burn, and completes its journey to the Tyne by a daylight route. Chesterholm is the modern Vindolana. The Roman station, with its walls, ditches, and gateways, may still be made out. Near it, and close to the junction of Chinely-burn with another stream, is an ancient British barrow, and a Roman milestone,—the latter the only one in Britain standing in its original position. There is a path by the burn-side, leading up to Crag-lough; but when the writer visited these lakes, he was shown a nearer way by his friend, Mr. J. P. Gibson of Hexham, who accompanied him. It being summer-time, and a dry season, a bog which lies under the crag was passable, and through a gap in the ridge the lake was reached at the opposite end to that from which the burn flows out. The engraving of Crag-lough is from a sepia drawing by Mr. Gibson.

We here meet with the great Whin Sill, "a name," says Mr. Lebour, "given to a sheet of dolerite, which probably underlies almost the whole of the southern and eastern portions of the county of Northumberland."

The crag reflected in the lake is part of the outcrop of this flow of basalt, which stretches across the country from Greenhead to a few miles south of Berwick. There has been much discussion amongst geologists as to the nature of this formation. Whilst some have argued that it was a regularly inter-bedded trap, others, with Mr. Lebour, think "it was of

undoubted igneous origin, a purely intrusive mass, injected, just as the ordinary dykes are, long after the deposition of the rocks amongst which it lies." The sketch shows the columnar character of the rock, and from a nearer point of view the exposed edges of the advanced columns look sharp as razor-blades, giving marked character to the face of the cliff. The sketch shows also the Roman Wall trailing over the highest part of the crag, as it does over some miles of the same ridge. And one of the most interesting features of the wall in the neighbourhood of these lakes, is its unswerving directness, taking hills and valleys as they are met with.

By following the course of the wall over the crags eastward, Broomlee-lough is reached, which, an old legend says, holds sunken treasure, kept there by a spell unbroken to this day. Near the lake is Borcovicus, the modern Houseteads, one of the most important Roman stations, in which so many interesting remaims have been found, for a description of which the reader is referred to Dr. Bruce's work. We give here, however, his remarks on the east gateway of the station. "The holes in which the pivots of the doors moved will be noticed. The upper part of the door was fixed in a similar manner. This enables us to understand how Samson lifted the gates of Gaza out of their position, and carried them away. The stone against which the gates struck when they were closed, remains. We might suppose that this stone would be an obstruction to carriages entering the city. No doubt, however, the kind of chariot used was the *biga*, requiring two horses—and in that case, the horses would allow the stone to pass between them. The horses, too, would probably be small. In the middle of some of the narrow streets of Pompeii, boldly projecting stepping-stones occur, which have been placed there for the convenience of foot passengers. These do not seem to have interfered with the transit of wheeled vehicles, as the ruts in the streets show. Here, too, as well as at Pompeii, the Roman chariots have left their mark behind them. A rut about eight inches deep appears in the stone threshold of the gateway, on each side of the central stone, evidently caused by the action of wheels. The grooves which are shown in the accompanying cut are a little more than four and a half feet apart."[1]

[1] "Wallet Book of the Roman Wall." Dr. Bruce. Page 119.

"We now pass through the field-gate to examine the outside of the north wall and the north gateway. Excepting the bridge of the North Tyne, this gateway is the finest piece of masonry on the line of the wall. The large square blocks forming its base have been skilfully and securely laid. Their joints are as close as ever."

Quite near to Broomlee-lough formerly stood Sewing or Seven Shields Castle. It is now ploughed land, nothing remaining to mark the spot,

> "Save a fosse that marks the moor with green."

Sir Walter Scott adopted the locality for his poem of "Harold the Dauntless," and the details of his enchanted castle seem to have been suggested by the name of that which once stood here.

> "The castle arose like the birth of a dream;
> The seven towers ascended like mist from the ground.
> Seven portals defend them, seven ditches surround."

And further on King Adolph hangs

> "O'er each arch-stone a crown and a shield."

It should be noted here, however, that the word "shield" is common in place-names all over this moorland, and on both sides of the Border, it being derived from "skale," the old Norse for a shepherd's hut. Connected with the place is a legend of Arthur similar to those associated with many other places in Great Britain. The locality in this instance, however, adds interest to the oft-repeated tradition, in the light of the new theory of the historic King Arthur advanced by Mr. Glennie and Mr. Skene, since adopted by Professor Veitch, who agree in finding the scene of the Arthurian exploits in the district now known as the lowlands of Scotland. They agree in evolving out of the mist of monkish fable a substantial historic King Arthur, who, some time after the departure of the Romans from Britain, succeeded Ambrosius as the Guledig, Pen-Dragon, or leader of the Britons. Between the wall of Hadrian and the wall of Antonine, both reaching from the eastern to the western sea, the former from Tynemouth to the Solway Firth, the latter from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde, was the country which formed the

ancient Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde, and in the view of these "hard-headed Scotchmen," as Mr. Ferguson playfully styles them, it was the Britons of Strathclyde whose Pen-Dragon King Arthur became, leading them successfully in twelve great battles against the Picts and Angles, who immediately after the Roman evacuation had commenced to swarm over the northern wall.

Mr. Ferguson, having failed to discover in the lowlands of Scotland the "ancient rude monuments" which his own theory requires for marking the sites of these battles, rejects the Scotch sites in favour of others found widely scattered through England. Some facts adduced give considerable force to the views of the Scotch writers. In one of "the ancient books of Wales,"—and they contain all that we can learn of King Arthur,—he is styled the "Defender of the Wall." In marking out the localities of the twelve battles, the Scotch gentlemen appear to have at least no greater difficulties to contend with in the names of the places than Mr. Ferguson and others meet with, and also in their favour is Mr. Glennie's list of some 150 place-names in the lowlands more or less associated with the name and doings of King Arthur. To this list may we not add Sewing Shields, which is situated under the wall of the south side, barely outside the bounds of ancient Strathclyde, which included so much of what is now Northumberland. The legend of Sewing Shields belongs to the period when the historic had passed into the mythic Arthur; as Professor Veitch says, the "Passing of Arthur" was his meeting with death in the battle of Camelon. The Cymri did not believe their King Arthur was dead, but that he would certainly return, and lead them forth again to victory. In the Verses of the Graves, xliv., the bard says—

> "A mystery to the world is
> The grave of Arthur."

Out of this arose the abundant legends, of which that of the cavernous halls beneath Sewing Shields Castle affords one. Here reposed the spell-bound king in the "charmed sleep of ages;" the usual spell-dissolving sword and horn are among the details of the story, and the locality has a confirmatory tradition, telling of an adventurous shepherd who found and followed a clue into these dreamy halls, and saw the queen and court

reposing. Reverently he reached the sword, and cut the garter; and as the sword was being slowly sheathed the spell assumed its ancient power, and they all gradually sunk to rest, but not before the monarch had lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed:—

> "O woe betide that evil day
> On which this witless wight was born,
> Who drew the sword, the garter cut,
> But never blew the bugle-horn."

Terror brought on loss of memory, and the shepherd was unable to give any correct account of his adventure, or to find again the entrance to the enchanted hall.

Near the wall are two remarkable ledges on a ridge of sandstone, also associated with a grotesque tradition of King Arthur and his queen. The black dyke is an ancient cutting, which passes close by the King and Queen Crags. The purpose of it does not now seem clear, but it is said to have extended from the confines of Scotland into Yorkshire. There are elevated spots at hand, such as Winshields, 1,200 feet above the sea, from whence fine prospects are obtained, embracing the four lakes and distant views of much of the country described in the last two chapters. The general aspect of the country is wild in the extreme; an extensive portion of it north of the wall is well called the Waste. To see it from high ground, or to pass through it, is to obtain at this day a picture highly suggestive of its former aspect when it formed part of the debatable lands on the Border. The following oft-quoted passage from Camden shows how this country impressed him:—

"From hence the Wall bends about Iveston; Forster and Chester on the Wall near Busygap noted for robberies, where we heard there were forts, but we durst not go and view them, for fear of the moss-troopers;" and Hutton, who made a survey of the Wall when eighty years of age, has left a pithy account of his journey. Going over the same ground, he says, "A more dreary country than this in which I now am can scarcely be conceived. I do not wonder it shocked Camden; the country itself would frighten him without the moss-troopers."

But there are attractions in this district not only for antiquarians, geologists, and lovers of legendary lore; naturalists have also their

favourite hunting-grounds on the shores of the lakes and the crags, rarities both of the animal and vegetable kingdom being found among them. Haly-pikes, rather remote and difficult to get at, is remarkable as a breeding place of the black-headed gull. The Tyneside Naturalist's Field Club have had several excursions here, and from their published proceedings we learn that "on the north side of the Crag-lough were found *Potamogeton rufescens, P. perfoliatus,* and *P. Pectinatus.* Turning over the stones at the water's edge, two beautiful freshwater zoophytes were discovered, new to the north of England; a few freshwater shells also, among them *Physa Fontonalis, Planorbis albus,* and *Ancylus lacustris,* in small size, being dwarfed by their exposure in this elevated situation. A scarce little bivalve, *Pisidium niledum,* was also found. Bromley-lough was reached by two botanists intent upon obtaining 'the glory of this barren waste,' the beautiful white water-lily, *Nymphæa alba,* which here grows truly wild. *Scutellaria galericulata* was likewise found growing upon the margin of this lake. A single specimen of the wild balsam, *Impatiens noli me tangere,* was found near Crag-lough."

HALTWHISTLE BURN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ALLEN

RUINS OF STAWARD PEEL.

THE most considerable affluent of the South Tyne is the Allen or White River; it has two sources hidden away amongst the intricate ramifications of fells, riggs, and moors which characterize South Northumberland, where it joins Weardale and Cumberland. The two springs are about three miles apart, and their streams do not unite until they have run a course of ten or eleven miles, an irregular ridge of high land lying between them: the East Allen rising at Allenhead, a busy centre of the lead-mining industry, and the West Allen coming down from Coalcleugh Moor.

The Allen proper has a run of about four miles before it enters the Tyne near Ridley Hall. Overlooking the confluence of the two branches of the river is the steep hill called Cupola Bank, from which fine views are obtained, including one of the beautiful vale of Whitfield, through which the West Allen flows; and northwards, above the woods which clothe the steep banks of the Allen proper, the charmed crags of Sewing Shields, and the high ground over which the Roman Wall extended, come into view.

The Staward Station on the Allendale branch of railway is convenient

for visiting the ruins of the peel and the best parts of the river; the Station is near the Cupola bank, and stands almost as high; the stream flows below in the deep-cut gorge.

Before entering the woodlands the eye is arrested by the sublime masses of countless tree forms, which rise above the brink of the glen, and which to the sense of magnitude add that of multitude, the latter a

STAWARD PEEL.

characteristic of grand landscape scenery so well realized in the works of Turner, and sometimes in those of Martin. It may be, that John Martin, whose birthplace we have just visited, only two miles distant, received here early inspirations which afterwards found expression in some of his highly popular pictures. Entering the woods Staward Peel is reached by a cart road. A distant glimpse of the ruin from this road has been sketched

for the reader. It is difficult to conceive a position better fitted for defence in the rude times in which it was built, it being on the crest of a craggy peninsula clothed to the summit with dense wood, isolated from the mainland—except by the narrow strip of land left by nature, by which it is approached—and washed at its base by the waters of the Allen and its tributary the Harsondale burn.

There is not much left of the ancient stronghold: part of the wall of the tower, with that familiar of ruins, an ash tree, growing among the top stones, assisting time and weather in the work of dissolution; and here and there a few stones remaining *in situ* assist in a mental restoration of its gateway, which had been defended by drawbridge and portcullis, and a moat with outer wall of stone and earth. The annals of Staward Peel have not been preserved; it is said to have belonged at one time to the Friar Eremites of Hexham, also to have been held in later times by a freebooter, known as Dicky of Ringswood, of whom a somewhat amusing story is told, which we give as briefly as possible, the period being the early part of last century. One night he possessed himself of a pair of fat oxen, taken from a farm at Denton, near Newcastle, and made his way into Cumberland with his prize. When near Lanercost he met with a farmer, who praised the kine and bought them, the freebooter the while eyeing the beautiful mare which the farmer rode; the latter, not discerning the character of his companion, invited him to his house, and over a bottle of wine Dicky proposed to purchase the mare, but without success. The freebooter blamed him not, but recommended care in securing it at night, or he might find his stable empty one morning, which drew on the farmer to show him the strength of the lock, of the nature of which Dicky made himself master, and departed. In the morning the mare was gone! The robber, losing no time, was on his way home, when crossing Haltwhistle-fell, he met a farmer, who asked if he had seen a couple of oxen in his travels. Dicky, without hesitation, said he had, and directed him to the very place where he had sold them. "You ride a good mare," said the farmer, "and I am knocked up with tramping; will you sell her?" After some bartering, a price was agreed upon, and the farmer mounting, made the best of his way to recover his cattle, which he soon recognized grazing in a field. He at once greeted their apparent owner: "I say, Sir, these cattle are mine; how

came you by them?" which led to the rejoinder, "And that, Sir, is my mare; how came you by her?" The two, on comparing notes of the person from whom they had purchased, found that they had been duped by a rogue of no common order.

After exploring the ruins of Staward Peel the descent to the river banks may be made. This stream has not been over-praised, though contracted indeed is its narrow valley. Curving and doubling repeatedly, there is no long vista or distant horizon: on every side the eye rests on

ON THE ALLEN.

near rocky precipices, or finds between sky and water only the wooded steep of trees densely packed, and thronging each other, as if contending for the soil, whilst here and there a tree juts out from a crag, and hanging on by slender threads of exposed root, which as some traveller has said, a mendicity officer would describe as "being without visible means of support." The trees are in great variety—alder, ash, and larch being most conspicuous.

The waters of the Allen ring all the changes of mountain streams: for the most part the river bed is stony with shelving rocks, over which

by turns the stream glides or tumbles with "endless laughter," and though generally flowing between steep banks, it now and then laves the margin of a grassy flat, on which the eye rests awhile with perfect content. In autumn days no more delightful retreat could be found than that which this deep glen of the Allen affords, where, islanded on one or other of the numerous big stones in mid stream which may be reached without haste over nature-placed stepping-stones, you may dream away the hottest hours with the music of plashing waters all around, a luxury

ON THE ALLEN.

enhanced not a little if a thought of the busy town cross the mind. After such refreshment it is well to push up stream, and gain the height again by a stairpath cut in the rock, as nearly vertical as possible, which is found on the right bank of the river near the cupola bridge. Crossing the latter, and following up the West Allen, the vale of Whitfield is entered.

Whitfield Hall occupies a pleasant site between the river and one of its tributary burns. The extensive grounds are planned on a broad principle, retaining all that Nature has done for the spot, altering and

shutting out as little as possible, so gaining a look of openness and freedom only possible in a place like this, remote from any large town.

Amongst the natural beauties of the place are the Monk-wood, and Monk-wood crags. These latter are isolated crags that rise from the stream and are crested with oak trees; solemn woods are here, in which the raven builds.

The higher streams of both East and West Allen are traced to a district of bleak fells and moorlands called Allenheads, at an altitude of 1,400 feet above the level of the sea; but wild as the region is, Mr. Beaumont's park at Allenheads is famous for its beauty.

WHITFIELD CHURCH.

TYNE PROPER.

A KEEL OF THE OLD TYPE.

"With commerce freighted."

"Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep ;
Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
And blooming thickets ; nor by rocky bands
Held ;—but in radiant progress toward the deep
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink and forget their nature."

WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

WARDEN ROCKS.

THOMAS MOORE has immortalized the melody of meeting waters, and the title of his song is now the popular name by which many a confluence of streams is known in its own locality, that of the two Tynes amongst the number.

An old Cumbrian couplet describes one such union in rougher form, thus:—

> "The Esk and the Liddle
> Run a striddle,
> And meet at the Mote."

In a more stately way does quaint old Gray describe the confluence of the North and South Tyne rivers: "They meet west of Hexham, and salute one another."

Shakespeare, in "King John," develops the idea, where Hubert, expatiating on the advantages of a marriage between the Dauphin and the Lady Blanche, says:—

> "Oh two such silver currents, when they join,
> Do glorify the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them."
King John, act ii., scene 2.

But Spenser it is who in his grand allegorical manner in the book of the "Faery Queen," introduces us to "Proteus' Hall,"

"Where Thamës doth the Medway wed
And feasts the sea-gods all."

And amongst

"* * the names of all those floods
And all those nymphs which then assembled were,"

with the famous rivers, is our Tyne, notably the most northerly river of Great Britain, honoured with invite to the feast, save—

"Tweed, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany."

Rivers from Wales and some five-and-twenty from Ireland were there, and rivers from all the known world, but the Scotch were left out in the cold. If Spenser had been an English Border minstrel, chanting "The Marriage of Tyne," he could not have made a more marked exclusion; perhaps if the completion of the "Faery Queen" had been delayed for seven years, until after King James had proclaimed the union of the two countries, the famous rivers of Scotland would have found grace with the poet, as they certainly would now grace the feast at Warden were any modern bard to sing the wedding of the Tyne, Liddle (the ancient feud forgotten), and all the Scotch daughters of Cheviot — Jed, and Kale, Oxnam, Rule, and Beaumont waters, with neighbouring Yarrow, should be there, and without going out of the family, more "floods and nymphs" would swell the train of either Tyne, than Thames himself could boast, although such exultation, were it uttered in presence of the latter, might lead to high words, for do not rivers call each other names, after the manner of the "Twa Brigs" in Burns? Father Thames might so far forget himself as to mutter "Coaly Tyne!"

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

"Coaly Tyne!" Did Milton ever see the river, or Spenser? Probably not. It is not a little remarkable that such scant praise has been given by the poets to so beautiful a river, which it must have been throughout, even as late as Milton's day, before Newcastle as we know it and the hundred smoky industries which cluster there and line the shores of the river thence to the sea, had been thought of.

Milton's epithet has found its way into the refrain or chorus of more than one of the popular songs of the Tyne, as in the following;—

"Tyne river, running rough or smooth,
Makes bread for me and mine;
Of all the rivers north or south
There's none like coaly Tyne.
So here's to coaly Tyne, my lads," &c.

There is no manner of doubt as to the pride which the natives have in their river, even taking the lower view which inspired the above lines; but we look in vain for a notice among the elder poets, who, if they knew it at all, must have seen it before it was greatly spoiled. Scott and James Hogg in later times have made the Upper, and especially North Tyne, familiar in romance and ballad, whilst Akenside would fain sing well of his native river; but no native poet has spoken up for Tyne so boldly as did Robert Burns for his native streams, both in complaint and cheery vindication, expressing feelings which are doubtless latent in many a Tynesider's breast:—

"Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
Gied Forth, an' Tay a lift aboon,
Yarrow an' Tweed to mony a tune
Owre Scotland rings;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr an' Doon
Naebody sings.

"The Ilissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line!
But Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best."

But no one sings the marriage of the Tynes—of South Tyne with North Tyne;—South Tyne, a son of toil, from fountain-head and earliest springs associated with mines; and beautiful North Tyne, a daughter of the moors, is she not known as the brightness of the smiling haughs, and the joy of flocks which come down to her at noon? Well! under Warden Hill, these two streams become one; they came swiftly and joyously to their union, but now take a more dignified pace, flowing at leisure past Hexham's ancient towers, by Beaufront, Dilston, Corbridge, and the green lawns of Bywell, soon, however, to resume work,—increasing work,—of pastoral service less and less, and finally there remains for Coaly Tyne but one long working day, midst smoking chimneys, blazing furnaces, and forests of masts, until it reaches The Sea.

WARDEN MILL-DAM.

CHAPTER XV.

HEXHAM.

STAIRCASE TO MOOT HALL.

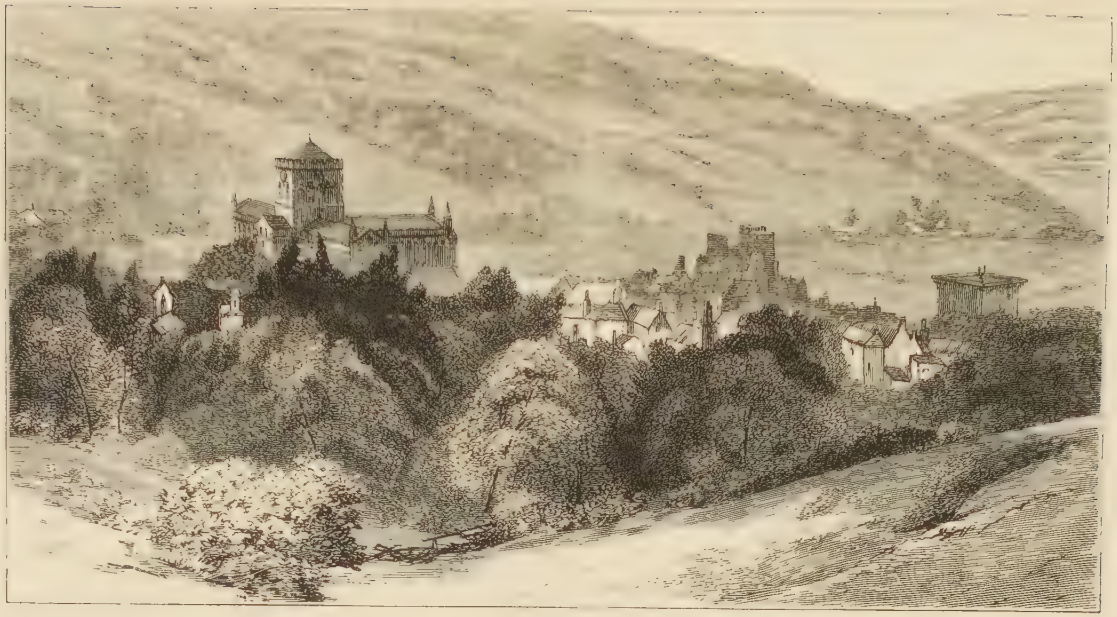
AFTER the confluence, the river,—now Tyne proper,—runs for a short distance in the same direction as that of North Tyne, but soon bends to that of South Tyne, from west to east. The united stream is so wide as to make strangers wonder to see no boats upon its surface, but although quite noble in its breadth, it is almost everywhere shallow. After making the bend, its main channel is under the left bank; on the opposite side it has many channels, which cut up Tyne Green into flat grassy islands and promontories. When the floods are rising, it is diverting to watch the action of the water here, the islands are covered, and the river moves in a broad compact mass, its progress marked less by breaks and current lines than by floating branches of trees torn from the banks, or lumps of foam so well churned among the rocks higher up, that they hold their own after floating for miles. When this great volume of water is seen bearing down on the bridge, the effect is very imposing, and the spectator begins to understand how it is that so many bridges have been carried away here and elsewhere on Tyne in times past. At the west end of Tyne Green two noisy little burns unite their streams and hurry to the Tyne. These streams are interesting as having

both given name to the ancient town which overlooks them. Richard of Hexham, prior of that monastery in the reign of Henry II., describes the town under the name of Hextoldesham, stating that it was so called from the Hextolburn; it occurs also in ancient writings as Halgutstad, from the other stream called Halgut. Both names are Saxon, the latter, Halgut, signifying "Holy Stream;" formerly a tongue of land between the burns where they unite was called Holy Island. Some forgotten tradition may have regarded the stream as the scene of a baptism by Paulinus or some early apostle of Christianity in Northumbria. The Hextol is now called Cockshaw-burn; the Halgut,—Cowgarth-burn; after the districts through which they flow. Hexham has the tone and hue of antiquity about it, and travellers by the rail are familiar with its aspect, in which figure the three presiding buildings—the Church, Moot Hall, and the Keep. Most of the Hexham of to-day was raised upon the ruins of Saxon Hexham; Dr. Bruce and others see good reasons for regarding it as having been an important Roman station not less than 300 years before the Saxon period.

PORCH OF DUKE'S HOUSE.

It is rather remarkable that Wilfrid's crypt, under the present abbey church—being almost the only important relic of Saxon Hexham—should afford at the same time the strongest evidence of there having been once a Roman station here, as the crypt is almost entirely built of Roman stones: inscribed stones, one of them bearing the name of Severus and his two sons, having been built into the walls.

If the town is approached by the Bull Bank, the fact of its being built on an eminence is duly impressed on the mind, this steep street leading up from the north ends in the market-place, on the west side of which is the Abbey Church; on the east side is the beautiful old tower with gateway, of a date not later than the reign of Edward II. Passing under the arch, the quaint stone staircase (sketched in the initial) is seen leading to the hall above the gateway, and a little further east is the third conspicuous building in Hexham—square, massive, and grim, formerly



HEXHAM.

the stronghold of the place. Hodgson thinks it to be the Turris de Hexham, mentioned in the list of castles in 1460; and for such a purpose its position on the brow of the hill is sufficiently commanding; its walls are nine feet thick, a striking external feature being the boldly projecting corbels, which must originally have supported a platform or gallery extending round the whole of the building; the interior has vaulted dungeons and other features of antiquarian interest.

Returning to the market-place, we observe it is somewhat changed since Allon made his drawing of it: the picturesque houses then adjoining the gateway have made way for modern stone buildings, and the characteristic *pant* is gone. In other respects it must have been greatly improved, but it will take a great deal to modernize this interesting old town.

In the reign of Henry II., according to Prior Richard, Hexham was of medium size and slenderly inhabited, although the remains of antiquity then existing witnessed to its having been "very large and stately." In subsequent centuries, very often was the enemy before Hexham, and the extension of its borders was not a result to be looked for. The dissolution of monasteries deprived Hexham of a chief element of its importance, but neither the Reformation nor the Union greatly affected the aspect of the place or its fortunes, its chief interest being centred in its ancient buildings and their associations, and as long as Hexham is duly concerned in the maintenance of the architectural riches which it has inherited from the past, so long it must continue to attract visitors—as pilgrims to a shrine.

The town does not appear to have been walled at any time. The streets are irregular, like those of most ancient towns, and their names are suggestive; they immortalize no worthies of the district, but have some significance as connected with the history of the town, thus, "Battle Hill," or with the ancient church, as "Priest's Popple." In some other instances they signify relative positions; "Gilligate," which leaves the market-place at the north-west corner, is a contraction of St. Giles's Gate, so called from St. Giles's Hospital, to which it leads. The word gate here, as often in the north country, means road, street, or way. This is the district which suffers most in the time of floods, when both

the burns which run through it overflow their banks. Hexham has in the past been noted for its tanneries, its manufactures being of those things which in the eyes of genteel critics form such significant parts of dress—hats, gloves, and boots; but as these trades have declined its importance as an agricultural centre has increased.

The situation of the town demands some notice; it stands high, in the midst of the beautifully wooded scenery which characterizes the banks of all three Tynes within the radius of a few miles from the confluence. In its immediate neighbourhood are some most interesting places, historically and

ST. JOHN LEE.

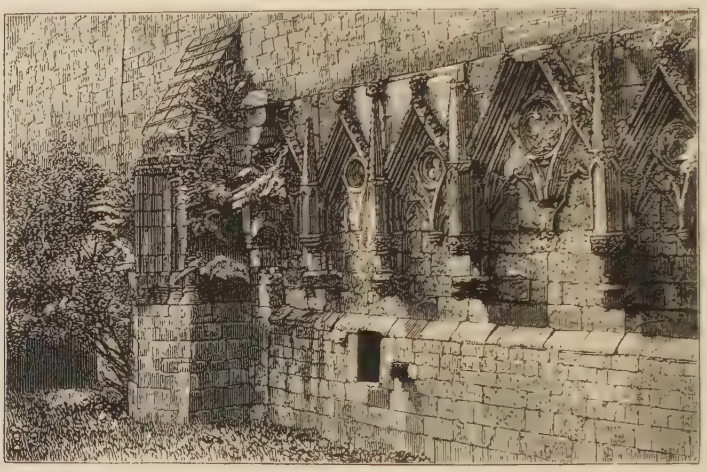
pictorially. Its ancient towers are conspicuous in many beautiful prospects from the high lands about; and the river is seen in some of its finest passages, as it flows, for instance, past the Hermitage, so called in memory of St. John of Beverley, who enjoyed here the retirement of the Eagle's Mount. During the time that he held the See of Hexham, he founded an oratory here, and on or near its site now stands dedicated to him the church of St. John Lee, its spire rising above the summit of the woods. The Priest's Seat, a favourite spot westward from the above, is on an eminence from which the river is seen to great advantage. Wander where one may about the old place, one is always coming upon some memory of the days

of its ecclesiastical importance, of its proudest period—that of the episcopate—during which flourished such men as St. Cuthbert, the Venerable Bede, St. John of Beverley, and the goodly company of luminaries of the early Anglican Church who were intimately connected with Hexham, and whose relics and tombs were great attractions in its first church. Perhaps the most conspicuous figure among them all was St. Wilfrid—who has been styled the Star of the Anglo-Saxon Church—whose patron, Queen Etheldreda, bestowed upon him the whole of Hexhamshire when he selected Hexham as the site of what proved to be "the chief architectural glory of that age," the church and monastery dedicated to St. Andrew. It was completed in 674, and was the fifth church built of stone in Britain. Of all the monasteries over which Wilfrid presided, this was considered the first in excellence of beauty; detailed accounts of its splendour are to be found in the writings of Prior Richard. At this period Northumberland enjoyed the highest reputation for enlightenment in all England, and Wilfrid's abbey was like a university, to which were attracted the sons of nobles; much is said by historians of the high state he held here in his palmy days, but with the retirement of Etheldreda to a convent Wilfrid's star began to wane; a quarrel arose between the new queen and the bishop, and it would appear that the Archbishop Theodore,—himself unfriendly to Wilfrid,—took advantage of the quarrel, and, assembling a synod, proposed a division of the see of Northumbria; this decided on, Hexham, Lindisfarne, and Whitherne were set up as separate sees. Wilfrid could not see his diocese thus cut up without active protest and an appeal to Rome, which, although it obtained the pope's mandate in his favour, also procured for him imprisonment and banishment during King Egfrid's lifetime. In the succeeding reign a reconciliation took place between Theodore and Wilfrid, and the sees of Hexham and Lindisfarne were ceded to the latter; these he held during five years, after which a further change was projected, and Ripon was made a separate see; the spirit of the proud churchman was roused once more, and it followed that he was again kept out of his diocese for many years, which he spent at Rome, but at length, by a compromise, he was permitted to enjoy in peace his monasteries of Ripon and Hexham until his death, four years after, in 709.

Wilfrid in prosperity was Wilfrid the magnificent, but it was chiefly by his acts in times of adversity that he earned a title to saintship,—by his successful missionary work among the south Saxon heathen during his first banishment, and by similar work on the Continent when under a cloud on his way to Rome for the last time.

"As nightingales sing the sweetest when farthest from their nests, so Wilfrid was most diligent in God's service when at the greatest distance from his own home."

"His life was like an April day, often interchangeably fair and foul, and

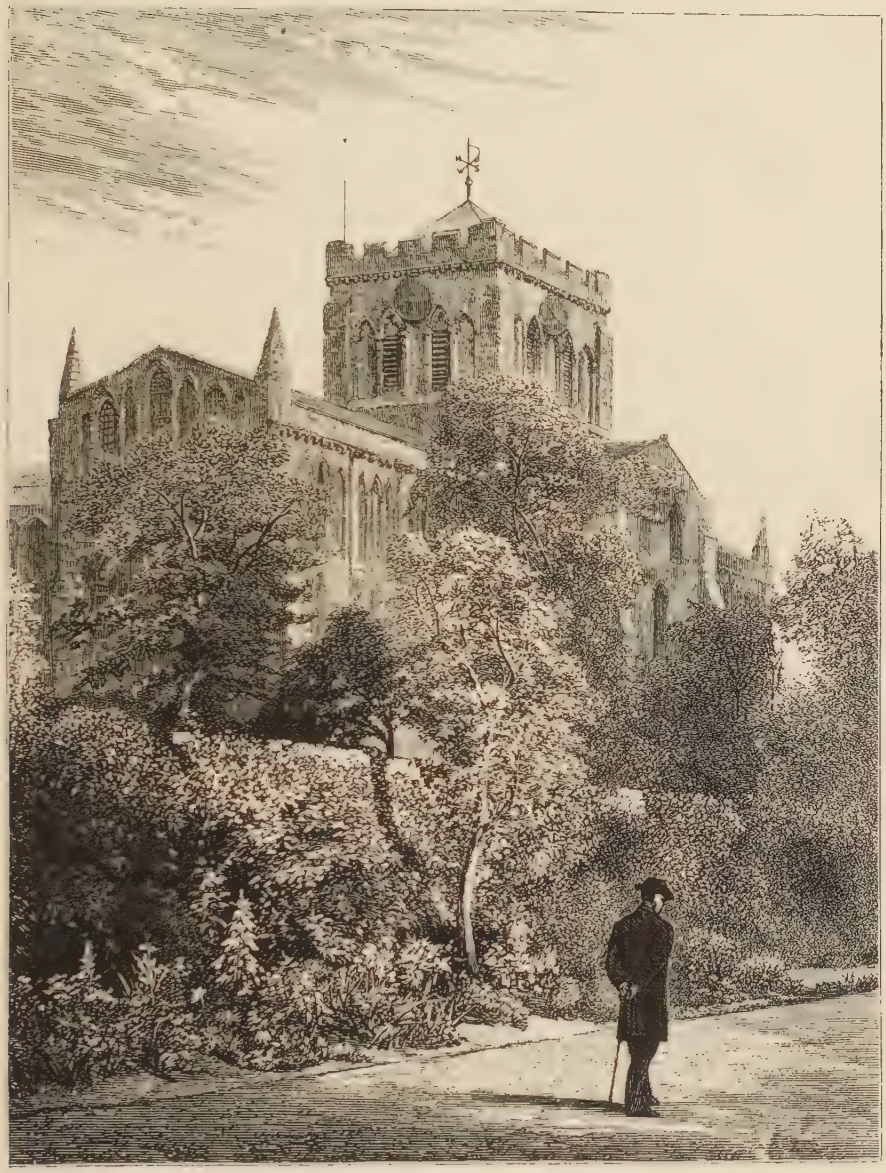


ARCADE OF CLOISTER.

after many alternations he set fair in full lustre at last."—Fuller's "Church History."[1]

Hexham was an ecclesiastical see for rather less than 150 years, being held in succession by twelve or thirteen bishops, the last of whom, Tilferd (who died 821), is reported to have fled on the first approach of the Danes. When they appeared on the scene, Hexham suffered greatly, and eventually Wilfrid's abbey-church was laid in ruins (875), and remained in utter neglect until the twelfth century, when the monastery was re-founded. The bishopric was for a time united to that of Lindisfarne; that see was by the same ruthless Danes rendered untenable, and a new bishopric was

[1] See "Fasti Eboracensis, Lives of the Archbishops of York," edited by James Raine the Younger.



THE ABBEY CHURCH, HEXHAM.

reared out of the ruins of Hexham and Lindisfarne at Chester-le-Street. Eardulf, last bishop of Lindisfarne, became first bishop of Chester-le-Street, and the last bishop of Chester-le-Street became first bishop of Durham. The bishopric was transferred to Lindisfarne about 860, thence to Chester-le-Street 883, and to Durham in 996. In the beginning of the twelfth century, soon after Henry I. came to the throne, Ralph Flamberd, then bishop of Durham, received merited punishment at the hands of that king, and the barony of Hexham was taken out of his jurisdiction and given to the archbishop of York, and remained a peculiar of that see until the beginning of the present century, when Hexham was again united to Durham.

THE ABBEY GATE.

In endeavouring to recall Saxon Hexham we have but little assistance from existing remains. Up to recent times fragments of the old parish church were to be seen built into houses in the neighbourhood of Back Street, anciently St. Mary's Chare. Besides this church dedicated to the Virgin, there was St. Peter's, of which nothing remains, nor is its site known: these were both works of St. Wilfrid, the great church builder. On the western side, among many monastic remains, there exists the beautiful abbey gate, believed to be part of Wilfrid's Saxon church. Dr. Bruce notices a peculiarity in it. "In front of the gate has been a vaulted portico, where a mounted messenger might await communications with the prior. It is said that the last superior of the priory was hanged here at his own gates." Better attested, however, is the account of the

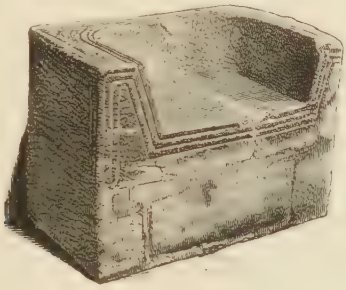
reception which Henry VIII.'s commissioners met with on their approach to take possession of the monastery; they found the gates closed and the battlements lined with armed men, most prominent amongst the latter being a canon, the master of Ovingham—a cell belonging to Hexham; he stood on the walls in full armour, with a bow bent, with arrows, and to the summons of the commissioners, answered: "We be twenty brethren in this house, and we shall die all or that you shall have this house."

Mention should also be made here of the important find of Saxon coins in 1832. Mr. Adamson, in a paper communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, estimates the number of coins at 8,000; they were contained in a brass bucket without cover;—this, and a large number of the coins are now in the British Museum. This treasure was found at a depth of seven feet in the churchyard, on the west side of the south transept, and it appears probable that it was buried here on the approach of the Danes, whom we know rather as the destroyers than the builders of churches; they did nothing to repair the mischief they had wrought; that work was left for their successors, the Normans, to whom we owe the present abbey church. The restoration was commenced under the Norman archbishop, Thomas II. of York, in 1113, but not completed until nearly a century had elapsed; and archæologists tell us that the principal portions are not of earlier date than 1200. On entering the church, the first view is of its longest remaining portion—the transept, at the south end of which is the only entrance. The great west door and the nave were destroyed in 1296 by the Scots, and never rebuilt. The church has suffered curtailment at the other end also, where the lady chapel stood; this had become so dilapidated that it was thought well to remove the ruins when the east end was restored a few years since. It has been much regretted that when the last restorations were carried out, the funds were not sufficient to include this great feature of the church. The building was of grand proportions, the choir and lady chapel measuring ninety-five feet, the transept 156 feet, the nave on the same scale; so that it was larger in plan than some of the lesser cathedrals of England, such as Carlisle and Ripon.

The view of the transept is best from the north end; the effect is solemn and impressive. It is thus described by Mr. Sidney Gibson:—

INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY CHURCH.

"The height, extent, and solemn character of this part of the noble pile afford a fine example of the impressive sublimity of early English church architecture. The tower is supported by four light and lofty arches springing from massive tall clustered pillars, opening into each of the four divisions of the cross. The foliage of the piers is singularly elaborate and graceful; and the arrangement of the triforia throughout the edifice is almost matchless in any building of the period for beauty and effect. The enrichments and character of these galleries are very similar to those at Holyrood. Above the triforia, on either side, is a row of clear story windows." The choir is very interesting, and conveys well the idea of height. It is unusually well-lighted, and with all its elaborate clustering of shafts and repetition of arches it is light and elegant



FRITHSTOL.

throughout; the chancel is considered to be the earliest part of the church. The original carved oak stalls still remain, but are unhappily wanting the canopy or tabernacle work, which was cut away in the last century to make room for modern galleries.

Near the altar on the north side of the choir is the frid or frithstol, seat of peace, or sanctuary chair. This stone seat is of great antiquity; it may have been, as has been suggested, "the seat on which the bishops of the see were consecrated, perhaps even that in which the kings of Northumbria were crowned." It is believed to be a relic of the Saxon church of Wilfrid, by whom the privilege of sanctuary was obtained for Hexham; it was retained down to the reign of Henry VIII., when it was limited, and in James I.'s reign abolished.

Among the antiquities of the church is the mortuary-chapel known as

the shrine of Prior Richard, but now understood to be of a date subsequent to his time; Dr. Bruce suggests Prior Rowland Lechman, 1479 to 1499.

The little chapel is complete in itself, having a stone altar with five crosses. The exterior, the best preserved side, shows beautiful flamboyant tracery in black oak; the panelling is of wood, the base being of stone, on which are carved figures very grotesque and rude, in the execution of which the artist-monks no doubt found expression for the quaint humour which would be ever irrepressibly bubbling up under the cowl and cope, in spite of the rules of the order. On the stalls, where the seats turn up, the under-side is found to contain similar art-efforts. In the interior of the shrine, the panels have paintings of Saints Peter, Andrew, and John, and the suffering Saviour. Similar to these, are some on the rood screen, which latter is very beautiful, flamboyant in character, but of late date. The paintings, which are numerous, are very much defaced. The Dance of Death affords subject for some of the panels. There is no ancient stained glass in the church. Amongst monumental effigies are many of beautiful design; there is one of a cross-legged figure of one of the Umfravilles, more than one of which powerful baronial family were benefactors of the church, and near are two others of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, of a lady and a warrior; the latter probably Galfrid de Aydon. There is also the effigy of Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who was captured at the battle of Hexham, and afterwards beheaded. Sepulchral stones on the pavement have been numerous, and many of them with brasses; of these, one is in memory of Robert Ogle, who died A.D. 1404. Perhaps the most ancient is that with the inscription, "Joannes Malerbe Jacet Hic," which is still visible in the floor of the south side of the choir.

The massive stone staircase engraved here is very noteworthy, being unique in this country. Its position in the church is shown in the page engraving of the interior. On the landing is the doorway leading by a spiral flight of steps to the belfry. The ancient bells were six in number, the largest—St. Mary's, was also called the Fray bell when used alone; after faithfully warning the townsfolk of the coming of the foe during many generations from the date of its consecration in 1404, and taking its part in ringing in the Union, it appears to have "cracked its gorge"

amid the rejoicings at the wedding of Sir William Blackett, and was finally silenced, with the other five of the ancient "ring" in the melting pot, being in 1742 re-cast into the present peal of eight.

To the west of the chancel are the ruins of the chapter-house, and on the west of the south transept there remains a lovely bit of the arcade of the cloister. Near it is the abbey, now a private residence, which has not much that is ancient. Northwards is the beautiful gateway engraved in the initial.

STONE STAIRCASE IN THE ABBEY CHURCH.

The first and last royal visit of a pacific nature to this town was in 1139, when King David of Scotland (St. David, as he was called, on account of his zeal for religion), with Earl Henry, his son, met the cardinal-legate at Hexham, where they were honourably entertained. Only the year before this the king had visited Northumberland as a firebrand, and while engaged personally in the siege of Wark, had sent William, son of Duncan, with part of the army to ravage the country; these, crossing the Tyne at Warden, met with such a warm reception at the hands of the young men of Hexham that it is said not one escaped. The story of this deed of valour was no doubt treasured by successive generations of the inhabitants of Hexham, and a hatred of the Scots along with it; and it appeared to the writer that in 1875 the feud had not altogether died out, as he heard a young man, a native of the town, assert with some warmth, "that there was a time when he would have 'felled' a man for suggesting that there was any similarity between the speech of this neighbourhood and that of the Scots."

The abbey grounds extended to the west of the town, enclosing the Seal, where once walked for pleasure or penance the monks of Hexham. Now it is the spacious recreation park of the town, and has many fine trees. Notes on Hexham would be incomplete without reference to the Queen's Cave. A smart walk from Hexham in a southerly direction, under the guidance of one who knows the spot, by a dipping path into the woods which mark the course of a stream, the stream followed to its junction with another, the latter taken to, followed, crossed and re-crossed a score of times and more,—so much does it curve and vary in its depth and in the height of its banks,—at last the spot is reached after pleasant toil 'mid tangled wood and boulders and pebbly fords. The brook runs under high precipitous banks, in many places of almost bare rock, with festoons of wild creeping plants which ornament rather than clothe it. At the base of such rock is the recess which became the refuge of Queen Margaret and her little son; it is on the southern bank of the stream, and opposite the farmhouse on Black Hill.

The cave which the immortal though nameless freebooter thus placed at the disposal of the queen (according to a survey made in 1822, for Wright's "History of Hexham") does not exceed thirty-one feet in its greatest length, and fourteen feet in breadth, while the height would scarcely allow of a person standing upright in it. The entrance has been somewhat cleared of late years, but the situation and surroundings are all in perfect harmony with the story.

QUEEN'S CAVE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEVIL'S-WATER.

DILSTON TOWER.

NO Satanic tradition is advanced to account for the name of this considerable burn, which, running fourteen miles in a north-easterly course, from the mountainous district of Allendale, enters the Tyne nearly opposite Corbridge, four miles from Hexham. Early records assist in tracing the names both of the stream, and the barony of Dilston through which it flows, to the same source. We have it on the authority of Mr. Sidney Gibson that in records of the reign of Henry II. mention of Dilston occurs under the name of Dyvelston, a name of which D'Eivellston is not unlikely to have been the original form, for although such ownership has not been proved, it may have been the property of one D'Eivell, whose name occurs in history as far back as Henry I. In the reign of Edward I. Sir Thomas Dyvilston held the barony. In the sixteenth century it had acquired the name of Dilston, and had passed to the Radcliffes of Derwentwater. The Devil's-water has the usual changeful character of mountain streams. Now the burn runs at large, wide and shallow, and now over pebbly beds, through a cutting in the diluvial soil, between high banks. About Dilston the obstacle of hard rock has succumbed little by little to the persistent force of moving water; here the way is narrow, and the stream frets and fumes within its

straightened bounds. Higher up among the hills there are signs of the existence of a lake before the burn had cut its way to the Tyne. Amongst lovely passages which abound, are those where ancient trees ornament its banks, their low spreading branches meeting across the stream, and where again the burn is seen tumbling over a crescent-shaped weir. The Linnels Bridge, about two miles up, should also be mentioned, which is specially interesting as the locality of the encampment of the Lancastrian army before the battle of Hexham.

Hexham Levels, the site of the battle, is in close vicinity.

But most interesting, on account of romantic associations, is the turn in the stream where the grey walls of Dilston Tower look down on the water from the wooded heights of the Castle Hill. These grey walls are all that remain of the massive quadrangular castle of the Radcliffes, the seat of the earls of Derwentwater; the last of that house being the unfortunate James, third earl, who was born the year after the creation of the first earl,—his brief life of twenty-seven years thus almost covered the whole period of the earldom.

The ambition to become connected with the house of Stuart, ascribed to the grandfather, had realization in the marriage of his son to Mary Tudor, youngest natural daughter of Charles II. But the sour grapes were left for the son of the marriage, and the beheading on Tower Hill, February 24, 1716, seems to have followed in almost natural sequence. Relatives,—of the same age within a year,—companions from infancy, and educated together at St. Germains, it is not surprising that the attachment was formed between the Chevalier and the young earl which was followed by such unhappy consequences. It would appear that the earl was only five years in residence at the ancestral hall of Dilston from his first coming to the estate to the time he left never to return. But brief as was the time spent among his own people, it was long enough for him to become endeared to the tenantry of his wide estates and to his neighbours of all ranks, by that innate nobleness of character which begets esteem as well as affection.

The kindly memories of those few years added deeper shades to the melancholy of their close,—a melancholy which still seems to linger wherever the confiscated Derwentwater estates are met with, and even now

DILSTON CASTLE.

are occasionally heard regrets at the void created by the extinction of the earldom, as keen as though the blow had fallen on Tyneside but yesterday. Linked in a manner with the memory of the last earl of Derwentwater, the modern annals of Dilston present us with another and not less imposing figure, one who in his way left as great a void,—John Grey of Dilston. Mrs. Butler's charming biography has made her father's name familiar. In 1833, he was appointed to take charge of the Greenwich estates. At that time their revenue was £25,000. The year that he resigned he sent up to the commissioners £40,000, and the year following his son sent up £41,000. Increase of revenue, under John Grey's management, made him no enemies; it carried with it the well-being of the people, reduction of rents; improvement of lands and buildings, upon which £10,000 were laid out in his time.

THE EARL'S APPLE-TREE.

In the "Memoir," the following extract occurs from the "Agricultural Gazette." John Grey was spoken of after his death as "a leading name in English agriculture, a leading exemplar of the duties of land-owning, a leading teacher by example and precept of good farming in every department of it. He was the personal friend and adviser of, one may say, the population of a province. One of the largest estates in Great Britain has grown into full equipment under his guidance, and hundreds of houses, homesteads, cottages, of his erection, each contained a family who reckoned him their friend."

The residence of the Greys was a modern house near the ruins of Dilston Hall, the situation is thus described by Mrs. Butler:—

"Our home at Dilston was a very beautiful one; its romantic historical associations, the wild informal beauty all round its doors, the bright large family circle, and the kind and hospitable character of its master and mistress, made it an attractive place to many friends and guests. It was a place where one could glide out of a lower window and be hidden in a moment, plunging straight among wild wood paths and beds of fern, or

SWALLOWSHIP.

finding oneself quickly in some cool concealment, beneath slender birch trees, or by the bed of a mountain stream. It was a place where the sweet rushing sound of waterfalls and clear streams murmuring over shallows were heard all day and night, though winter storms turned those sweet sounds into an angry roar."

BEAUFRONT.

The tail-piece to this chapter is reproduced from a photograph. In the tent here represented, a misguided person claiming to be the Countess of Derwentwater spent some little time.

It pleased many people to believe that in this act she was taking rightful possession of her estates. The pretended countess had many adherents in the neighbourhood of the Greenwich estates, in North Durham, and in Northumberland, where periods of excitement recurred from time to time on her account, until the recent sale by the Government of a large portion of the estate led to the collapse of the affair.

Between Dilston and Beaufront, on the northern side of the river, in the days of the last earl there were Jacobite relations, and it has been said that in communications between the neighbouring proprietors a speaking trumpet was used. Errington, the then chief of Beaufront, was "out" in 1715, and is not forgotten in the ballad entitled "Derwentwater's Farewell:"—

> "Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
> And Forster ever true,
> Dear Shaftesbury and Errington,
> Receive my last adieu!"

When the unfortunate earl and his followers left Dilston Hall, on the fatal morning of the 16th October, to join the adherents of the Pretender, he halted at Beaufront; it being the place where others of the affected gentlemen of the north had agreed to meet him.

In the ancient manor house of Beaufront they used to show a place under the oak stair, where, it is said, the earl lay concealed from the Government messengers. The Erringtons do not appear to have forfeited their estates; one of them held Beaufront at the beginning of the present century.

In 1837, William Cuthbert, Esq., having become the proprietor of the estate, laid the foundation stone of the modern structure, which occupies the site of the old mansion of the Erringtons. It is an imposing building of the domestic castellated style, occupying an elevated

position amidst sylvan surroundings of great beauty, overlooking a wide country watered by the Tyne. It is about midway between Hexham and Corbridge.

"COUNTESS'" CAMP.

CHAPTER XVII.

CORBRIDGE.

CORBRIDGE PEEL.

THEY tell us at Corbridge that the village derived its name from the Cor, a small stream which flows by the west side of it; but the little word Cor is in the Roman Corstopitum and mediæval Corchester as well as in the name of the modern town; and they used to tell of a giant Cor, whose supposed skeleton was turned up in the banks of the stream after a flood some time during the seventeenth century. Now the burn may well have been known in pre-Roman times by a British name, afterwards latinized in the name of the Roman station on its banks. As for the giant Cor, whose height the local comparative anatomists of the day judged, by the length of the thigh bone, to be twenty-one feet, his reputed remains are more wisely conjectured to have been those of some large animal slaughtered for sacrifice on the altars of Corstopitum. A more interesting discovery was made under similar circumstances in the banks of a small stream on the east side of Corbridge, where, in 1734, a large Roman silver dish, now known as the "Corbridge Lanx,"—in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland—was unearthed

by a blacksmith's daughter, who was attracted by a bright object, partly exposed to view after the subsidence of a flood. It is described as being twenty inches long and fifteen broad, hollowed about one inch deep, with a flat brim ornamented with grapes and vine leaves, the centre being occupied by raised figures of Apollo and Minerva, a priestess and tripod, and two altars, the supposed figure of a hunter, a python, a stag, and a wolf. It is said to be of good workmanship, and bears no mark of the chasing tool.

From the east of Corbridge, where this classical relic was discovered, let us get back to the banks of the Cor, following up which pretty stream we are brought into a charming glen; about two miles from the Tyne, northwards, the burn flows in a winding course through this thickly-wooded dene, and a picturesque wooden bridge conducts to the ascending road to Aydon Castle, which on two sides has deep ravines, giving it a position almost unassailable in days when security was the first thing to be thought of in choosing a site.

Aydon Hall, as it is sometimes more appropriately called, is domestic rather than military in the style of its architecture. The manor was, in the early part of the thirteenth century, given to the family of the Aydons: the hall was probably built by Peter de Valibus somewhere between 1280 and 1300, the estates coming to him by marriage with Emma de Aydon, when the male line of the latter house failed. The building is well-preserved, the loopholed outer wall remains in part; and within, there is a characteristic open court and outer stone staircase which seems to have been originally roofed, and a stable with arched roof of stone,—no timber having been used in any part of the latter structure,—a wise precaution of the times. The precipitous cliff and the deep dene over which the old hall hangs, have given rise to legends of the usual character—of lover's leap, and hair-breadth escapes.

A little to the north of Aydon is Halton Castle, a peel with considerable modern additions; the original building was of stones from the Roman Wall and the station Hunnum; it had turrets at its four corners. The Carnaby family—name familiar in Border history—held it at one time. A sword of one of them used to be shown here, measuring sixty-four inches in length. Corstopitum was an important station, being on the line of

the northern Watling Street, just where it crossed the Tyne. The foundations of the Watling Street bridge are said to be discernible still, when sky and water are clear enough. The ruins of the station supplied materials for the building of the mediæval town, and for the more ancient parts of modern Corbridge itself. Its church, dedicated to St. Andrew, was built of Roman stones, and contains an inscription of ancient character: "Here lies in earth, Hugh, the son of Assun." In the "Middle Ages," Corbridge was a place of importance; at one time it was

CORBRIDGE MARKET-PLACE.

a borough sending a representative to parliament. Its chief attraction now rests in its antiquity. Once the inhabitants forsook the town and camped out on the hills; that was when the place was stricken with the plague, and it is recorded that when they returned they found the grass grown in the streets.

There is a quaintness about the old market-place. The cross was erected in 1809. The building in the north-east corner, shown in the sketch, and also in the initial, belongs to an interesting class of peels erected for the protection of adjoining churches, and occupied by their

ecclesiastics. The Corbridge peel is remarkable for the perfect state of the interior, which shows the whole of the domestic arrangements peculiar to the times to which it belongs. Less ancient, but not less interesting than the peel, is the bridge; it was built in 1674, and is the oldest on the river, having been the only one strong enough to withstand the force of the great flood of 1771. Its preservation is attributed to its Roman foundation. Sykes' Records contain the statement in reference to this flood, that such was the height of the water that

THE BRIDGE.

during the night some persons stood on the bridge and washed their hands in the river. Probably their sense of humour would not have led to the freak had they been aware that at the time the new bridge at Hexham (only opened the year before amid great rejoicings) was more than half demolished, and that at Newcastle the middle arch of Tyne Bridge, and two other arches near to Gateshead, were carried away; and seven houses, with shops standing thereon, together with some of the inhabitants, were overwhelmed in the destruction.

On the next day, it is recorded of Newcastle, there fell other houses

into the river, and one (Mr. Patten's) was carried whole as far as Jarrow Slake, about eight miles down the river, and when it was opened, nothing was found but a dog and a cat, which were both alive; let us believe that a common misfortune united even these proverbial foes. Amongst numerous incidents recorded, connected with this great flood, is that pathetic one, of a child in a cradle, alive and well, being taken up by a vessel at sea, off Shields.

"The Tyne," says Mrs. Butler,[1] "is a rapid river, subject to heavy floods, from the sudden pouring in after rain, of the waters of its many feeders from the hills. After thorough draining had become universal, the river was subject to still more sudden risings, making necessary a great extent of embankment and weirs, to prevent the carrying away of the land. Sometimes the bank of waters would come steadily along with a dull roaring sound, like the 'bore' of the Severn. The following letter describes the effect of one of these floods, written from Dilston to his wife, by J. G.: 'I hope to see you on Sunday morning, but am in poor plight for leaving home, having lain awake all night, thinking of the devastation which kept me ten hours in the sun yesterday, and which will never be repaired in my day. Such a fall of water for four miles square, I never heard of in this country. It came down so as to fill tubs standing outside in a minute. A messenger from Fourstones came for me early. I went, and found the colliery at Fourstones full of water, run in at the mouth; nothing could resist it; the railway, leading from our limestone quarry to the kilns, all run into great holes, and the rubbish lodged in the low ground; Capon's Cleugh bridge and road, which cost us £530 six years ago, all gone into Tyne, where it has formed an island, with trees washed down, and nearly obstructed the river; the roads broken up, and impassable, all the way to Haydon Bridge. I sent a man round with my mare by New Borough and the Fell-top, three miles round; all ditches and water courses filled up, and the burns running down wheat-fields, and making such gullies! the lanes several feet deep of soil from the turnip-fields, newly done up!! A workman was on the line near Allerwash Bridge at our mill; saw the water coming like an avalanche, stepped

[1] "Memoir of John Grey of Dilston," p. 143.

back, and in a moment saw the railway-bridge over Allerwash-burn carried bodily into the Tyne, and swept into fragments. A mile further west, the ruins of our Capon's Cleugh bridge, &c., came in a deluge of water and stones and trees against the railway. The culvert for the passing of the small burn was stopped; the train came up, the engine and tender got over, but the line broke under the carriages. The guard fell through the bottom of his van, was swept in the flood of the burn across the Tyne, and landed unhurt in our plantation on the south side! How he escaped being crushed to death among the splinters and broken planks of the carriages, I cannot conceive.'

"Among my earliest recollections at Dilston, is that of seeing sheep and cows, and stacks of corn carried away, on several occasions, by the sudden rush of waters, and of efforts made to save little children, who were sometimes playing on the banks when the river rose, and washed down the stream." [1]

[1] "Memoir of John Grey of Dilston," note to p. 145.

EXTERNAL STAIRCASE—AYDON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BYWELL.

"Was nought around but images of rest;
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between.
* * * *
And whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest."

BYWELL CROSS.

BYWELL on a sunny summer's day has just such a dreamy air as this, especially when impressions of the wilder scenery of the North and South Tyne valleys are still fresh in the mind. One seems to enter here a garden of pleasaunce, the land of flood and fell all left behind, even the river,

"Though restless, still a lulling murmur makes."

It shapes its banks in easier curves, and the contour of the land is suavity itself. Larch and fir no longer predominate, for here the spreading oak and lofty elm, the ash and sycamore, are well represented, and an old mulberry tree adorns the river's side.

It is said that the coldest days here are nearly as warm as the hottest in the Allenheads country, a corresponding difference in the aspect of the two districts is a matter of course. The lands around are highly

cultivated, and Bywell is perhaps the trimmest place on Tyne. Historical interest is gathered round the architectural group comprising the castle and the two neighbouring churches. An old line engraving by Bellers, dated 1754, includes these in a general view, curiously entitled Bywell Bay. The title is explained by the old use of the word bay for weir. This weir is a beautiful object in the foreground of the plate, as it appeared before it was lowered about fifty years ago; the picturesque water-mill

BYWELL CASTLE.

shown in the plate is gone, and the castle was not then, as it is now, overgrown with ivy; the view also shows more wood than exists now, and we are told that in Elizabeth's time the barony of Bywell had its forest of red deer. Here in earlier times the Baliols doubtless had sport, and probably William Rufus himself, who had conferred the barony on Guy de Baliol. The forests, the red deer, and the Baliols leave here now no sign. The old fortress, sometimes erroneously styled the Baliol's Castle, is the gate tower of an unfinished castle of the Nevilles, to whom the barony came

in Richard II.'s reign. Bywell was forfeited by the Nevilles after the insurrection of 1569, in which Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, took a prominent part. This rebellion was the subject of a famous ballad, "The Rising of the North." With the Earl of Westmoreland was Percy of Northumberland at the head of the rising, and a stirring passage in the ballad is that of old Norton's appeal to his sons, his co-operation having been invited by Earl Percy :—

"He sayd, 'Come thither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemest to bee ;
What dost thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good erle's in jeopardy ? '

"'Father, my counselle's fair and free ;
That erle he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I would not have you breake your word.'

"'Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
And if we speed and scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou bee.'

"'Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
Gallant men I trowe you bee ;
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good erle and mee ?'

"Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie,
'O father, till the daye we dye
We'll stand by that good erle and thee.

"'Gramercy now, my children deare,
You show yourselves right bold and brave ;
And whetherso'er I live or dye,
A father's blessing you shall have.

"'But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire ?
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast ;
Whatever it bee, to mee declare.'

"'Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your bearde is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares
For you to ryse in such a fray.'

"'Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of mee:
When thou wert young and tender of age,
Why did I make soe much of thee?'

"'But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.'

"Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band
To join with the brave Erle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

"With them the noble Nevill came,
The Erle of Westmoreland was hee:
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

"Lord Westmoreland his ancyent raisde,
The Dun Bull[1] he rays'd on hye,
And three Dogs with golden collars
Were there set out most royallye.

"Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire;[2]
The Norton's ancyent had the crosse,
* * * * *

The ballad concludes thus:—

"Now spread thy ancyent, Westmoreland,
Thy dun bull faine would we spye:

[1] "Dun Bull," &c.—The supporters of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, were two bulls argent, ducally collared gold, armed or, &c.

[2] "The Halfe-Moone," &c.—The silver crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family.

And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
  Now rayse thy halfe moone up on hye.

"But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
  And the halfe moone vanished away;
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
  Against so many could not stay.

STOCKSFIELD BURN.

"Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
  They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverent lockes thee could not save,
  Nor them their faire and blooming youth.

"Wi' them full many a gallant wight
  They cruellye bereav'd of life;
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
  And widowed many a tender wife."

The Earl of Westmoreland escaped to the continent, but forfeited Brancepath and Raby, as well as Bywell, which afterwards came to the Fenwicks, whose chief place, however, was Fenwick Towers, near Stamfordham, to the north-east of Bywell.

About the time of this "Rising," a writer describes Bywell as "builded all of one street upon the river or water of Tyne, inhabited by handicraftsmen, whose trade is in iron work for the horsemen and borderers of that country." A century later the men of Bywell would find their occupation to a considerable extent gone. The Fenwicks had, by this time, no longer the retinue of horses and men which were necessary in keeping up their hereditary feuds with Scottish borderers, although towards the end of the century, in the third year of which the Union was decreed, cattle-lifting, &c., was still a thriving Border trade. A curious picture of these times is found in Roger North's life of his brother, then Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. In 1676, when the judge was on the northern circuit, his progress from Newcastle to Carlisle took him through the barony of Bywell, and such was the state of the country and the roads, that a law then in force obliged the tenants of the several manors of the barony to guard the judges through their precinct, and, says North, "out of it they would not go, no, not an inch to save the souls of them." "They were a comical sort of people, riding upon negs, as they call their small horses, with long beards, cloaks, and long broad swords, with basket hilts, hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touched the ground; and every one in his turn, with his short cloak, and other equipage, came up cheek by jowl, and talked with my lord judge. His lordship was very well pleased with their discourse, for they were great antiquarians in their own bounds."

To account for the close proximity of the Bywell churches, different theories are advanced. One is that they were founded by two sisters.

The churches are popularly called the White and the Black churches, a faint reminiscence, doubtless, of the different orders of monks by whom they were served. Canon Tristram suggests that, having adjoining manors, they built their churches side by side, for the sake of society for their exiled chaplains. Certain characteristics in the tower of St. Andrew (shown on the right of our sketch), have led to the supposition

BYWELL CHURCHES.

that it may have been the work of St. Wilfrid of Hexham. In 803, Egbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, is said to have been consecrated at Bywell. Possibly it was at old St. Andrew's Church that the ceremony was performed.

During the great flood of 1771, previously referred to, Bywell suffered greatly. The "Black Church" received as many of the horses from Mr. Fenwick's fine "stud" as could be got into it, and it was said that many of the poor animals only saved themselves from being carried away by holding on to the tops of the pews, and a mare belonging to Mr. Elliott, the father-in-law of Thomas Bewick, saved herself by mounting the altar. Both churchyards were more or less destroyed by this indiscriminating flood.

There are picturesque passages on Stocksfield burn, which burn enters the Tyne on the opposite side, near to the modern bridge and railway. Not far from the source of this burn stands "Minster Acres," with beautiful grounds of its own, and set in a cultivated landscape.

MINSTER ACRES.

CHAPTER XIX.

PRUDHOE AND OVINGHAM.

ORIEL WINDOW, PRUDHOE.

"THERE is an old ruinous Castle, walled about, and in form not much unlike to a shield hanging with one poynte upwards, situate upon a high moate of earth, with ditches in some places, all wrought with man's handes as it seemeth, and is of all the scyte, with a little garden platt, and the banckes by estimacon iij aer. The said Castle hath the entrey on the south, where it hath had two gates, the uttermost now in decay, and, between the gates is a strong wall on both sides, and as it appeareth, hath been a draw-bridge, and without the same, before it come to the utter gate, a turn-pyke for the defence of the bridge."

Such was the condition of Prudhoe Castle when Stockdale described it in 1586, and in a state of decay it has remained to our day, a relic of the feudal age; in order to preserve it as such, Hugh, fourth Duke of Northumberland, restored the outer walls early in the present century, and at the same time the modern additions were made in order to provide a residence for the steward; this is the least interesting part of the river front, and it happens to be the most familiar to the passing traveller. The site is commanding, as that of a powerful English baronial castle was sure to be. A massive wall enclosed it, defended by bastions of great strength,

PRUDHOE CASTLE.

and built on the crest of a now grass-covered cliff, which rises abruptly from the river's brink. Our sketch is, however, taken from a point south of the ruin, where its most striking features invite investigation. Enough is left of the highest pile to assist in a mental restoration of the keep, which—as was usual in Norman castles—stood within the enclosure, and independent of the outworks. The square tower with semi-circular arch formed the inner gateway; the "utter gateway," as Stockdale called it, is only further gone in decay than when he saw it; connecting the two, there was, it is thought, a covered-way, the walls of which were thick and massive. There are also the remains of a watch-tower, of loop-holed bastion-towers, with tiers of low chambers in which it was impossible for the defenders to stand upright, and of other apartments for various uses, with stone-stairs exposed here and there, quaint windows, broken arches, ivy-covered buttresses, and the many suggestive fragments which together make the ruins of an old baronial castle so interesting.

The oriel window over the inner gateway is still tolerably perfect, in our sketch it is slightly restored; for want of space the window was built on corbels to make room for the altar of the chapel. It is interesting as the earliest known instance of an oriel window. The barbican and chapel are said to belong to the reign of Edward I. or early part of Edward II., but the lancet windows have been put in subsequently.

The first baron of Prudhoe was one of the followers of William the Norman, known as "Robert with the beard." The Conqueror gave him at first the lordship of Redesdale "with all its castles, woods and franchises, to hold by the service of defending that part of the country from wolves, and the King's ennemies by the sword which the said King William wore when he entered Northumberland." Subsequently, when Northumberland was parcelled out into baronies and manors, Prudhoe was bestowed on the above Robert, the first of the powerful family of the Umfravilles of Northumberland. The barony remained with this family for nearly 300 years, with the exception of a short period during which it was alienated, the then lord of Prudhoe being among the unruly barons of King John's reign. The oldest parts of the castle were probably erected during the reigns of Stephen and Henry II., when so many of the baronial castles were built. It was famous amongst impregnable fortresses in the time of

Henry II., when Odinel de Umfraville held it successfully during a siege of three days against William the Lion, who, in the same campaign, had destroyed and sacked the massive fortresses of Harbottle and Wark, besides reducing Carlisle. In the following summer, "the brave Odinel and his stout and valiant men," again repulsed the Scottish king. In Edward III.'s reign, when Harbottle Castle was quite laid in ruins, Gilbert de Umfraville applied for leave to bring his prisoners (taken on the Border) to Prudhoe Castle, instead of to the former; this Gilbert was the last of its feudal barons, and died in 1381. The estate afterwards passed to the Percys, who now hold it.

Whilst moving about amongst the ruins of Prudhoe, glimpses are obtained of the pretty village on the opposite side of the river, of its church, and of many cottages scattered along the ridge of the high river bank. In Buck's view of Prudhoe Castle, taken last century, the tower of Ovingham Church in the background is shown with a dwarf pyramidal spire, of which it is certainly destitute now. A great resemblance is noticeable between this tower and those of St. Andrew's, Bywell, and Newburn, lower down the river; the latter is the only one of the three which has now a rudimentary spire similar to that shown in Buck's print. These towers are now generally assigned to a pre-Norman period. "They have the same double lighted belfry windows, with rude balusters, and through capitals, the same rubbed borderings, and the same circular holes above the lights and within the arched border," and the opinion has been expressed that they are all probably the work of the great Saxon church-builder, St. Wilfrid himself.

The old grey tower of Ovingham is not the only memorial of Saxon times in this village; its very name signifies, we are told, "The home of the Offings, or sons and daughters of Offa," some Saxon settler; just as Eitringham, a little to the west on the south side of the water, was once the abode of the Eldrings, or offspring of Eldric or Eldred. And there is one feature of daily life here which strangely connects the present with the past, for, supposing these Anglo-Saxon families to have been on visiting terms, means of communication can scarcely have been more primitive than at present between the two populous villages,—for there is no bridge here,—and freights brought as far as Prudhoe

by the modern railway are carried over to Ovingham by the old world ferry or ford.

Nevertheless, "Ovingham is not what it was," is the true lament of the oldest inhabitant, although there is no sign of its becoming a deserted village; there is plenty of life stirring, and of new buildings enough, more than enough, for those who knew the rural Ovingham of fifty years ago; the character of the figures in the landscape has been changed, as well as the numbers increased, and conspicuous now-a-days are those whose appearance signifies the near vicinity of extensive coal-workings, and then there is that most unpicturesque of sights, a pit village, not that the ugliness of uniformity is confined to such,—our large towns have plenty of it,—but how much more jarring it is when seen on the wild country side. These unpicturesque innovations are not so obtrusive as might be expected however, and from many a point up and down stream, the river, the village, and the ruins on the opposite shore, have very much the same aspect as they had when Thomas Bewick knew them, in the days when, as a boy, going to and from school, he might be seen wading across the river at Eltringham Ford (when floods did not hinder), just as we see boys doing now whilst the sketch of the village is in progress; now it is necessary to move aside to let a timber waggon with six horses go by, it is coming down the road shown in the immediate foreground of the view, and presently the driver is seen giving his horses rest in mid-stream, before climbing the opposite bank. "It was to Eltringham Ford," says Bewick in his autobiography, that "from about the year 1760 to 1767, when a boy, I was frequently sent by my parents to purchase a salmon from the fishers of the 'Strike;' at that time I never paid more and often less than $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per pound. Before, or perhaps about this time, there had always been inserted in every indenture in Newcastle that the apprentice was not to be obliged to eat salmon above twice a week."[1]

It is difficult to move along the banks of the Tyne hereabouts without being reminded of Thomas Bewick—whose woodcuts have made familiar to us so many of its scenes—Bywell Castle, and St. Nicholas'

[1] "Memoir of Thomas Bewick," p. 222.

spire occur frequently in the backgrounds of his vignettes; also Corbridge and Tynemouth, and the rocks at Cullercoats; others illustrate the life on the river—an old fisherman with a leister, men wading or crossing on stilts, a man fording the river with his cow, duck shooters, &c.

Thomas Bewick was born in 1753 at Cherryburn, a mile west of Ovingham, but on the opposite side of the river. The birthplace of the artist is described by himself as follows:—"Cherryburn House, the place

CHERRYBURN.

of my nativity, and which for many years my eyes beheld with cherished delight, is situated on the south side of the Tyne, in the county of Northumberland, a short distance from the river. The house, stables, &c., stand on the west side of a little dean, at the foot of which runs a burn. The dean was embellished with a number of cherry and plum-trees, which were terminated by a garden on the north. Near the house were two large ash trees growing from one root; and at a little distance stood another of the same kind. At the south end of the premises was a spring well, overhung by a large hawthorn bush, behind which was a

OVINGHAM.

holly hedge, and further away was a boggy dean, with underwood and trees of different kinds."[1]

Only a portion of the old building remains, and that has been converted into a byre, but the orchard at this day answers to his description. On the west side of the parsonage at Ovingham, which, with its pretty garden, overhangs the Tyne on the slope between the church and the river, was the school in which Bewick, and "a host of north country Worthies received their education."

Bewick's grave is in Ovingham churchyard, on the west wall of the tower is a tablet to his memory. A just and comprehensive estimate of the works and genius of Bewick was given by John Jackson, his pupil, a native of Ovingham.[2]

From Bewick the art of wood-engraving took new form and life. He made a wise departure from former practice in avoiding the imitation of copper-plate engraving; he saw also that the art was capable of more than had been attempted in any previous school, especially in the effective rendering of light and shade, of texture and finish of detail. Of the success of his own efforts in this direction, his well-known works are full of brilliant examples. The most interesting thing about Bewick is however, the wide range of his natural powers of mind, and his almost exclusive use of pictorial art as his vehicle of expression. Besides being, as Leslie styles him, "an artist of the highest order, though not a painter,"[3] he must always rank high as naturalist, humorist, and moralist. His pictorial descriptions of birds and beasts are scientific as well as artistic, and in his vignettes and tail-pieces, his pencil and graver point the moral, their broader strokes, the humour. Original drawings by him are not so numerous as might have been expected, they rarely appear at exhibitions; the following from one of his letters partly accounts for this fact:[4]—

[1] Memoir, p. 32.

[2] See Jackson on Wood-engraving.

[3] "Handbook for Young Painters."

[4] Letter to Mrs. M. "Memoir of Thomas Bewick," Appendix, p. 341.

Since the above was written an interesting exhibition of drawings and woodcuts by Bewick—principally lent by his daughters—has been held in London (1880). This collection was rich in original drawings of the birds, and many

"Could I have foreseen that the sketches, which your partiality makes you value, would ever have been thought worthy of your notice, I certainly would have saved more of them for you, and not have put so many of them into the fire. And now, if my time and attention were not so fully taken up with conducting other parts of my business, I could easily furnish such without end; but, when the fancies pop into my head, I have not time even to commit them to paper, and I am often obliged to sketch them at once upon the wood."

From this passage we may infer that, even in those instances when he did sketch his designs previously on paper, such originals would often be comparatively slight, or Bewick's native shrewdness would have kept them from the flames, and further, his woodcuts themselves show that in drawing his subjects on the block he left much to the graver, as witness the minute details in the plumage of the birds, and in the tree foliage of the backgrounds, as well as the marvellous touches of character and expression in the faces and figures of his spirited tail-pieces, work often invented instantaneously at the point of the graver. In this directness lay the great charm of his work, and in these days, when the division of labour is pushed to such extremes, it is refreshing to look back and see what Bewick accomplished by himself; as an engraver, cutting his own

vignettes—exquisite water-colour drawings of the same size as the "cuts"—containing an infinity of detail, and a beauty and truth of colour quite marvellous when their minute scale is taken into consideration. Such an Exhibition as this, such a rare opportunity of seeing Bewick's best work should have had the effect of reviving the reputation of the artist—a reputation which stood so high during his life and for some time afterwards, but which, no doubt, had subsequently declined, his books being shelved and lost sight of, except by a few amateurs and collectors The great advance which English engravers after Bewick's time made in the direction of *finish of execution* perhaps led them to lose sight of the more important *finish of form and detail* so prominent in the work of the forgotten master. In a passage describing Bewick's method of engraving, John Jackson says:—"He adopts no conventional mode of representing texture or producing an effect, but skilfully avails himself of the most simple and effective means which his art affords of faithfully and efficiently representing his subject. He never wastes his time in laborious trifling to display his skill in execution; he works with a higher aim—to represent nature; and, consequently, he never bestows his pains except to express a meaning."

drawings; as a draughtsman, putting his own designs on the wood; as a designer, drawing his inspiration, not from the poets, but from nature at first hand; for the rest, his vivid imagination, strong feeling, and humorous sense, gave him subjects without end.

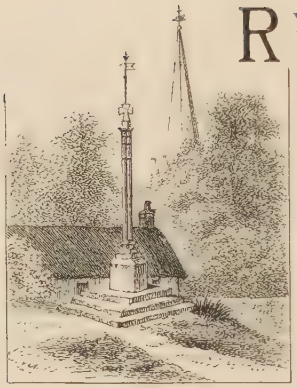
Wordsworth wrote this of him:—

> "Oh, now that the genius of Bewick were mine,
> And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne,
> Then the muses might deal with me just as they chose,
> For I'd take my last leave both of verses and prose."
>
> *Lyrical Ballads.*

BEWICK'S GRAVE.

CHAPTER XX.

RYTON AND NEWBURN.


RYTON CROSS.

RYTON cannot be seen from the river, but its position is happily suggested by the spire of its church, seen above the tree-tops. Though "set on a hill," the village is quite secluded. The approach to it, winding from the valley upwards, is familiar enough to the railway traveller, who can see, before the train has started again from the station, groups of two or three already on the path which pierces the wood, soon to emerge upon the village green, which is one of the rural type. From thed in and smoke of neighbouring industries, Ryton must be a pleasant retreat.

We are now less than ten miles from Newcastle, and the views from the summit, especially that towards the east, is not suggestive of the repose of Nature lately found at Bywell; tall chimneys, the head-gear of coal-pits, furnaces, and factories, become more and more frequent in the prospect; but from this elevation they are seen dissolved into airy indefiniteness, whilst the foreground is enlivened by groups of the toilers themselves, who frequently in the summer-time make "merry holiday" here. There is a plain stone cross on the green which is crumbling away, although the date of its erection was not earlier than 1796. The church

stands close by, and is approached under lofty elms. The good description of it which follows, is by Mr. Sidney Gibson :—

"Ryton Church is an early English structure of great beauty and regularity, dedicated in honour of the Holy Cross. It consists of a nave and aisles, with well-proportioned chancel; the chancel arch is lofty, and its screen of carved oak has beautiful tracery; the west tower is supported on arches springing from clustered pillars of early date. The tower is surmounted by an octagonal spire, 108 feet high. In the middle of the chancel, before the high altar, lies the recumbent figure of a nameless ecclesiastic—well sculptured in what appears to be Stanhope marble."

ROAD TO RYTON.

The earliest rector recorded was William de Marghe, 1254. The most distinguished rector of modern times was Thomas Secker, who afterwards occupied successively the sees of Bristol and Oxford, and in 1758 became Archbishop of Canterbury. Ryton has the distinction of starting the first Savings Bank in England. When Wallace made his progress through Northumberland in 1297, Ryton was one of the burning villages which he left in his wake. The large barrow on the north side of the church, twenty feet high, and covered with trees, still awaits the visitation of Canon Greenwell's

discriminating spade. To anyone who indulges in the old-fashioned practice of contemplation, the groves here afford a congenial spot, and the prospect, with all its historical associations, gives abundant subject for reverie.

The view to the west takes in Wylam, and beyond Wylam, the remnants of beautiful woods, which, as young Bewick saw them from his home at Cherryburn, extended from Wylam to Bywell, presenting the appearance of a continued forest, "but," says the old man in his autobiography, "these are long since stubbed up; needy gentry care little for the beauty of a country, and part of it is now as bare as a mole-hill."

To the east, tall chimneys, piercing a smoky horizon, indicate where Newcastle lies, whilst nearly opposite to Ryton stands Newburn, on the north side of the Tyne, and on the south stretch the haughs of Stella and Newburn. By their extent and level character, these broad meadows were adapted for a battle-field, but the selection of this site for the battle of 1640, between the king's troops and the Covenanters, was finally due to the river here being fordable in two places, and to the fact of there being no ford nearer to Newcastle. On the 27th August of that year, Leslie and his "Scots" arrived at Heddon-law, just below Newburn, where they encamped for the night, "making fires all round with coals from the neighbouring pits," and welcoming all the English who cared to visit them. On the following day Lord Conway, following Strafford's orders, took his stand on the south side of the river, opposite the fords, to prevent the Covenanters crossing. The royal forces numbered 3,000 foot and 1,500 horse, and before the army could be reinforced, the Scots, numbering, it is said, 20,000, precipitated an engagement, the result of which, fatal to the king's army, Clarendon described as "that infamous, irreparable rout at Newburn." Down to a recent date the breastworks thrown up by the English could still be made out, and probably they may be seen still, but the writer's visit to the battle-field was cut short by a violent and persistent autumn storm, which phenomenon is above a joke if it overtakes one in the centre of Stella Haugh. Shelter was found in a partially dismantled cottage on the river bank, and a sketch of Newburn was secured. It is long since Newburn Bridge succumbed to the floods; a ferry now supplies its place.

Newburn, with its pretty towered church crowning the hill, is seen over many a beautiful stretch of river up and down. It is of great antiquity, and, it is said, was a place of note before the Conquest, and had some commerce before Newcastle existed. The tower of the church has been mentioned in connection with those of St. Andrew's, Bywell, and Ovingham, as of pre-Norman work, and possibly due to St. Wilfrid himself. In 1827 some parts of the church were rebuilt; new stone mullions and stained glass were introduced. At this church, let us note by the way, George Stephenson was married to Fanny Henderson, and a little lower down the river, before reaching Wylam, still stands the cottage in which the great engineer was born, just a century ago.

Perhaps no man has left a deeper mark on the present age than he; his life and character have been made familiar to us by Dr. Smiles, but his works, and those he initiated, are found over the whole earth, continuous memorials of his indomitable energy and rare skill;—he did work which may be favourably compared with that of ancient Rome in the same direction. The Romans taught us road-making, but George Stephenson, who would early become acquainted with their roads, and with the great wall itself—so near to his birth-place—in making iron roads met with a new set of difficulties, and overcame them in the true Roman spirit; keeping the desirable straight line by tunnelling hills instead of surmounting them as the Romans did, and accepting the necessity of viaduct and bridge building which the Romans are said to have purposely avoided by carrying their roads, &c., over the highest ground.

The Tyne at Newburn particularly asserts itself as a salmon river, it being one of the principal fisheries, and quiet evening pictures are to be seen here when the fishermen are laying their nets. As is too well known, salmon are not so plentiful on the Tyne as formerly; great "takes" are on record, that, for instance, of June 12th, 1755, when upwards of 2,400 were taken, and sold at 1*d.* and $1\frac{1}{4}$*d.* per pound; more than 2,000 were netted June 20th, 1758, and at Newburn, August 6th, 1761, no less than 260 salmon were taken at one draught. This last was within the period mentioned by Bewick already quoted. His autobiography[1] contains many sensible hints on the management of salmon rivers, as to "proper

[1] "Bewick's Memoirs," p. 222-230.

measures for facilitating the passage of the fish from the sea to breed." "Every improper weir or dam that obstructs this ought to be thrown down." "The filth of manufactures and other refuse should be led away and laid on the land; it would be of great value to the farmer." He discourses on open and close times, and on the advantage of the total laying by of fishing for a whole season in some years.

Remarking on the porpoise, "that destructive enemy of salmon," "I have seen," he says, "a shoal of them off Tynemouth, swimming abreast of each other, and thus occupying a space of apparently more than a hun-

NEWBURN.

dred yards crossing the mouth of the river, so that no salmon could enter it." The playground at the mouth of the Tyne appears now to be more troubled by illegal fishers than by porpoises, and to be more a playground for watchers and poachers than for the salmon, judging by the humorous evidence produced before Messrs. Buckland and Walpole's inquiry at Newcastle, in June, 1879.

Bywell dam was lowered about fifty years ago, and since then salmon and grisle have been more plentiful in the higher reaches of the river;

and when floods are out, great excitement is common in the villages, where almost all men are anglers. At those times salmon are sometimes taken above Falstone on North Tyne, but fishers need to be smart to profit by those brief seasons, since heavy floods of the Tyne run off in about three days. Other northern rivers suffer more from dams than the Tyne,—the Coquet, for instance, where a dam is near the mouth; and it it said that at Galashiels a dam dyke has for many years prevented the passage of salmon, hundreds of which have been seen vainly endeavouring to leap over it.

Bewick would probably have been surprised could he have known that at this day many improvements for which he saw the necessity have not yet passed the stage of discussion. We prefer however, to leave such matters in the hands of salmon conservancy boards, and to take up Bewick's narrative of a day's fishing:[1]—"Well do I remember mounting the stile which gave the first peep of the curling or rapid stream, over the intervening dewy, daisy-covered holme boundered by the early sloe and the hawthorn-blossomed hedge, and hung in succession with festoons of the wild rose, the tangling woodbine, and the bramble, with their bewitching foliage, and the fairy ground, and the enchanting music of the lark, the blackbird, the throstle, and the blackcap, rendered soothing and plaintive by the cooings of the ringdove, which altogether charmed, but perhaps retarded the march to the brink of the scene of action, with its willows, its alders, or its sallows, where early I commenced the day's patient campaign. The pleasing excitements of the angler still follow him, whether he is engaged in his pursuits amidst scenery such as I have attempted to describe, or on the heathery moor, or by burns guttered out by mountain torrents, and boundered by rocks or grey moss-covered stones, which form the rapids and the pools in which is concealed his beautiful yellow and spotted prey. Here, when tired and alone, I used to open my wallet and dine off cold meat and coarse rye-bread, with an appetite that made me smile at the trouble people put themselves to in preparing the sumptuous feast; the only music in attendance was perhaps the murmuring burn, the whistling cry of the curlew, the solitary water ouzel, or the whirring wing of the moor game. I would, however,

[1] "Bewick's Memoirs," p. 228.

recommend anglers not to go alone; a trio of them is better, and mutual assistance is often necessary."

Very characteristic figures on the banks of Tyne in olden times were those jolly brethren of the monasteries, who, by their credentials "fishers of men," appear to have been equally keen after the fishes of the Tyne. The church, indeed, seems to have had the best of the fishing in those days. Amongst the appurtenances to the cells of Tynemouth and Jarrow in A.D. 1103, are enumerated no less than twenty-eight fisheries within the ancient parish of Jarrow, and the Bishop of Durham owned most important fisheries as far up as Ryton, according to an inquisition held at Gateshead in 1344.

Perhaps the time-honoured orthodox character attached to the sport of fishing owes its origin to the early patronage of the church; at any rate, moralizing has been in a way connected with it from a much earlier date than that of Izaak Walton's. The book of St. Albans, dated 1496, contains the earliest known work on fishing, and is supposed to be the work of Dame Juliana Berners, of St. Albans; whether so or not, it is a treatise written by an expert angler, who recommends the recreation on various grounds.

The "Treatyse of fysshynge wyth angle" commences with a cheerful text and a brief exposition:—"Salamon in his parablys sayth that a good spyryte makyth a flourynge aege, that is, a fayre age and a longe;" and it concludes with "Also who soo will use the game of anglynge, he must ryse early, whyche thing is prouffytable to man in this wyse, that is to wyte, most to the heele of his soule: for it shall cause hym to be holy, and to the heele of his body: for it shall cause hym to be hole, also to the increase of his goodys: for it shall make hym riche," &c.

There has been brave competition amongst the poet-fishermen of Northumberland in singing the praises of different rivers, which found expression in the "Fisher's Garland," collected into a volume by Mr. Crayhall.

Amongst the writers were Thomas Doubleday and Robert Roxby. The Coquet seems to have most admirers, but the Tyne has its strong partisans. Here is a verse from one of the former:—

"Nae mair we'll fish the coaly Tyne,
Nae mair the oozy Team,
Nae mair we'll try the sedgy Pont,
Or Derwent's woody stream;
But we'll awa' to Coquet-side,
For Coquet bangs them a',
Whose winding streams sae sweetly glide
By Brinkburn's bonny ha'."

Thomas Doubleday sings in "The Old Fisher's Challenge:"—

"Oh! freshly from his mountain holds
Comes down the rapid Tyne;
But Coquet's still the stream o' streams,
So let her still be mine.
There's mony a sawmon lies in Tweed,
And mony a trout in Till,
But Coquet—Coquet aye for me,
If I may have my will."

A Tyne advocate follows thus:—

"Let high-flier fishermen sing of their streams
Away on the Tweed or the Coquet;
Give me the sweet wave where the black di'mond beams,
Like the glance from the sky-seeking rocket;
Far dearer to me is the slime-covered strand,
Where old Tyne in his majesty wanders,
Than all the gay prospects romantic and grand
Of the Tweed in its sweetest meander.
Chorus.—Then hey for the fisher, the creel and the gad,
And hey for the scenes of his pleasure,
On Tyne's smiling sides, with a heart light and glad,
How he waves up the glittering treasure!

"The shores of the Coquet, the banks of the Tweed,
May boast of a richer profusion
Of all that is sweetest in flower or in weed,
To deck the dim haunts of seclusion;
But oh! in their sunny time, never will they,
In the zenith of all their gay shining,
So dear be to me as the rude banks of clay
O'er the Tyne's rapid progress reclining.
"Then hey," &c.

From "The Tyne-Fisher's Call" for 1831, v. 4:—

"By Bywell's tower, and Prudhoe's steep,
In ruin frowning grey,
By shady Derwent, dark and deep,
Secure the shining prey;
Where Gibside's woods wave green in pride,
Where Tanfield's arch springs high,
Swift, reach the rovers as they glide,
And lure them as they lie."

"Oh! gentle," &c.

GEORGE STEPHENSON'S COTTAGE.

CHAPTER XXI.

DENTON AND BENWELL.

FOUNTAIN AT BENWELL.

A LITTLE further east than Ryton, but on the opposite side of the river, are situated the hamlet and hall of Denton. Externally, the latter is a good example of the manor house, and probably belongs to Elizabeth's reign; it is built in a style not common on Tyneside. The interior has lost character in the process of renovation, which has gone on from time to time, but the original windows, with stone mullions, have been retained; the part of the house which has been least altered is the hall, now used as a museum of antiquities. In 1804, about 200 yards of the Roman Wall near Denton was levelled for the plough, and many interesting objects discovered then, and at other times, are carefully preserved in the hall. At Denton burn is to be seen the only portion of the Wall now standing in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. The apple-tree, which had grown up between the classic stones, and which was familiar to us in sketches of it, disappeared a few years since, and the relic itself has not been otherwise well preserved.

Of the Manor of Denton there is mention in records as far back as A.D. 1240. In 1380, it was assigned to the prior and convent of Tynemouth, and, says Mr. Sydney Gibson, "There is good reason to believe that a chapel

and grange were here maintained by the monks of Tynemouth;" but nothing is known of the builders of the hall, or its earliest occupants. In 1760, there was a division of the estate, and Denton came to the Hon. Ed. Montague, eminent for scientific attainments in his time, his wife being the celebrated Mrs. Montague, whose conversational powers and literary talents attracted to the Hall many distinguished persons of that day. Amongst her guests, Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, and Garrick are mentioned. Of her published letters, which were as highly prized in their way as those of her namesake, Lady Mary Wortley Montague,

DENTON HALL.

some are dated from Denton Hall, the earliest of which contain descriptive references to the scenery surrounding their new home on the Tyne. The following extracts from a letter to Lord Lyttleton are perhaps, characteristic of the period, in the indulgence of exaggerated epithets applied to wild country. "I am yet acquainted only with the surface, which is the least valuable part of Northumberland;" it is "a mixture of the cultivated and the rude, the pleasant and the horrid;" "a wild country full of moors, under which lie the coal mines; the River Tyne gave some ornament to the scene, and the frequent cottages on the moors, which are

built for the pitmen, take off something of the solitariness of the desert; these moors are not totally uninhabited, but they look unblest." We can imagine Mrs. Montague and her guest, Dr. Johnson, comparing notes on the scenery, and agreeing in depreciating the moors, although the good Doctor would think his hostess was admitting too much in allowing that "a person of good taste would not throw them out of the landscape; though they sadden, they dignify it."

These quotations are from a letter written about 1760, at which time, we are told, crops of corn were raised among the shielings of fishermen at the mouth of the Tyne, and North and South Shields might be said not to exist, whilst Newcastle was still surrounded by massive walls, and pleasant country came close up to them; and within one year of the date of this letter, in June, 1759, we find Wesley recording in his journal, "After preaching, I rode on to Newcastle; certainly, if I did not believe there was another world, I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness." Doubtless a great change has come over the scene during the past century, and possibly Wesley would not have written in the same strain now, but all has not been deterioration.

The great march of agricultural progress in the county of which we now see the results was still in the future, but however backward the country in Mrs. Montague's day, surely there were not here, or in all Britain, forests so wild "that you would rather expect to be entertained in the evening with the howling of wolves, and yelling of tigers, than with Philomel's love laboured song."[1] What a slander on the lovely woods of Gibside! although, to be sure, one might wait there long enough for Philomel's notes, which are not heard so far north.

At Denton Hall there is a "Johnson's Chamber," and "Johnson's Walk;" it used to be affirmed that a ghost walked in both of these; not that of the good Doctor, however, but one having woman's form, and bearing, if not answering to, the name of Barbara.

To ————, the present proprietor, the writer is indebted for a photograph of the Hall, from which the engraving was taken.

The modern castellated building close to Denton was erected on the

[1] From a letter describing a visit to Gibside.

spot formerly occupied by Benwell Tower, the ruins of which were removed in 1831. The latter belonged to the priors of Tynemouth, and was their summer residence, and it is said that after Prior Blakeney had surrendered the priory of Tynemouth to Henry VIII., he retired hither.

Close to Benwell is the site of the Roman station, Condercum, where (it is said) the oldest coal-pit in the country is. Over part of the station a colliery railway was made in 1810, and in excavating here, an interesting discovery was made of a Roman altar dedicated to Jupiter Dolichenus, a deity worshipped by miners. A coal mine near Benwell caught fire some time in the seventeenth century, and was supposed to be burning for thirty years.

DR. JOHNSON'S WALK, DENTON.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DERWENT.

EICHESTER CHURCH.

NEAR Scotswood, another meeting of waters takes place; here Tyne receives the Derwent, the last to come in of numerous tributaries from the south-west corner of Northumberland, an elevated tract of country embossed with innumerable hills and narrow hollow vales, which rarely widen into plains. In these wilds of moor and heath, countless streams have their beginning, and pouring down the slopes of the hills continue their race along the bottoms of the valleys, streamlets uniting to form burns, and burns rivers; although bound for the same goal, their courses are divergent, and spread out fan-like. We have noticed in earlier chapters how, from this centre, the Nent and many other streams have reached the Tyne by a westerly course, the East and West Allens by a northerly course, the Devil's-water running north-east, and, omitting others, we now come to the Derwent, which flows in an opposite direction to the first-named—the Nent, making apparent promise of reaching the sea independently, but towards the end shaping her course clearly towards a spot where the dividing hill dies away, and where from the woods she glides into the open, and Tyne and Derwent also become one.

That we may see something of the latter stream—the chief tributary

of Tyne Proper—we, for a time, turn our backs to the sea, and doubling the point of land, part company with the Tyne; the rising ground dividing the rivers becoming higher and wider, until, upon arriving at the spot where two burns unite to form the Derwent, we are from twelve to fourteen miles due south of the Tyne at Hexham. But as we pass up the vale of the Derwent, we observe many lines of communication between it and the vale of Tyne. There is a road to Blaydon, over ground scarcely above the level of Derwent Haugh; or we may make our way to

MILL-DAM AT SWALLWELL.

Ryton through Winlaton, well known, as of old, for its community of iron-workers: Ryton church had formerly a western gallery built at the expense of a company of these Winlaton smiths. Connected with Lintz-ford, further up the river, is another way over higher ground to Ryton; a mile or two further, and we come to the mouth of Milkwell-burn, and to the ancestral home of the Surtees. And here we think we may trace the "gate" which young Bewick would "gang" from Cherry-burn, when bent on a day's fishing in the Derwent; making for Stanley-burn, which would offer attraction by the way, following it up to its source on high ground, some eight or nine hundred feet above the sea level, there the

prospect would delay him for a while until the upper streams of the Milkwell-burn came under his ken; this burn would presently lead him through the oak woods down to the Derwent, and in such a course he would be following the boundary line between Northumberland and Durham, which here shifts from the Tyne to the Derwent.

At Ebchester we again come upon the Roman Road—the northern Watling Street—which here crosses the Derwent, and afterwards passes over the highest ground in a direct line for Corbridge. And from Shotley Bridge, higher up, a good road takes to Riding Mills, the latter part of which appears to have been made on the line of Watling Street itself.

Arrived at Blanchland, we find the Derwent and the source of the Devil's-water so near each other, that an experimenting otter leaving the Tyne by the latter stream, and seeking, like Bewick, new waters to fish, would make nothing of walking over-land some moonlight night, from the Devil's-water to the Derwent.

In a rapid survey we have gone the length of the Derwent, keeping open the while, so to speak, communications with the Tyne. But so beautiful a stream as the Durham Derwent deserves more extended notice on its own account, and taking train on the Consett line, we shall find much that is interesting on its banks. So densely wooded is the valley from end to end, as to have given rise to a saying once current, that a squirrel might travel from Axwell Park, near the mouth, to Shotley Bridge, ten or twelve miles distant, without touching the ground. This characteristic is very manifest during the railway ride; the great woods which hide many ugly things—for, be it remembered, we are passing through a colliery district—do, nevertheless, open out here and there to show some fair dwelling or spot where the river falls over a picturesque dam, and notably to exhibit the wide lawns and terraces of Gibside, and the great house itself, with its long low frontage, scarcely beautiful enough for its grand setting of woodland.

Near Lintz-green are the lofty railway viaducts, fine objects from many a point of view, and when passing over them, far above the river, and level with the tallest tree tops, in company with the high flying rooks, the magnitude of these structures is appreciated.

Swallwell, the first station on the line after leaving Scotswood, should have been noticed by the way. Axwell Park, the seat of a branch of the Claverings, is well seen from the platform; the house is one of those plain-looking edifices, so familiar in published views of "Gentlemen's Seats." The architect, a Mr. Payne, appears to have had a great reputation for his "chaste and elegant designs;" Bywell Hall, on the Tyne, is another of his works. Roger Thornton, a merchant prince of the olden times, was possessed of the manor of Swallwell in the early part of the fifteenth century; he appears to have been a man of the Dick Whittington order.

The West Gate of Newcastle was said to have been built by him, in remembrance that he came from the West Country, according to the old saying:—

> "At the Westgate came Thornton in
> With a hap, a half-penny, and a lamb's skin."

Starting in life as a pedler, he became eventually the richest merchant "that ever was dwelling in Newcastle;" he was nine times mayor during twenty-nine years, and was considered one of the greatest characters and most munificent patrons of Newcastle in early times.

Another Worthy, more closely connected with Swallwell, was Sir Ambrose Crawley; it was he who established the colony of ironworkers in the place, which exists to this day. A stone in the mill dam on the Derwent here, is dated 1691, the year after the arrival of Sir Ambrose at Swallwell; he is said to be the Sir John Anvil of the "Spectator," No. 289.

After passing the great woods of Gibside, and the Column of Liberty which rises from amongst them, the high viaducts already referred to are crossed. The paper mills near Lintz-green are hidden from above; they occupy the banks of Derwent at one of the most beautiful turns of the river, and do not improve it.

After passing Rowland's Gill, and a small ecclesiastical ruin at Friarside, about which nothing is known, we come to Ebchester, a village which in its name is a memorial of early Saxon, as well as of Roman times. St. Ebba, daughter of Ethelfred, built here a monastery, which was destroyed by the Danes; the quaint little church dedicated to St. Ebba

stands on the site of the Roman station Vindomara; the church has been quite recently rebuilt, principally of the old materials which were originally obtained from the fallen walls of the Roman station. The writer was on the spot between the taking down and rebuilding, and saw some Roman altars just removed from the walls into which they had been built with inscribed sides turned inwards; in the village he saw what he had been taught to look for,—Roman stones inscribed, and bearing rudely-cut figures on them, built into the walls of some of the old houses.

Ebchester in the early part of the last century was a favourite field for investigation with the famous Dr. Hunter, native of the neighbouring village of Medomsley, who added considerably to the knowledge of the antiquities of the district by his personal researches.

But Derwentside has other attractions besides those which belong to the past. Great features of the district are the roads, which, like those of the Romans, pass over the highest ground; by the way, one of them is the Roman Watling Street itself, and nothing can well be finer than that part of it leading from Ebchester to Leadgate. Then there is the road from Ebchester to Shotley Bridge; another from Shotley Bridge to Burnhope-field, through Medomsley; and the old Newcastle road through Dipton and Whickham; to be familiar with these roads is to be acquainted with some of the most beautiful scenery in the north of England. These great roads are all on the right or south side of the Derwent, and chiefly command views of the opposite banks; but the views from some parts of the Dipton and Burnhope-field roads include wooded eminences and lands lying between them and the river, and from one spot considerably elevated there lie in the field of vision three famous estates: Milkwell Burn, and Chopwell, and Hamsterley, which are interesting in connection with the names and fortunes of two ancient families of the north—the Swinburnes, whose name occurs in the earliest deeds belonging to the history of Northumberland, and the Surtees, in whose hands the Milkwell-burn estates have remained since 1626.

The Chopwell woodlands, now in possession of the Crown, were forfeited by John Swinburne on account of the part he took in that earlier rebellion, known as the Rising of the North, 1569.

Hamsterley, the third mentioned in the group, formerly belonged to the Swinburnes, but passed by sale in 1803 to the Surtees. The gothic castellated hall stands finely in lovely grounds watered by the Pont, a tributary of the Derwent, which adds the charm of two waterfalls in the woods bordering on the gardens. Hamsterley, which is occasionally shown, has a great local fame, which had its commencement in the lifetime of Henry, the last of the Swinburnes who owned it. He built the hall, and planned and planted the gardens and pleasure-grounds, and Squire Anthony Surtees maintained the place in the same nature-loving and tasteful manner which characterized his predecessor. Kindly memories of these two notable men will live on in association with the landscape which their art helped to beautify. The first, a man of books, classic travel, and polished arts,—the other, a good shot, and keen fox-hunter,—they found equal pleasure in the retirement of Hamsterley, and in beautifying the grounds and improving the estate.

The Surtees' estate, with the Derwent flowing through it, now extends from Hamsterley on the right, to Milkwell-burn on the left bank of the river. The Chopwell Crown lands are conspicuous to the east of the latter.

The following remark by a writer in 1840 with reference to this woodland, reads strangely in these days of ironclads. He says:—"The trees were mostly planted towards the close of the last war; they were designed to supply oak for the navy at some future day, and perhaps will be the defence of our grandchildren. 'Our oak is our strength,' and here larch and fir shelter the oaken saplings which are destined to guard our shores."

We should have thought that even forty years ago there would have been some prophetic signs of the transition from oak to iron. We have been told that within this enclosure is now grown only wood destined for props. These nine hundred acres of dwarf wood give a curious and most characteristic appearance to this part of Derwentside; so short and so thickly planted, level at the top, from the distance it looks like a turf of giant moss, rather than a plantation.

This period of forty years has witnessed a sad alteration in the landscape of large districts of our country, a change intimately connected

with that of the modern substitution of iron for oak as the material of strength in all sorts of structures, increasing as it does in a manifold degree the demand for coal; but it delights one in this devoted land of North Durham, honey-combed as it is beneath, and smoke-befouled as is the surface, poisoned its vegetation and its rivers, to see how much loveliness remains; we are more surprised at this, than when we find new churches with walls rent by the sinking of the ground; fields and pastures rendered dangerous for the horses and cattle, on account of frequently recurring pit-falls; earth, air and water alike defiled, the thriving element fire, and that to feed it the earth is turned inside out, and still the cry is for more.

I have known there a little dene for twenty years; I visit it whenever in the neighbourhood: it once had pleasant footpaths high up, and along the bottom of it, and a picturesque farm-house and buildings. A croquet club for two or three seasons met in this dene, and here in the gloaming have been seen, on the eve of a village festival, wrestlers practising for the forthcoming fête, and a sprinkling of spectators on the slope. For such rural pleasures the place seemed designed, but when the treasure beneath was reached, that above ground had to be sacrificed; each visit since made, shows some change for the worse, and now the house is tenantless from the sinking of the ground, the garden a wilderness, and the vegetation sad to see, although nature with undying energy puts forth new verdure where she may, to cover the waste places.

I knew, too, a fine old hall; it had appertaining to it spacious gardens, avenues of lime and yew and fish ponds, but coal was found near, and the slag hills of neighbouring iron works encroached upon it. Each year the house is nearer dissolution, and the water in the fish ponds decreased, until now cattle walk dry-hoofed where the fish formerly found deep water, and the trees stand with bare limbs, extending further each year beyond the ragged foliage of which there was once enough to clothe them in beauty. In this way are marred large tracts of country famed in the early part of the century for their loveliness. Yet, after all, the surprising and delightful thing is to find how sovereign nature triumphs even here.

In taking once more the road from Ebchester to Shotley Bridge we keep outside a dreary circumference which has the well-known Consett Iron Works for a centre, and a smoky radius of about a mile; and here in passing we notice how much better off in one respect the workers in such centres of industry are than the denizens of overgrown towns; for, from Consett, which is a perfect inferno of blast furnaces, escape to fields, woods, and moors is physically an easy matter. Near, is the beautifully situated village of Shotley Bridge, said to have been founded by a company of German sword-makers who established themselves there about the year 1600; and about a century later others joined this colony from the Low Countries, seeking here an asylum from persecution for conscience sake. It is said that the quality of the water of the Derwent attracted the original settlers to the district.

"For many years," says Mr. le Boer, "a bed of ironstone was wrought in the upper portion of the Gannester series in the Derwent district. It was known as the 'German band,' a grotesque name due, not to any covert allusion to itinerant musicians, but to the small colony of German sword-makers who in former days worked this ironstone, and plied their trade at Derwentside" near Ebchester. Some of the colony settled at Shotley Bridge, and there enjoyed the religious liberty denied them in their own country; they mingled with the inhabitants, and soon forgot the language of their forefathers. Some of their descendants still reside in the village where their ancestors originally settled, the names being now Anglicized to Oley, Mole, &c., and in the wall of an old two-story dwelling-house, the original materials of which are hidden under a coat of "rough cast," there still exists a stone above the doorway with a German inscription. The parish church at Ebchester contains entries relating to some of these settlers as early as 1628. The village of Shotley Bridge deserves a more extended notice than space enables us to give. The Spa has pleasant surroundings; it is well if its waters are as beneficial as they are nauseous.

Within a walk from Shotley Bridge is the village of Muggleswick, on a beautiful part of the Derwent, which near here makes a sharp bend round a point of land called "the Sneep." The word is supposed to be from the old Norse *snappa*,[1] a beak. A similar point in Redesdale, at

[1] Or "Snoppa."

the junction of Tarset-burn with Hunter's-burn, is called the Snipe, which name is also given to the north-eastern point of Holy Island. Further up, the Derwent has all the characteristics of a moorland stream; it flows through a part of the country which the writer first saw from the box-seat of a "brake." After climbing the steep which rises from the river at Shotley Bridge, and driving a mile or two, on looking back we had a distant view of Consett. The smoke of its great furnaces on this—a lovely day—seemed confined to a tiny space in the boundless sky and wide-stretching moorland, but it was not easy to forget what it was like

THE SNEEP.

at close range, as we had driven past it but an hour before; better than dwelling on that smoky memory it was to face about with the horses and look forward to where a first glimpse was soon to be obtained of the thatched cottages of Edmondbyers, a village well known to anglers. There was formerly a dangerous ford between it and Greenhead, but there is a bridge there now. It was interesting to have pointed out in this wild country the birthplace of Lough, the recently deceased sculptor. The following description is the result of recent personal observation kindly supplied by the Rev. J. W. Mitchell, vicar of Headgate:—

"At Greenhead is an archway opening to an avenue which leads to

Black Hedley Hall. The structure at Greenhead represents a kind of castellated gateway with a parapet around it; the wooden cannon mentioned in former accounts have been removed, but the curious military figures remain, one at each corner of the parapet, and two above the centre of the archway on either side of the building; one of them looking outwards, the other up the avenue; a seventh apparently intended to represent a watchman occupies the apex of the roof. These stone figures are like the Beefeaters of the Tower, some armed with muskets; one of the centre figures holding a sword in the right hand, and in the other the prize of his valour, the head of his enemy. There are figures at Black Hedley also, but not on the principal building. Two Highlanders in national dress, not in martial array, but as emblematic of peace, occupy the corners of the front elevation of a curious building, the upper part of which has been reserved for the pigeons; one of the Highlanders has a shepherd's crook, and two dogs lying behind him, the other has not the crook, and but one dog as his companion. On a higher wall behind the front roof are three busts, whether of sages or warriors it is difficult to say, but one of them has a spear pointing upwards."

Black Hedley was for a long time the seat of the Hoppers, one of whom, an old soldier, is said to have decorated the hall and entrance in the military style described, and probably the initials H. H., with the date 1751, over two doorways, one on each side of the archway at Greenhead, are his. "The Hall," says a writer already quoted, "is a good specimen of the princely farmhouses of the olden time." As we have already said, Greenhead was the birthplace of John Lough, and these stone figures though more curious than classical, have a certain interest, conspicuous as they must have been among the familiar things from infancy upwards in the surroundings of the future sculptor.

Between the trifling essays in sculpture which came in his way as a country mason and the execution of the chief productions of his matured powers, was the steep up-hill of "art," which "is long;" this, Lough surmounted by industry and perseverance, having also the helping hand of the cultured Mr. Silvertop, of Minster Acres, mentioned in connection with the Tyne.

In the churchyard of the neighbouring village of Muggleswick are

to be seen, says a writer in 1841, Lough's first attempt in sculpture, —an angel's head and drapery, on a plain stone, in memory of Jane, daughter of John and Anne Mayor.

Reverting now to our drive through this interesting part of the Derwent valley, it is remarked that, after passing the point whence the position of Greenhead was pointed out, the country becomes wilder, but the moorland vegetation is of the richest in colour and profusion, and it retains this character all the way to Blanchland, the goal of our excursion.

Now before seeing this village a strangely false idea of it had possessed the writer, from the following statement of some old author which had haunted his memory. "Poverty for ages past has reigned here; this is, indeed, the realm of mortification." But poverty made no sign when, on landing at Miss Forster's delightful old inn, such ready satisfaction was found for appetites made keen by moorland air. The poverty and mortification being possibly among the antiquities of the district, which have not been well preserved, and should certainly not be restored.

Bishop Crewe, whose portrait adorns the walls of the principal room of the inn, by his benefactions did much to improve the condition of the natives.

Blanchland is beautifully situated on the left bank of the Derwent, about two miles below the source. The ancient-looking village of grey stone buildings has much about it which raises questioning interest. It is not strange that its peculiarities should have given rise to the speculation, that we here see the plan of an old Border village, into which its inhabitants and their herds might be gathered and shut in for safety when the moss-trooping marauder was abroad. Having no outer wall, according to this theory the houses would be built continuously on four sides of a central space, with defensive gateways in the centre of the north and south; on the north side there stands now a massive gateway, and the houses have something of this arrangement. But instead of dwelling on this idea, our thoughts are thrown back to the time when Walter de Bolbeck founded a monastery here for twelve Premonstratensian canons, missionary monks of St. Norbert's severe rule, said to be

more rigorous than that of St Augustine. We can imagine, from the landscape we now see, what a dreary waste it must have been in those far-off twelfth century days, when the first white canons came here as preachers in the wilderness. So near as it was to the Border, the community folded on these wild moors under the crook of the abbots of Blanchland, would require somewhat of the nature of a stronghold, and perhaps we do see in the present village a kind of tradition in stones of the monastic village which formerly stood here, handed down by successive builders before and since the suppression of monasteries.

An interesting page of English history is that which connects Blanchland with that great, but inglorious campaign of 1327. The Scots had crossed the border once more with the purpose of wasting Northumberland and Durham; already had the work of havoc proceeded far into the latter county, when the youthful king, Edward III., with an army of 60,000 men, reached the city of Durham, where after some days they had tidings of the wily Douglas and his 20,000 Scots being within ten miles of the city, and the army was again put in motion, and marched in search of the Scots, being led hither and thither by the smoke of burning villages; and of the difficulties of that march, a good idea may be formed by those who know the country within a radius of fifteen miles from the boundary stone at the foot of Kilhope Moor—where three counties, Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland meet. In their eagerness, starting at midnight, they made slow progress at first. "Day began to appear," says Froissart, "as the battalions were assembled at different posts; the banner-bearers then hastened over heaths, mountains, valleys, rocks, and many dangerous places, without meeting with any level country. On the summits of the mountains, and in the valleys, were large mosses and bogs, and of such extent that it was a miracle many were not lost in them. False alarms were occasionally raised of the enemy being at hand, which were caused by the stags which were startled at the tumult of men on the heath, and ran about distractedly in large herds among the troops. The march was continued into Tynedale, the South Tyne being crossed at Haydon, and here the army remained for about a week, but seeing nothing of the foe, they re-crossed the river, and on the fourth day afterwards news

of the Scots arrived. It was on his way to meet Douglas, that, arriving on the north bank of the Derwent, the King turned his horses to feed in the fields near a monastery of white monks, which had been burnt, and which was called in King Arthur's time Blanchland."

Here the king, received by the abbot, proceeded to the church, and there confessed, ordering masses to be said.

How the Douglas waited for the English king at Stanhope, and how the two armies remained on opposite banks of the Wear, facing each other, for a week, and how the Scots gained a great victory without fighting a battle, retiring under the shadow of night, and reaching Scotland without pursuit by the English, are matters of history.

Probably, as Mr. Greatorex says, the name Blanchland came from Normandy, where an abbey so named was served by the same order of monks. A curious tradition extant is as follows:—"That a party of Scots who once came to pillage the abbey, were unable to find it on account of its secluded situation; but, on their coming to a spot called Dead Friar's Hill, they heard the bells of Blanchland, which the monks were ringing for joy at their supposed deliverance; and, guided by the sound, they found their way thither to pillage the convent and slaughter the monks." Canon Raine recounts a similar story of Blanchland in which, instead of a party of Scots, it was the commissioners of Henry VIII. who had come to spoil the monastery.

The abbey is curious and puzzling; it was founded in 1165. It is doubtful whether any of the original building remains, except perhaps the chancel and remains of nave; it is doubtful also whether the church ever had the form of a cross. In this remote situation, and from the rigorous character of the order of St. Norbert, a severely simple structure might have been expected, and in accordance, we find that the original plan does not appear to have included more than a chancel and nave of severe and simple early English style, with narrow lancet windows, of which some remain; a chancel and nave without any aisles, to which were subsequently added a north transept with chantry, and the massive north tower of defensive character with porch at its east door.

The archæologist finds the plan of the cloister quadrangle with chapter-house on east side, and beyond, on the same side, that of the

dormitory, its foundations under the earth; the supposed shell of the refectory is seen on south side.[1]

Derwent Head is not a spring, the river being formed by the confluence of two burns, which where they meet, wash the base of the precipitous rock known as Gibraltar. The scene is very picturesque. A walk through the woods on the banks of the more southerly of the two burns leads up towards Hunstanworth, a model village built for the accommodation of lead-miners engaged among the fells further west. It is noticeable how the children here, who have in common with the

SCOTSWOOD SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

dwellings a well-cared-for look, have nevertheless pallid complexions, plainly telling of lead-poisoned air.

The churchyard contains curious remains of the byre of an old peel.

The return journey from Blanchland was partly by a different route, and afforded a sight of Allansford, and of a very pretty bit of the Derwent, there crossed by a picturesque stone bridge.

The mouth of the Derwent marks the three miles point on the Tyne Regatta course. The Scotswood suspension bridge is the "finish" of the championship's course, the start being from the High-Level Bridge. It is said that races used to be rowed from the High-Level Bridge to

[1] See Proceedings of Durham and Northumberland Archæological Society, 1860.

Lemington Point, one mile beyond the railway viaduct, four-and-a-half miles being the entire length of the course, and that the last match rowed over this course was between Robert Chambers and Harry Kelly.[1]

The interest of the celebrated Tyne Regatta certainly owes nothing to the scenery of the course; this first bit of the navigable Tyne has no attraction when there is no race.

If we take boat for the High-Level Bridge, the most prominent object we shall pass is the long line of Sir William Armstrong's workshops at Low Elswick, on the north shore of the river.

[1] "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," June 14, 1879.

NORTHUMBRIAN PIPES.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWCASTLE.

PINK TOWER.

WE can well imagine some hitherto indulgent reader, who is for "drawing the line" at Newcastle, having no wish to follow the Tyne further. True, the free fresh moors, the fairy nooks and angler's haunts, the waterfalls and sparkling streams, are left behind, away in the west and the north, whilst seaward we have only the vision of a black country, and, when with memory's image still clear of the "bosky-burns" of Upper Tyne, we look for the Pandon-burn, Lort-burn, and Ouse-burn of the old maps of Newcastle, our feeling for nature suffers an outrage.

The ancient glory and beauty of the first of these streams and its surroundings has long since faded away, the ravine through which the Lort-burn once sparkled has been filled up or hidden under street ways, and when we say that the Ouse-burn is a tidal burn in a purely industrial district, we need say no more; henceforth we look on a different Tyne.

The broad features of "canny Newcastle" are familiar to most travellers. The curved central railway station, with its platforms ever thronged with the busiest of jostling crowds, and its Babel of British dialects. The new town, too, of broad streets and stone buildings, has had its share of public admiration, whilst the names of its principal streets are many of them

memorials of northern Worthies, natives of—or closely associated with—the town. One bears the name of the noble family whose slogan, "A Percy! a Percy!" through many centuries led generations of valiant knights and vassals, now to victory, and now to death; whilst of the earls Percy themselves, from the first to the eighth, all but one died either in battle or on the scaffold. Neville Street recalls a family of similar greatness and similar fortunes; by another we are reminded of Lord Eldon, and of his brother Lord Stowell.

Again, of Lord Collingwood, the successor of Nelson at Trafalgar, whom the seamen of the north with rough endearment were wont to style "the old sea-gull;" and walking in Akenside Street, we recall the poet's praises of his native river Tyne:—

> "O ye dales
> Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
> Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
> And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
> Stops short the pleased traveller to view
> Presiding o'er the scene some rustic tower,
> Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands." [1]

Elsewhere we are reminded of Lord Grey and the Reform Bill; of the Blacketts, the Ridleys, and the Claytons, doughty champions in election, corporation, or antiquarian battles, and lastly of Grainger, the Baron Haussman of Newcastle, to whose planning genius the new town itself is due. Prior to the year 1854, the river reflected a quaint quarter of old Newcastle, which was swept away by the fire of that year. Many of the strikingly characteristic chares of the old town disappeared in the conflagration; a few, however, remain to assist in giving an idea of its former appearance, when from the quay-side upwards rose a sombre mass of buildings in blocks, divided only by those exceeding steep and narrow streets called "chares." This great fire, doubtless, did a good work, but such unqualified praise cannot always be awarded to "the improving spirit of the age," to the charge of which impersonal individual so much of the demolition of ancient buildings is laid.

In 1649, Grey wrote: "In four things Newcastle excels: walls, gates,

[1] "Pleasures of the Imagination," book iv.

towers, and turrets." But at the very time he was writing, these four excellent things had become obsolete as to their primary uses, as three years before, the Civil Wars had come to an end, and the Scots had retired for the last time to their own country. But though the necessity for these structures had ceased, they were not suffered to fall into decay until recent times, the preservation of most of them was secured in precisely the same manner as that of the religious houses after the suppression; concerning one of which we read,—the Blackfriars monastery, with its orchards, gardens, &c., which surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1539, was in 1552 demised to nine of the most ancient trades of Newcastle. So, again, when the enemy was no longer wont to appear before the walls, the wall-towers and gateways of the town came to be chiefly occupied and kept in repair by others of the trade guilds to whom they had been appropriated at different times. It is difficult to discover the "fitness of things" in this appropriation. Perhaps the various guilds based a claim to them on account of service done to the Border community; they were bound by the rules of their order to be good foes to the Scot, taking no Scot as apprentice, and allowing no Scot to trade in the town, and, as was required of them, they had faithfully served as warders of the wall by night, protecting it from surprise, and otherwise serving in the defence of the town; and, as regards the monastic buildings which came into their keeping, had they not been ever good auxiliaries of the "religious brethren" in their faithful attendance in procession on Corpus Christi feast day, and played their parts in pageants and religious plays? Probably, however, it was simply the following up of the precedent of 1552 referred to above, which placed these relics in the keeping of weavers, tailors, cordwainers, &c., &c.; be this as it may, we know that by these means a considerable number of these ancient monuments were preserved until about the year 1835, when the unfortunate, if we may not say questionable, necessity arose for removing many of them. Since that, the work of demolition has steadily gone on, until now there is but little to show that Newcastle was once a walled town. It has been said to owe its rise to war, its maintenance to piety, and its increase to trade. The latter bids fair soon to erase all the landmarks of the origin and early progress of this remarkable town. Less hopeful still would be the

search for any memorials of Saxon Monkchester or Roman Pons Ælii, towns which occupied the spot before it acquired the name of Newcastle.

It is however, a matter for congratulation that the familiar keep of Henry II.'s reign, the last of three fortresses successively erected on the site of the Roman station, is in the appreciative keeping of the Society of

THE KEEP.

Antiquaries, and that there is easy access to the interior of this—the most perfect example of a Norman fortress in this country. Nothing remains of the first castle built by Robert of Normandy, which gave the town its modern name, or of that built by William Rufus.

The Romans saw in their day the wisdom of occupying this strong position, and not slower was William the Conqueror in discerning the advantages of the site, after his first expedition into Scotland, for upon

the ashes of Monkchester burnt by the Danes in 895, and again desolated by William himself after the battle of Gateshead Fell in 1068, there was founded another military station, designed to be of like strength with that of the Roman Pons Ælii; and such national importance had it in the mind of Rufus, that in order to find ways and means for building the new castle, Harding tells us he appropriated the revenues of nine abbeys, as well as the rents of the bishoprics of Salisbury and Winchester. About the same time Rufus built a castle at Carlisle, and thus were set up the eastern and western gates of the border; an old saying has it: "Northumberland the fore door into Scotland, Cumberland the back door." To both Carlisle and Newcastle the visitation of kings, Scotch and English, was a common event, recurring through all the alternations in the fortunes of war, from the Conquest to the Union, but *viâ* Newcastle mostly the English hosts went and came; this was the route of the Plantagenet kings, though occasionally they went by Carlisle. Here was the principal rendezvous of the English vassal armies, sometimes gathering in such numbers that there was not room for them within the walls of the town. Hither came the Baliols paying homage for the Scottish throne, and here captive kings were detained until their ransoms were settled or arranged for. Great conferences were held here, and treaties signed; but of the important part Newcastle played during so long and stirring a period of our national history, the venerable Norman keep is the solitary architectural relic, somewhat tampered with in its restored battlements, but still a genuine relic, and, as we have already said, now in safe keeping.

On entering the castle, amongst things to interest us are the stairs from base to roof, and loop-holed galleries, all in the thickness of the walls, which are in some places seventeen feet thick; a small Norman chapel resembling St. John's Chapel in the Tower of London; and the royal chambers, which suggest something of the antique state which the kings kept in their temporary sojournings here.

As prominent as the grim castle keep in our river views, there is the justly famous Tower of Saint Nicholas, the church of the oldest foundation, but not the oldest building in Newcastle (St. Andrew's has the credit of being that), the present church of Saint Nicholas having been raised upon the ashes of one said to have been burnt down in 1216. A snatch from

NEWCASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

an old song characteristically expresses the estimation in which Tynesiders have ever held the famous fifteenth century tower of this church, the work of Robert de Rhodes.

"And if on St. Nicholas ye once cast an e'e,
Ye'l crack on't as long as ye're leevin."

In the same laudatory spirit another sings :—

"Your bonny steeple looks sae grand,
The whole world speaks o' ye,
Been a' the crack, for centuries back,
And will be till I dee."

ST. NICHOLAS' TOWER.

The writers of the old Newcastle songs did not live to see the noble bridges now spanning the Tyne, or they would certainly have found in them inspiration for other laudatory lines, for if Newcastle were remarkable for nothing else, its bridges would make it so. In the past as well as in the present, the Tyne here has been strong in bridges. It was the Pons Ælii which gave its name to Roman Newcastle, and it is now generally believed that the figure of a bridge with seven arches on an existing medal struck in Rome in Hadrian's time, represents the Pons Ælii of the Tyne. The piers of the old Roman bridge remained to modern times and supported the superstructure of that Tyne bridge which was carried away in the great flood of 1771, and there is no telling how many bridges older than the latter had rested on the same ancient foundations of the Pons Ælii, for we read of the destruction of Tyne bridge by fire or flood more than once during the earlier centuries after the Conquest. One of them witnessed that fierce scene in the life of William the Lion, when, after signing the treaty of Falaise, by which he obtained personal freedom at the expense of his country's independence, he was returning to Scotland with doubtful triumph, and on Tyne bridge met with such a rough reception at the

hands of the inhabitants of Newcastle, that it was only by cutting his way with the sword through the crowd of assailants that he escaped.

The bridge destroyed by the great flood was succeeded by the one quite lately removed, which offered great obstruction to navigation, and the vast improvements effected by dredging, &c., would have lost half their value, if it had not been part of the scheme to replace old Tyne bridge by the present Swing or opening bridge, worked by hydraulic power, its openings corresponding with those of the High Level Bridge, thus allowing tall masted ships to pass up the deepened river Tyne, four miles above Newcastle.

The High Level Bridge which we owe to the push of the railway king—Hudson, and to the engineering skill of Robert Stevenson, has been standing since 1849, and is now familiar to the traveller; and Redheugh bridge, another high level bridge a little further up the river, is four feet higher than that which connects Newcastle and Gateshead, and was opened for traffic in 1871.

On the Quay side, if the visitor will, he may meet with scenes of rough original character, and obtain racy water-side specimens of the old Newcastle tongue, concerning which it is well to remember that "its pronunciation," as Dr. Johnson says, "was probably that of our forefathers, and not barbarous, but obsolete," or, as Mr. Harry Haldane puts it—and we may pass a pleasant half-hour with his little book, "Newcastle-Folk-Speech," to be had at the railway station for sixpence:—

"Let not the Tynesider be accused of corrupting his native language; on the contrary, he is the transmitter of the good old English, and he gets out of the depths of his throat, and well round his mouth, the most carefully preserved gutturals and vowel sounds of the old Danish and Saxon fore-elders." In favour of which statement the author cites instances from early English writers, of words phonetically spelt as pronounced in this northern dialect.

Wycliffe might have been a North countryman by the way in which he translates a certain passage:—"The first said, I have *boucht* a *toon*, and I have need to go out and see it."

But we must make here a stopping-place, and to adopt a phrase from the refrain in the following rhyme from Mr. Haldane's little book, "Loup

HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE.

oot," or rather may we say, "Loup in," as we take our passage on board a Tyne steamboat, to see something of the river-side view of the Tyne industries :—

"Howdon for Jarrow. Loup oot!
O, ye taak aboot travels an' voyages far,
But thor's few beat the trip fre' the toon te the bar;
As ye gan doon te Tynemouth ye'll hear the chep shoot,
Here's Howdon for Jarrow, maa hinnies, loup oot!
Chorus.—Howdon for Jarrow, Howdon for Jarrow,
Howdon for Jarrow, maa hinnies, loup oot!

"When yeu has been doon bi' the side o' the Tyne,
An seen a' the smoke an' the chimlies see fine;
Thor's mony a voice that is welcome, nee doot,
But the bonniest soon that aa knaa is "loup oot!"
Howdon for Jarrow, &c.

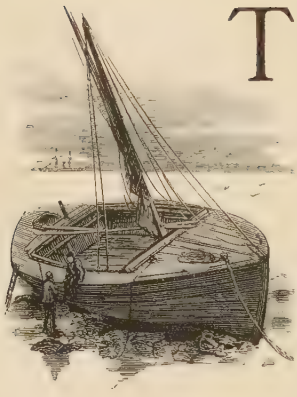
"Sin' aa knew the banks o' wor aan bonny river,
Thor's been changes gan' on, an' thor's noo mair than iver,
But the finest ov aa; barrin change o' the wind,
Is when the soft voice caals, an' then ye aal find,
Ye mun change here for Jarrow, Howdon for, &c.

"Thors chemicals, copper, coals, clarts, coke, an' stone,
Iron ships, wooden tugs, salt an saadust an' bone,
Manure, an' steam-ingins, bar iron, an' vitrol,
Grunstans an' puddlers (aa like to be litt'ral),
At Howdon for Jarrow, Howdon for Jarrow,
Howdon for Jarrow, maa hinnies, loup oot!"

OLD HOUSES NEAR NEWCASTLE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TYNE INDUSTRIES.



KEEL.

THE Tyne is now a deep river to four miles above Newcastle, and since the opening of the Swing Bridge, large ships are no longer obliged to remain "below bridge;" but, great as the improvement has been in the navigable qualities of the river, it sometimes surprises the stranger to find no locks on the Tyne, and no boats on the higher reaches except those of the ferries and salmon-fisheries, with here and there a pleasure-boat in a back-water. Had necessity demanded it in times past, the difficulties of making the river navigable to Hexham would not have been insuperable, and when at last increased traffic of the district had to be arranged for, the merits of rival schemes were contrasted in favour of railways, the alternative project of canals being abandoned.[1]

With railways running, roughly speaking, parallel with the river from source to mouth, it is not likely that any means will be used to make the

[1] A plan engraved by Bewick of a proposed canal on the north side of the river to pass through the beautiful grounds of Beaufront, is to be seen in the Print Room of the British Museum.

Tyne navigable further up than Hedwin Streams, where the tide ends, and beyond which dredging operations do not extend.

We have followed the course of the water of Tyne thus far on land, and have arrived off Newcastle, before embarking on the river itself on our way to the sea.

The local passenger steamers are what we should expect to find on the purely industrial part of the Tyne; they are more used by the employés of the various local works than by people bent on pleasure, or by those in search of the picturesque, for, amongst cultivated persons, there are many who do not see how this part of the river, with its industries, can in any way lend itself to pictorial treatment. For our part, we think it worth all the incompatibilities of the passage, if only to witness the wild sky pictures which may be seen any day along the shores of the Lower Tyne;—now vast volumes of smoke with mingled steam are borne rapidly across the heavens, before a gale from off the sea, and when a lull comes, the murky vapour is saved up in sullen black masses, giving high relief to numerous sea-gulls, whose whiteness is repeated by that of scudding steam spray;—again the cloud is broken up, and drawn out into a broad filmy screen, penetrated by the sunlit sky behind, and through the ever-changing spaces are—half seen—chimneys and furnaces, made weird in their indistinctness, whilst, through rifts high up, we get glimpses of the fair sky itself, fleecy clouds, and depths of azure.

The verse which concludes the last chapter, catalogues amongst other things, familiar substances, which for want of a better term we call raw material. It is not one of the happiest terms, as it takes no account of the great forces of nature which have been at work in preparing these substances for human industries,—no account of the firing, fusing, boiling, melting and moulding, hardening, shaping, and polishing that has been going on in the remote past, and is ever going on in the workshop of nature.

We are told that a cheap mixture for the manufacture of common bottle glass, for which this district is noted, may be made of river-sand and lime with a little blue clay and sea-salt, all substances which are found at hand for the Tyneside bottle-blower, who we would fain believe to be not oblivious to the varied and prolonged natural processes through

which these substances have passed before they come to his hands, processes with which his ancient servant and native River Tyne has had not a little to do, but truly,

> "More servants wait on man
> Than he'll take notice of."

The neighbourhood of Newcastle has long been celebrated for the manufacture of glass; glass of various kinds,—plate, crown, sheet, flint, and bottle glass. Jarrow-on-Tyne, now a centre of industries, was one of the first places in Great Britain where the ordinary window glass was used for architectural purposes. The change which it effected gave rise to a belief among the unlettered people, that "it was never dark in old Jarrow Church."

The first manufactory of window or crown glass in Great Britain was established at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a few miles from the place where it was first used.

Like many other arts brought to great perfection in this country, that of glass-making was originally introduced by foreigners. Refugees from Lorraine are credited with having brought over the art during the reign of James I.; they are said to have been colonized at the place known as the Glass-houses at Newcastle.

Six large crown-glass manufactories in operation upon the Tyne, producing annually upwards of 7,000,000 feet of window glass at the beginning of the present century, have ceased to exist, owing to the introduction of sheet glass into this country, and the low price at which plate glass can be had. In 1845 there was more plate glass made at South Shields than at any other manufactory in the kingdom.

The neighbourhood was also specially adapted to the manufacture of bottles, as there was an extensive fluvial deposit at Jarrow Slake, which was used as material until it was discovered that bottles can be made wherever lime and sand are found.

The manufacture of earthenware was introduced on the Tyne at Carrs Hill Pottery, 1740, and carried on with success for seventy years, but in 1817 these works were closed. At present there is the New Stepney Pottery, Newcastle, completed in 1877; the old works having

been recently removed to make space for a bridge. At this pottery the first brown kiln was drawn November, 1877 ; the first white, in December of the same year. The new Ford Pottery, built in 1879, is worked in conjunction with the old Ford Pottery under the same proprietorship. The two factories when fully at work are capable of manufacturing three-quarters of a million confectioners' jelly jars per week (the principal article made). They employ from twelve to thirteen hundred hands. The proprietor of the Ford Pottery, mentioned before the British Association as having the best machinery, has since introduced new

THE FORD POTTERY.

machinery, designed and constructed for the speciality by which his works are so well known.

Whilst we have been discussing glass, the "Harry Clasper," on which we embarked at Newcastle, has been proceeding from pier to pier, until now we have arrived opposite that of Wallsend, a village near the eastern end of the Roman Wall. The station, Segedunum, the first on the line of the wall, occupied the angle of land formed by two of the longest reaches on the river, now called Long-reach and

Bill-reach. Many Roman relics have been discovered on the site. In accounts of the last century, we find Wallsend referred to as "A sweetly rural village," and a local poet of this period singing,

"How silent once was Wallsend shore."

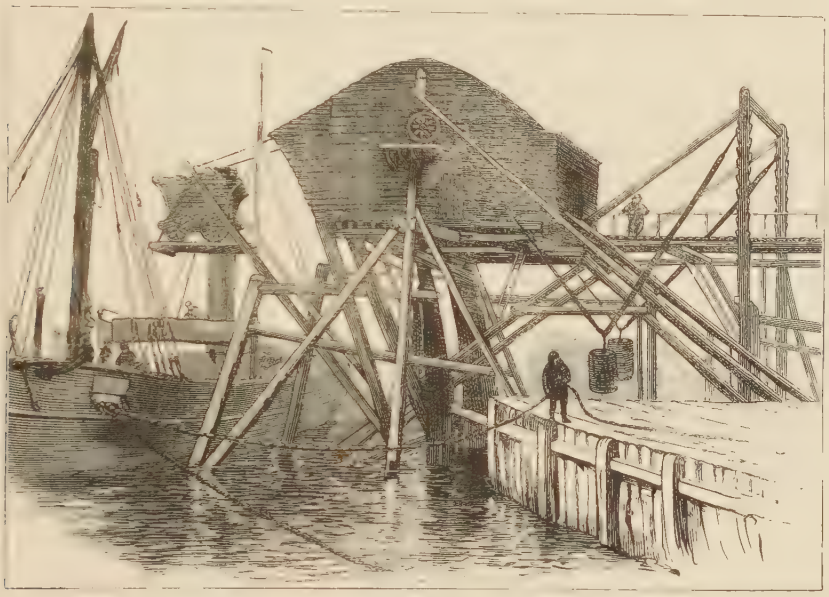
This was before coal was won here and changed all. The village gave its name to the superior coal got in the vicinity, and afterwards Wallsend coal became far more widely known than the great Roman Wall itself, after which it was originally named. "Wallsend coal" is still quoted in

THE OLD WALLSEND COLLIERY.

the market, and apparently believed in by some, although it should be generally known by this time that the Wallsend Pit was exhausted and abandoned nearly thirty years ago. The true "Wallsend" was worked from the "High Main" or "Main" seam, which was formerly the most valuable seam in the coal-field, but it is now almost entirely worked or burnt out: this seam was found at Jarrow under 160 fathoms of various beds of stone, but rises to the cliffs beyond Tynemouth two miles to the northwards. When visiting the Wallsend Pit, the engines were at work, curiously enough as it seemed, pumping water out of a pit on the other side of the river.

Although the writer descended a North Durham pit seventy-five fathoms in depth, he offers no description of the sensations experienced in descending a coal-mine, they have so often been given before as to make a record of them superfluous here.

There is of course much to interest in such a visit, and the explorer, himself innocent of science, is fortunate when he makes the tour of the mine in company with one who possesses that vein of fancy which is not uncommon in scientific men—reading a fairy tale between the



COAL-STAITH.

lines of the strata, and turning a dry section into a poem. He may not talk of a wicked fairy, who, with a wave of her wand, turns beautiful forests into black stone, but he mentally transports you from the coal-fields into the forests of old, and pictures the sylvan scenery of a past age; a vegetation not altogether strange, for there are trees like our firs, and ferns too, along with plants which are strange, and which must have been of gigantic stature, for in these forest swamps the ferns are trees, and amongst the rank undergrowth, most strange of all, are plants resembling our club-mosses, but a hundred feet in height, whose spores

largely compose the bituminous part of coal. Whilst we are dreaming of the forests of a bygone age, our guide draws attention to where the coal is being hewn out, and the transformation scene is complete. We wander on through the dusky streets of the mine, and we are reminded of George Stephenson's words, "that the heat which drove his engine was derived from the sun a million years ago." That the treasure might be held the more securely, the forests were submerged as Kilmeney was, by the fairies:—

> "When deep in the stream her body they laid,
> That her youth and beauty might never fade."

SHIP-YARD.

Only, in the case of coal, for "youth," read warmth, for "beauty," light. But the story of coal may be read in many a scattered leaf from the book of nature, in strolling along the banks of the Tyne. In cuttings like that on South Tyne near Lambley Viaduct, for instance, or that at the mouth of Garragill-burn, where the black strip of coal may be seen, and beneath it the underclay or soil of the forest, sometimes even the roots of trees still in the soil. At the Newcastle Natural History Museum are two giant stems of fir-like trees which were taken out of the coal-measures, and tree-remains similar to these have been discovered with cones still pendent from the boughs. Then, above the coal-strip, are other strips of shale or mud, and layers of sand, and occasionally of limestone and other rock, under

which the forest-remains lay flattened at the bottom of sea or lake. The testimony of the rocks is clear as to the order of events, but not so clear as to the length of time occupied in the formation of the coal-fields.

But to the practical question—How long will our coal last? Mr. Hull of the Geological Survey answers 1,000 years; whilst Professor Jevons says less than 100 years at the present rate of increase in the consumption. If the latter estimate prove the correct one, it would seem the time is not far distant when Milton's expression, "coaly Tyne," will have become a dead letter, and nature will have re-asserted herself over the forsaken labour-fields of certain British industries made obsolete by the exhaustion of our coal-fields.

The existence of coal in Great Britain must have been known to its primitive inhabitants by the outcropping of seams on the banks of the Tyne and its tributaries, and in other parts where it came to the surface; that later on, the Romans knew of it also there seems proof in the cinders of coal fires preserved to our day amongst the ruins of their stations in Britain, but the land being then almost covered with forests, there would be fuel enough without resorting to the coal-fields.

The first charter permitting coal to be dug at Newcastle-on-Tyne was granted by Henry III. in 1296.

In 1602 there were belonging to the coal-trade in the same town about 29 fitters or hostmen who were to vend by the year 9080 tons of coal, and find 85 keels for that purpose.[1]

Passing over a few centuries, in 1862 we find that the output in that year from the Durham and Northumberland fields exceeded 16,000,000 of tons, but a few years since the English coal-trade had advanced with giant strides, as shown by the following statement in the "Times" of January 25, 1877:—"The total output of coal in the United Kingdom had increased from 27,000,000 tons in 1816, to 107,000,000 tons in 1869, and, in the years 1874-5 advanced to 132,000,000." "This inflation of demand," says the writer in the same article, "was continued until everyone who had any available capital made eager haste to transfer it to ventures in coal and iron. A frenzy took hold of people who were wont to be satisfied with 'the sweet simplicity of three per cents,' and, although the delirium

[1] Quoted by Brand from the books of the Hostmen's Company.

was only of short duration, it lasted long enough to prove to many that it is not easy to recover money sunk in a hole." It may not be uninteresting to compare these latter-day facts with such records of a former state of things as the following from the time of Edward III., when coals were prohibited in London, and when, for the king's works at Windsor, a cargo of 720 chaldrons of coal was bought at Winlaton near Newcastle at the rate of seventeen pence per chaldron, which coals however, by the time they reached Windsor, cost £165 5*s.* 2*d.*[1]

Connected with the coal industry and the river are the staiths, keels,

BLAST FURNACES AT NIGHT.

and ballast heaps; not unpicturesque in themselves, they have a curious interest also in connection with the history of the Tyne as it was before the carrying out of improvements which have given it its true place amongst the important rivers of the country. Formerly the Tyne was both too narrow and too shallow to afford proper anchorage for its increased shipping; navigation was obstructed, and a check kept on the development of commerce in the district, when everything seemed

[1] Quoted from Henry de Strother, in Sydney Gibson's "Memoir of Northumberland," page 109.

ready for advance but the water-way. Many years were wasted in disputes between the public bodies, whilst practical schemes—such as that of Rennie—were neglected, and nothing was done for the improvement of the river. Amongst the fruitless lawsuits were many in which coal-staiths and ballast-quays were regarded as nuisances, they have nevertheless multiplied, and are so numerous as to give marked character to the industrial shores of the Tyne. The staiths suggest comparison with the earliest method of conveying coals from the pit to the ships, "when pack-horses carrying a burden of three cwts. each, brought them down to the shore, whence they were carried forward to the ships in keels." Such was the mode of transport until waggons and waggon-ways were brought into use about the middle of the seventeenth century.

BALLAST-HILL.

When staiths were first erected, the coal was shot through a "spout" into the hold of the vessel, but afterwards, by a simple arrangement, the waggons were let down bodily on to the deck of the collier. After it had become the business for ships to come up the river and receive their cargoes direct from the staiths, the business of the keelmen was largely superseded. In former days, when the latter were a numerous class, they held a conspicuous place in the industrial population of Tyneside; they formed a strong corporation, obtained a character for great pugnacity, indulged not unfrequently in strikes, and were violent partisans when the public took sides on questions political or otherwise.

The Keelmen's Hospital, in Newcastle, is remarkable as built chiefly

at the cost of the keelmen themselves, and testifies to their possession of virtues which make it easy to forget the roughness of their manners.

Noticeable features also, in the scenery of the lower Tyne, are the ballast hills, raised in former years by the gradual accumulation of ballast taken out of the sailing colliers on their return to the Tyne. When steam colliers came into use it was found that for them water answered better as ballast than the gravel, soil, &c., used in sailing vessels. Several of the hills have remained for many years without being added to except by the covering of grass which nature has provided, and habitations,

CHEMICAL WORKS.

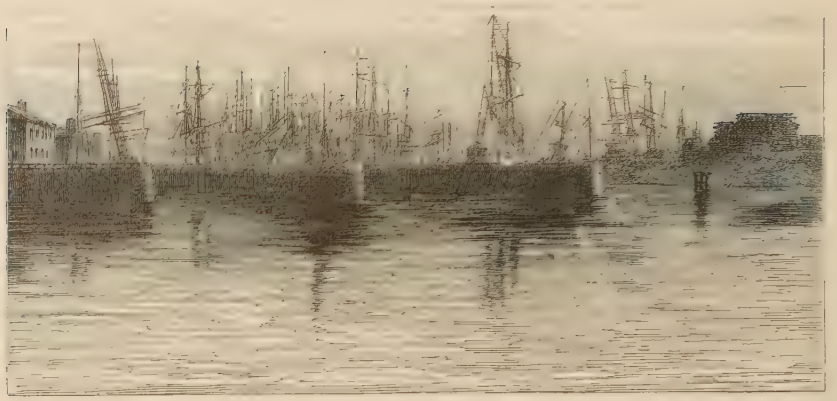
which are occasionally to be seen upon them; they loom large as mountains in misty weather, and may be regarded amongst the curiosities of commerce, built up as they have been from materials taken from the beds of distant rivers.

Until legislation interfered and licensed quays to receive it, it was the practice to drop the solid ballast into the Tyne, the shallow channel of which was in no condition to receive such additions, for what it wanted above all was dredging,—a need which has in later times received earnest and practical attention. As the late Mr. Guthrie tells us, no less than sixty millions of tons have been dredged out of the Tyne since the

commencement of operations in 1838. Powerful dredgers are still at work on the river; familiar also are the ballast hoppers, as they are locally called; when loaded, they steam out to sea, where, at a specified distance from the mouth of the Tyne, they discharge the ballast which had been raised by the dredgers.

Apart from the visitation of its industries, few would care to linger by the banks of the Lower Tyne, or select as the route of a walking excursion the riverside country between Newcastle and the sea, yet even that might be worth the doing, if only to quicken the enjoyment of unspoilt natural scenery elsewhere; certainly in walking over the patches of ground not built upon, which make the nearest approach to fields hereabouts, it requires imagination to find the faintest suggestion of a meadow such as may once have rejoiced here by the stream; field-paths which we are accustomed to see elsewhere of a lighter tone than the grass and herbage through which they are traced, are here black and shiny. Green hedges are extremely rare, but in their place dividing the fields, old railway-sleepers, being past duty as such, are set up on end, to serve here in another sphere, whilst to keep them somewhat upright, as well as to fence the spaces between, a tangle of used-up wire from the pit reels or telegraph, ties them together. There seems but little chance in the most

THE "LEAFY MONTH OF JUNE," A SUMMER SKETCH ON LOWER TYNESIDE.



TYNE DOCKS.

rural spots of being able to forget that one is moving in an iron age, and in a coal and iron district; yet after all the pleasing fact remains, that here and there, as if by miracle, there are preserved for us bright little gems of landscape,—miniature grassy denes with small streams running through, and speaking of which respectively, one might without fear of challenge, use terms such as bright and verdant, clear and sparkling; but concerning trees, even in such favoured spots, they are but the ghosts of their former selves, like winter trees until the blunt ending of the outer twigs is noticed.

Ancient Jarrow and its remains is the subject of our next chapter, whilst modern Jarrow belongs to this, being a very centre of Tyne industries—of iron ship-building, marine engineering works, blast furnaces, notting mills, paper mills, lead and chemical works, &c.

Jarrow Slake, a remarkable inlet of the Tyne, three miles from the sea, was formerly 350 acres in area, and one sees readily how great a relief—during floods and high tides—this large space must have afforded to the river, especially before the bed of the river was widened and deepened, the whole of Jarrow Slake being submerged at high water.

In times earlier than Bede's, King Egfrid is said to have harboured his fleet where now is this muddy flat, and where, beneath the shadow of Bede's church are the Jarrow timber ponds; on the opposite side the area of the Slake has been reduced by the Tyne Docks, a recent work which covers fifty acres of it.

PALMER'S WORKS, JARROW.

The Don—a tributary of Tyne, and blacker if possible than its namesake at Sheffield, runs through the Slake by the side of the docks.

The Northumberland Docks, on the opposite side of the Tyne, are on a much larger scale than Tyne Docks. The latter have, partly overhanging the water, numerous sheds for loading vessels, which are as picturesque as they are convenient, each having connection with a railway siding, and by means of which thirty vessels are able to load at one time.

TIMBER SHEDS, TYNE DOCKS.

The above-named docks are amongst the vast improvements made in the river during the last few years, and "the Tyne ports now," says Mr. Guthrie, "stand fourth in the kingdom as to the tonnage of the vessels belonging to them."

Timber is more conspicuous than anything in the waggons and sheds of the docks, but we are tempted to notice two products, side by side, as we saw them warehoused here,—jute and esparto; they have much in common; both are vegetables, the former being produced from the inner part of the bark of a tree common in Bengal, and both have been cultivated from very remote periods, although but little known or used here until recent times. The gunny bags in which the various East

Indian products are exported are made of jute, and both products have been from time immemorial used in the manufacture of matting and ropes; but we find, with a resemblance, noticeably a difference between jute and esparto, in illustration of which we quote from Pliny's interesting account of esparto grass, written 1,500 years ago; and his description is as perfectly accurate now as it must have been then.

"For drie worke, I confess, and out of the water, the cables and ropes wrought of hemp are better, but spart made into cordage will live and receive nourishment in the water, drinking now the full as it were to make amends for the thirst which it had in the native place where it first grew;"[1] on the other hand, jute is injured by exposure to water. In modern use the two products meet in the manufacture of paper; esparto for a better class of paper, old jute bags being converted into coarse brown paper.

[1] Dr. Holland's translation, quoted in a paper on the manufacture of paper, by Richardson, delivered before the British Association in Newcastle.

CHAPTER XXV.

JARROW.

BEDE'S CHAIR

ROMAN antiquities unearthed during the latter part of the last century in and about the village of Jarrow prove it to have been once of Roman occupation. Perhaps the most interesting of these memorials was a military trophy bearing an inscription which has been read thus, "The army erecting this on the extension of the Roman dominion from the Eastern to the Western Sea." This stone may have had a place in the front of a temple occupying the future site of the first Jarrow church, which was built about 230 years after the Romans left Britain. But whatever the value of this conjecture, the interest to us in the Roman memorial stone is eclipsed by that which surrounds the undoubted dedication stone of the Christian church on the spot ever since associated with the venerable Bede. Both stones were discovered during the rebuilding of the church in 1782; the Roman stone in the foundation, the dedication-stone built up in the former north wall of the church.

The monastery of Jarrow was founded by Benedict Biscop, Abbot of Wearmouth, in 681; the adjoining church,—as the curious inscription on the stone informs us—was dedicated to St. Paul by the Abbot Ceolfrid in

the ninth of the calends of May, 685. Bede, who was born in the district, himself tells us that when seven years of age he entered the monastery in 684, the year before the dedication of the church; here he was educated, here he wrote his great work, and here he died. "His quiet life was long, and from boyhood till his very last hour his toil was unceasing. Forty-five works prove his industry, and their fame over the whole of learned Europe during his time proves their value. His learning was as various as it was great. All that the world then knew of science, music, rhetoric, medicine, arithmetic, astronomy, and physics, was brought together by him; and his life was as gentle and himself as loved as his work was great."[1]

Bede was buried on the north side of the church, but subsequently his relics were removed to Durham, where they are in near companionship with those of the great contemporary of his childhood, St. Cuthbert.

First among the antiquities shown in Jarrow church is the dedication stone already referred to, which is to be seen above the chancel arch. Probably no other church in England possesses such a record. Bede's pulpit was removed at the time of the re-building; an old oak chair, black and polished with age, and still kept in the church, is said to be that commonly used by Bede. Some parts of it are ancient, but, apart from the consideration of the repeated risks which pulpit and chair were in from the fire-brand of Danes and Normans, there is the practice common to pilgrims, both ancient and modern, of abstracting fragments of relics which suggests the probability that after repeated repairings there may not now be a particle of the real thing left. One Nicholas Taylor, in a letter dated 1745, and quoted by Richardson from the "Gentleman's Magazine," confessed to having cut off a piece of wood from an old chair in Jarrow church, which was the chair that St. Cuthbert sat in to hear confessions.

The date of the foundation of Jarrow church and monastery marked the period when the ancient kingdom of Northumbria, having reached the climax of her power and importance, was about to enter on the wane. King Egfrid, one of the most powerful of her kings, who had given the land and endowments of Jarrow in 685, was killed fighting against the heathen Picts in the year of the dedication of the church. After this event

[1] "English Literature," Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, p. 15.

the greatness of the kingdom declined. Subsequent to Bede's time, Jarrow appears from time to time on the page of history, chiefly in being subject to visitations of fire and sword, first from the Danes, who readily found it out, situated as it was so near the mouth of the Tyne and the east coast. One of their inroads at the end of the eighth century was successfully repulsed before Jarrow, the Danes flying to their ships, leaving a large number of their slain, amongst whom was their leader. So completely was the monastery plundered and burned during the inroad of 867, and that of Halfdene a few years later, that it is said to have

JARROW CHURCH AND RUINS OF MONASTERY.

been then abandoned, and to have lain waste until after the Conquest. But when the Conqueror in 1070 was harrying the country north of the Humber, before his devastating fire had reached Jarrow, there had been enough of the fabric left to afford shelter to the fugitive Ethelwine and his monks on the first night of their flight from Durham with the body of St. Cuthbert. When William reached Jarrow, he is said to have destroyed it by fire, "but," says Mr. Freeman,[1] "we see reason to believe that the destruction could not have gone beyond the burning of the roof and other woodwork." Bearing on this point is the following

[1] "History of the Norman Conquest."

incident, of 1074, described by the same historian: "Now it came into the hearts of certain monks in a distant shire, who had read in Bæda how full Northumberland once was of holy places, to set forth on a missionary enterprise to the benighted land. The leader was Ealdwine, who with two brethren set forth on foot, with an ass to carry their books and vestments. In this guise they reach York, and prayed the sheriff of the shire to guide them to Monkchester—the future Newcastle; but as Monkchester in no way answered to its name, they were glad to accept the invitation of Bishop Walcher, who offered them the ruined monastery of Jarrow. There they patched up the dismantled church, and built a poor dwelling-place for themselves beneath its walls. The bishop marking their zeal and energy, gave them the lordship of Jarrow and other possessions, the revenues of which enabled them to build the tower and monastic buildings which still remain. It is to the fortunate poverty of the house of Jarrow that we owe that Bæda's choir is still left to us." Against the latter remark may be placed that of Sydney Gibson's "that the peculiar features of the chancel, upon which some zealous Saxonists rely, do not differ materially from other buildings of early but post-Conquest date."

Malmesbury wrote of Jarrow that it "was formerly set with the fair perfumed flowers of monasteries." That was in a time long gone by, which knew not the fragrance of modern Jarrow, as the writer found it in 1877, when he made the sketch engraved here. His standpoint was the grassless summit of a bank, which was black and greasy enough to take high lights. The oozy stream at its base flowed, or should have flowed, if it could, into the Don, a small stream black as itself, which makes its way through the Slake into the Tyne. Now the odours arising from this slimy ooze, uniting with the fumes from chemical works, were enough to make enthusiasm faint even before so venerable a subject as Jarrow antiquities. Alas! before the sketch was nearly completed, and whilst putting in the roof of the school-house, the door was thrown open, and girls and boys

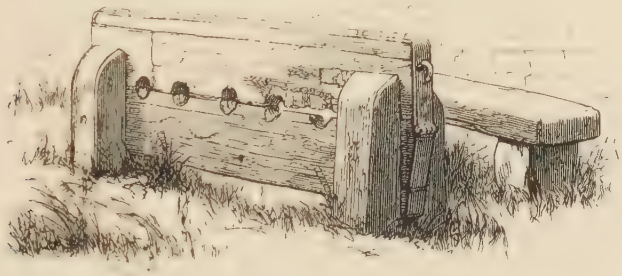
> "Came bounding out of school:
> There were some that ran, and some that leapt
> Like troutlets in a pool."

JARROW.

Soon they espied "the man on the bank," and carried the hill by storm, and "the man on the bank" suffered many things, until his work was done, especially through the organ which had already endured much; and then, what ill-concealed contempt from the youngsters questioning what the "fond man" was doing! and what disputes ever ripening into fights arising out of divergent views as to the intention of certain strokes they saw put on paper, whether the school-house chimney or the tower of the church was meant! There shall be recorded here, however, one hopeful gleam of better things which shone in the eyes of a little woman who, seeing lines put down on the sketch at the juncture of the tower and roof said, "See, he's making the shadow of the tower." But oh! that half-hour! Since then, however, Jarrow has been made into a brand-new borough, and let us hope that, among other improvements, ample baths and washhouses have been erected.

As the tide runs out at Jarrow Slake, the uncovered muddy flat becomes alive with sea-gulls, picking up what they can, until the tide returns.

The Slake was the scene of the last instance of a criminal hanging in chains in this country; if Thomas Bewick had been designing the tail-piece to this chapter, he would probably have given us a figure of the gibbeted man swinging in the high wind—which according to local records, prevailed at the time. Our tail-piece, however, illustrates a milder method of punishment, and like the other, it is now obsolete.



STOCKS IN JARROW CHURCHYARD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHIELDS.

Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

A SCOTCH HERRING BOAT.

A A thought aa'd myek a voyage to Shiels
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

"Ye niver see'd the church sae scrudg'd,
As we were there thegither;
An' gentle, simple, throughways rudg'd
Like birdies of a feather:
Blind Willie, a' wor joys to croon
Struck up a hey down derry,
An' cause we left wor canny town
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

"Quick went wor heels, quick went the oars,
An' where me eyes wur cassin,
It seemed as if the bizzy shores
Cheered canny Tyne i' passing.
What! hez Newcassel now nae end?
Thinks aa, its wondrous vurry;
Aa thought I'd like me life to spend
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

"Tyneside seemed clad with bonny ha's,
An' furnaces sae dunny;
Wey this mun be what Bible ca's
'The land of milk an' honey!'

If a' thor things belang'd tiv me
Aa'd myek the poor reet murry,
An' gar each heart to sing wiv glee,
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry."

Life on the lower Tyne in these days of commercial progress and widened intercourse, has perhaps, with its more leisurely gait, lost something also of the breadth of blithe light-heartedness which characterized the days when the old local songs were written for—and sung by the people; but still, no one can say of the Tyne-sider that he takes his

JEMMY JONESON'S WHERRY.

pleasure sadly. Bands, band-contests, galas, flower-shows, and trips, are among the frequently recurring pleasurable events for the people all over the northern counties, and native racy humour is by no means absent at such gatherings. Nevertheless it would seem that life does not flow so lightly and gaily on the river as it did in the old "keel-row" days, before steam-packets and railways; it moves no longer to the cheery strains of the piper, of "Blind Willie's" fiddle, or to the wild but melodious music that Jack Forster—the Howden Pans fifer, was wont to discourse before "Barge Day" was shorn of its holiday fun, and doubtless one who

had known the joys of Jemmy Joneson's wherry would find but a poor substitute in the fussy steamboat on which we now voyage to Shields; yet does the river retain many of its old characteristics. Dr. Dibdin's description of Shields, and the confused bustle on the river there, seems as apt now as when it was written in 1838, and this notwithstanding the relief since then brought to the carrying trade of such ports as North and South Shields by the twofold use of steam in locomotion—"A very Wapping at the embouchure of the Tyne. . . . How am I even to attempt the description of these parallel towns intersected by a river upon the breast of which all day long colliers and steamers and wherries and cockboats are in a constant state of movement."

Whilst sketching on North Shields shore on more than one occasion during the autumn of 1876, the writer witnessed scenes on the river quite in harmony with those which made such an impression on Dibdin, especially in the "happy-go-lucky" way in which men and boys on their way to and from work seemed to tumble into any sort of craft that was going, in their haste to get to the other side, bumping and "fouling" among ships at anchor, in and out among moving steamers, steam-tugs and ships, reminding one of the former state of the "Pool" in the port of London.

As a means of communication between these two populous and busy towns, there is only the water way, the nearest bridge being nine miles distant. At one time proposals for a high-level chain bridge to connect the towns received some attention. The steam-ferry service between North and South Shields was established in 1830.

Small fishing villages on either shore at the mouth of the Tyne were the simple nuclei out of which these remarkable towns were respectively developed, and from the shielings—as the fishermen's huts were called—the name of Shields was derived. Even towards the end of last century, North Shields was little more than a collection of such huts, and South Shields had not outgrown the condition of a village in 1750. A Tynesider, himself in declining years, told the writer that he could just remember hearing old people speak of the Durham Shielings and Northumberland Shielings, meaning North and South Shields. From curious records of the time we get a glimpse of the condition of the villages in the seventh

NORTH SHIELDS.

year of the reign of Edward I.—when "a presentment was made, charging that the prior of Tynemouth had erected a town on one side of the Tyne at Sheles, and that the prior of Durham had built another town upon the opposite side where none ought to exist except logges for fishermen, that the said fishermen sold there the fish which they ought to convey to Newcastle, that the prior baked at Sheles, and had there large fishing-smacks, whereas he ought to have boats only, whereby the king and the borough lost the présage to which they were entitled, that the prior of Durham did the same; that the prior of Tynemouth baked other people's bread in his ovens, whereby the burgesses were defrauded of furnage to the amount of fourpence per quarter. . . . The then prior of Tynemouth was prohibited from erecting buildings in the place called Sheles, to the injury of the town of Newcastle, and from allowing his tenants to abide at Sheles to bake bread, or brew ale for sale, to the injury of the burgesses of the same town."

The plague of 1635, which devastated North Shields, does not appear to have proved such a scourge to the sister town; a tradition long prevailed that those persons who were engaged about the salt works in South Shields, entirely escaped infection.

The oldest parts of either town, are as might be expected, about the shore. North Shields is perhaps the more nautical; though genuine water-side characteristics belong to the buildings and people of both towns; subsidiary trades connected with shipping largely occupy the inhabitants; makers of cables, anchors, cordage, masts, blocks, and sail-cloth abound.

The mouth of the Tyne affords anchorage for an immense fleet of traders, and they come from all parts of the world. The harbour serves for both ports, but North Shields registers more than double the tonnage of that of South Shields. The High and Low Lights are on the north shore; these structures—completed in 1810, were first lighted on May 1st of that year. The High Light, nearly twice the height of the other, leads over the bar; a pilot explained to the writer that when steering inwards it was necessary to keep the head of the vessel and the High and Low Lights in a vertical line to each other; but as the old song says:—

"We'll all away to the Law Lights,
And there we'll see the sailors come in
We'll all away to the Law Lights
And there we'll see the sailors come in.

"There clap your hands and give a shout,
And you'll see the sailors go out;
Clap your hands and dance and sing,
And you'll see your laddie come in."

TUG BRINGING IN HERRING BOATS.

A pretty and familiar sight at the mouth of the river is that of the departure of the Scotch herring boats for their fishing station, as they follow each other out of the harbour, making but little way at first, under play of the oars only; presently a sail is here and there unfurled, and soon a flutter of life takes possession of the whole, and in a few moments the little fleet, the individual vessels of which we just now saw in every stage of unreadiness between "bare poles" and "all sails set," is ready, and bears off in form.

In a parting reference to South Shields, its eastern end should be mentioned, which opens out to the Herd Sands and the sea; here are beautiful walks from which Tynemouth Rock and Priory are well seen. Writers tell us that in ancient times the Tyne had more outlets than one, for the Lawe was even in recent times insulated by the tide, and was probably earlier, entirely an island; it is considered to be the Ostia Vedra of the

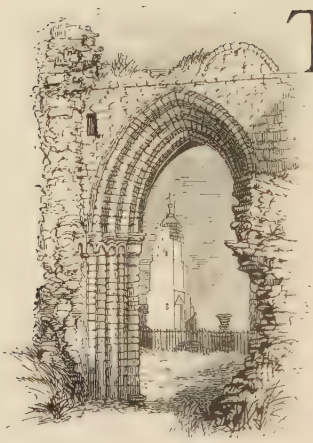
SOUTH SHIELDS.

Romans, and formed a strong position during their occupation. The well-known Marsden Rock is on the Durham coast about two miles from the mouth of the Tyne.

MARSDEN ROCK.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TYNEMOUTH.



THE Tyne has all but reached its goal—the ocean; but in spite of breezy invitations from the sea, in idle mood we linger still by the river shore. It is now the river running out, and now the sea flowing in which engages us, for, common as is the phenomenon, the spectacle of the tides has ever a fascination for us. In the dreamy period between ebb and flow, the attention is lulled to listlessness, from which it is aroused with something like surprise when that first faint commotion comes with the tidal wave, a conflict, brief, bewildering, its movements involved and indeterminate as the first passes of fencers, but in these vague motions there is prophecy like that of which we are sensible in the first flutter of the rising gale, and in the sparse big drops which come before the deluge. Now wave follows wave of the pulsating tide, as it makes up the mid channel of the river; but close under the banks are boats not yet moved by it, and our idle pleasure is to wait until all are afloat.

The jurisdiction of the Tyne Conservancy extends from "Sparrow Hawk" in the sea, to Hedwin Streams, near Newburn; the tidal waters

MOUTH OF THE TYNE.

cover the same course, and in important ways co-operate in the conservancy of the river, visiting nook and corner, waking up many a lazy pool, and floating many an offence found loafing behind stone or clinging to posts in the stream, infusing new life and purity into the river itself, and giving additional impulse to its flow, where it would otherwise begin to lag; for the stream which the sea waters meet at Newburn, though still swift, falling at the rate of three and a half feet in the mile, has but one-fourth of the fall of the mountain-streams which above unite to form the Tyne proper, and below Newburn the rate of fall diminishes rapidly. At Newburn, then, is anticipated the union of river with sea, and thence the mingled waters run out with the accustomed articles of flotsam and jetsam, most noticeable among them being those abandoned wrecks of baskets familiar on tidal rivers, which, with a Wandering Jew sort of existence, seemed doomed to float up and down with the tide for ever!

Now, turning seawards, looking over the harbour, the eye takes in the yet unfinished piers or breakwaters, which extend from both banks of the river, making an artificial entrance outside the bar. This latter impediment to navigation has been cut down recently. So that, whereas the lowest tides formerly left only six feet of water on the bar, they now leave twenty-three feet. Within these breakwaters are now partially enclosed the bar, great part of the Herd Sands, and the notorious Black Middens. The south pier runs out from the south edge of the Herd Sands, the north pier from the south side of Tynemouth Cliff. Starting from points nearly one mile apart, they approach each other as they extend outwards, and when finished, the distance between the seaward ends, as proposed, will be little more than a quarter of a mile. Already the north pier protects vessels entering from the force of the north and north-easterly gales.

The "Herd Sands" and the "Black Middens" are notorious enough in the annals of shipwrecks, but the days are happily passed when such scenes of destruction were wont to be witnessed by crowds on the shore powerless to render any assistance. They have now the life-boat, with auxiliary contrivances, and the fact should be emphasized here that for the invention of the life-boat the world is indebted to Greathead, a native of South Shields.

The higher part of North Shields has stretched away eastwards until it has now joined the town of Tynemouth. The latter has little to detain us in its streets, through which we make our way to the sea. Beyond the mouth of the river to the north stands boldly jutting out into the sea that famous rocky promontory which from remote times, appears to have been conjointly occupied by buildings designed for worship and defence; there seems room for more than conjecture that a Roman fort occupied this naturally strong position, and that a Roman temple stood where we now see the vestiges of the last of the Tynemouth priory churches. During the repairs of Tynemouth Castle in 1782, there were found inscribed

PRIORY RUINS.

Roman stones and fragments of Cippi columns on pedestals said to be used as boundary marks, memorials of affection, or of events, just as stone crosses were used in early Christian times. There is little that is venerable about Tynemouth Castle externally in its modern plight of

BLACK MIDDENS.

brick casing, and minus the projecting towers and turrets which it is represented as possessing before the repairs of 1782. It has now the appearance of a barrack, which it is, and nothing more. In passing through the gateway, the massive old walls are suggestive of the former strength of the place; it is said to have been at one time in the occupation of the Danes, and notices are found later of a castle maintained here by the Earls of Northumberland; Earl Tosti was in possession of the castle just after the Conquest. William I. afterwards conferred it, with considerable lands, upon Robert de Mowbray, and in the following reign the castle was strong enough to enable the rebellious De Mowbray to resist for two months the siege of the king. In 1315 Tynemouth is mentioned among the castles of Northumberland, and, says Mr. Sydney Gibson, "in this castle probably were lodged the eighty armed men whom Richard de Tewing, Prior of Tynemouth, maintained for the protection of the monastery." It is said that considerable portions of ancient fortifications connected with the castle have been destroyed by encroachment of the sea and neglect, and that faint traces of a rampart exist on the ground now occupied by the Spanish Battery.

The gateway leads into the priory grounds, or more properly, the barrack-yard; for probably the first thing to meet the eye on passing in through the gateway, will be men of the garrison in undress, beating carpets or the like, and between pyramids of shot, and rows of guns, by grave-stones, and grass-covered powder magazines, the way lies to one of the most beautiful and interesting ecclesiastical ruins in the north of England. The magazines are ranged on two sides of the ruins, and near to the invaluable lighthouse. To say the least, this arrangement does not appear to be a convenient one. In spite of this strange assemblage of incongruities, Mr. Sydney Gibson describes "the roofless and ruined pile of Tynemouth Priory Church, yet full of the unearthly solemnities that characterize the structures of ancient, holier times." Surely, only an enthusiastic ecclesiologist could on this spot be so impressed, and only by great force of mind could even *he* shut out from his thoughts the inharmonious surroundings.

Of short duration would be the earliest ecclesiastical building erected here—the wooden house said by the Monk of St. Albans to have been

raised by the Bretwalda Edwin in the seventh century, intended for the religious of both sexes, and where his daughter Rosella afterwards took the veil. Stone buildings succeeding this fell into desolation in their turn, chiefly during incursions of the Danes. In this dark period were

TYNEMOUTH LIGHTHOUSE.

lost those relics of kings and saints connected with the early history of Tynemouth Church, the fame of which had shed so much lustre upon it; but on the eve of the Conquest better days set in, and during the occupation of Tynemouth Castle by Tosti, the remarkable story was floated which describes Oswin, saint and king, as appearing in a vision to the sexton of the church, and pointing out his tomb. The lost relics of St. Oswin were thus brought to light 415 years after his death, which occurred in 650.

Miraculous powers were attributed to these relics, for details of which we must refer to the life and miracles of St. Oswin by the Monk of St. Albans. Around the shrine of the saint the Saxon Earl commenced building a new monastery, which was destined to be completed by a fraternity of monks from St. Albans, upon whom the Norman Earl, Robert de Mowbray, had bestowed the castle, &c., of Tynemouth.

De Mowbray is credited with having erected a new priory church at Tynemouth, of which mention is made in 1110, and of that church

SMUGGLER'S CAVE, CULLERCOATS.

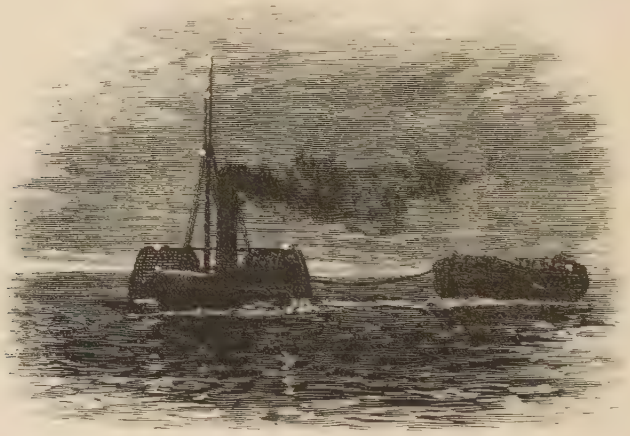
those portions of the existing edifice in the Norman style are the remaining monuments. "In 1220, the prior and monks of Tynemouth began to erect a new and more magnificent conventual church, incorporating the original Norman building. The existence of armorial bearings of the Percy family sculptured above the door of the chapel have led to the inference that some of that family had assisted in the construction."

From the time when Henry VIII. dissolved the monastery, and struck his pen through the "for evers" of so many pious patrons and donors, the church fell into neglect, whilst the castle and fortifications

assumed a greater importance. The priory grounds were long used as a burial-place, the present plight of which has already been alluded to.

The houses of Tynemouth now extend in a northerly direction, joining the old fishing village of Cullercoats, which is supposed from its name to have supplied the pigeons for the priory kitchen; it still retains much of its primitive and picturesque character, in the houses, the people, and their occupation, making it a noted one among fishing villages. Cullercoats fish-wives with their creels have found their way into pictures many, as also the characteristic cobles of curious build, the preparations for the fishing—women baiting the hooks, and bringing the baited lines down to the boat-side on the eve of departure, and then the start. Such are some of the every-day doings here, which, mere routine to those engaged in them, have a desirable freshness for the townsman looking on.

Then there are the sands: the "Long Sands" at Tynemouth, and the Whitley Sands, the grand sandstone rocks at Cullercoats and Whitley, with their sea-haunted caverns. All these are about the mouth of the Tyne, where we linger ere we say the last farewell. Day draws to its close, as we take a last stroll on the northerly breakwater. A glimmer in the western sky prevents the revolving lights from being seen as yet in full brilliancy, whilst seawards a "ballast-hopper" is disappearing into the darkening east; we watch until her lights grow dim; in the meantime the lighthouse has become the dominant feature of the scene, and somehow it has come about that our adieu to the reader is, Good Night.



TUG WITH BALLAST-HOPPER GOING OUT TO SEA.

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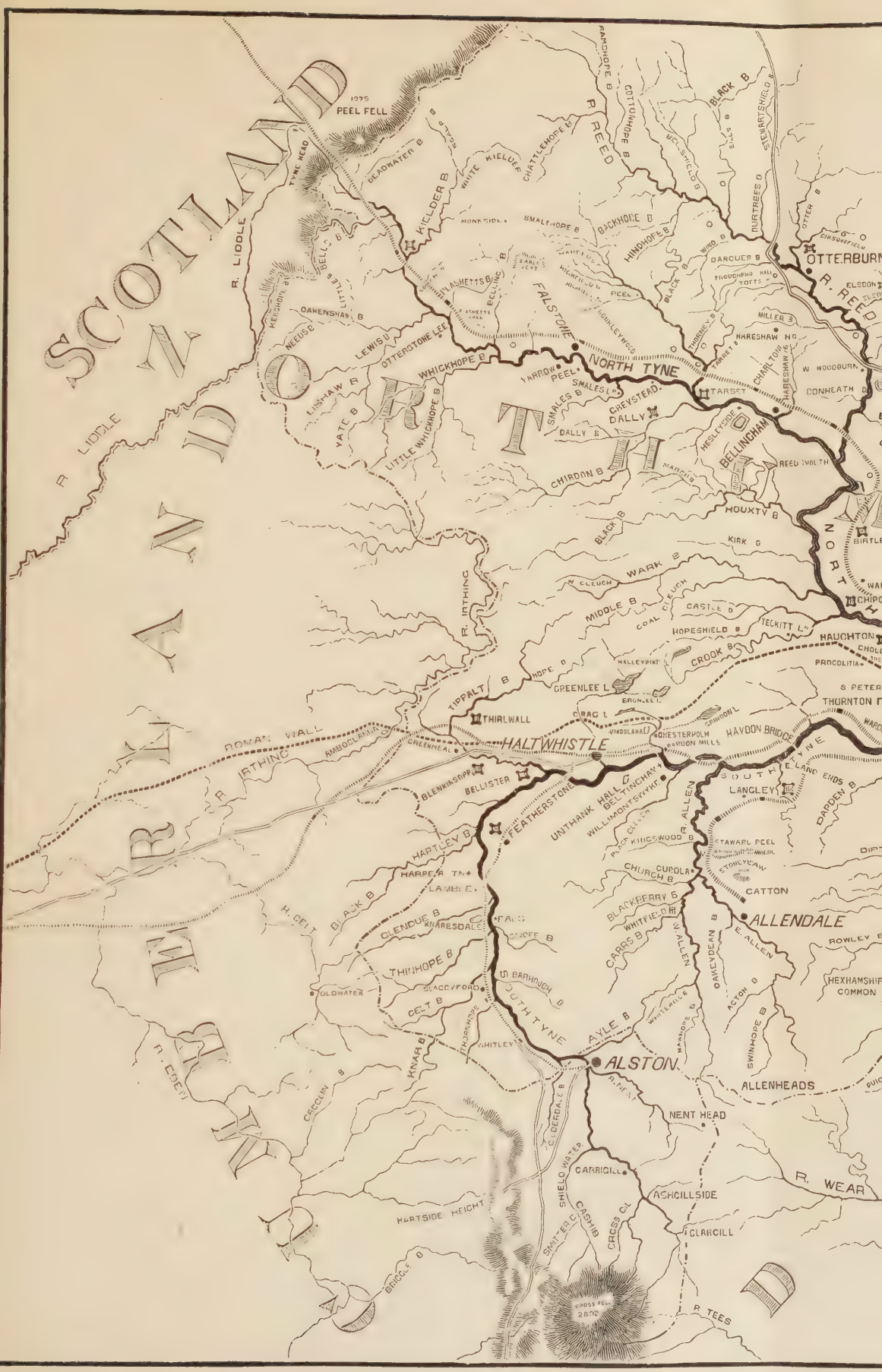
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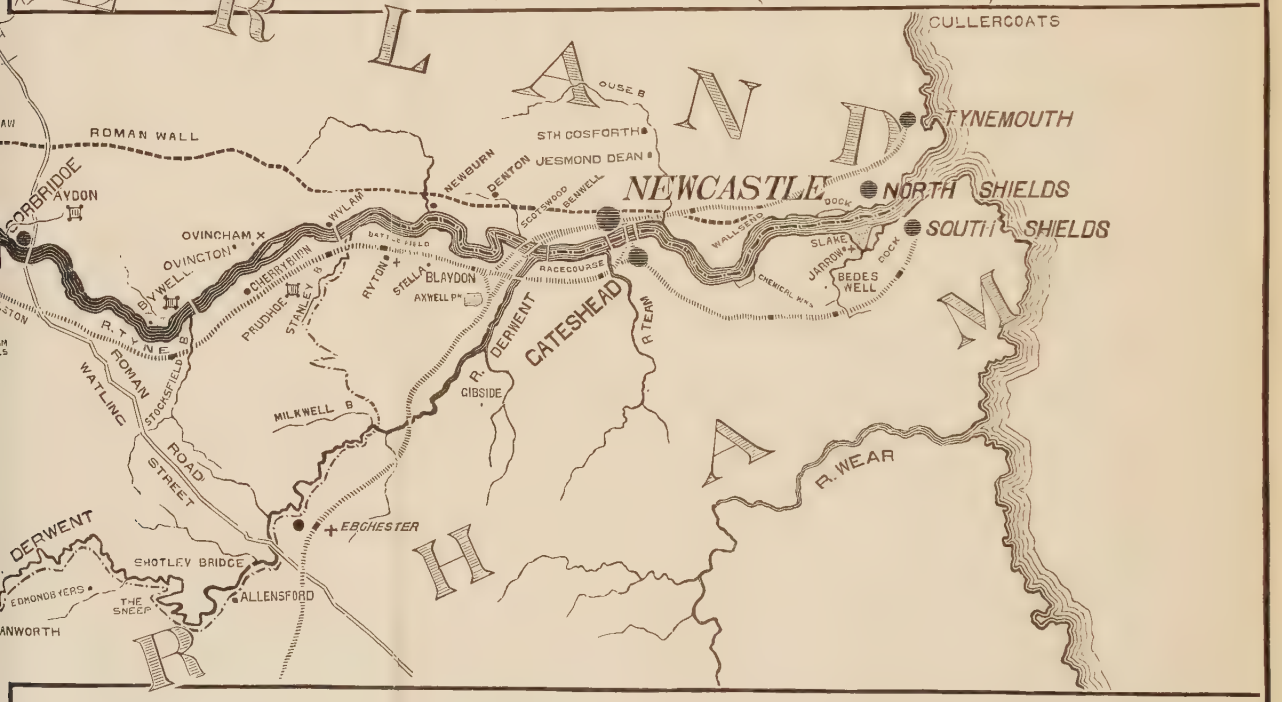
Sketch Map shewing the parting of the Watersheds to the East^n & West^n Seas.



MAP OF THE TYNE AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

ROMAN WALL
RAILWAYS AND STATIONS
COUNTY BOUNDARIES
WATER SHED. DIVISION OF
CASTLES

CAMPS
CHURCHES
ROADS
TOWNS
TOWERS

SCALE OF MILES.

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